

PHOTOPLAY

September
25
CENTS



KATHARINE HEPBURN
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK



SILVER ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Clark Gable's Roman

PP 3/7
CHAS GLOSBERG
149 WILLARD RD
BROOKLINE MASS

"If you want the truth—

—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn't it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

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LISTERINE



MARY OF SCOTLAND AND

History's greatest love story

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KATHARINE HEPBURN ★ **FREDRIC MARCH**

in RKO-RADIO'S glorious picturization of MAXWELL ANDERSON'S outstanding stage success with

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE ★ **DOUGLAS WALTON** ★ **JOHN CARRADINE**

and a tremendous cast of famous stars

Directed by

JOHN FORD **RKO-RADIO PICTURE**

Produced by Pandro S. Berman

AMERICA'S
GORGEOUS
GIRL FRIEND

meets

AMERICA'S
NEWEST
HEART THROB



"No Man Who Kisses You Once
Will Ever Be Content . . ."

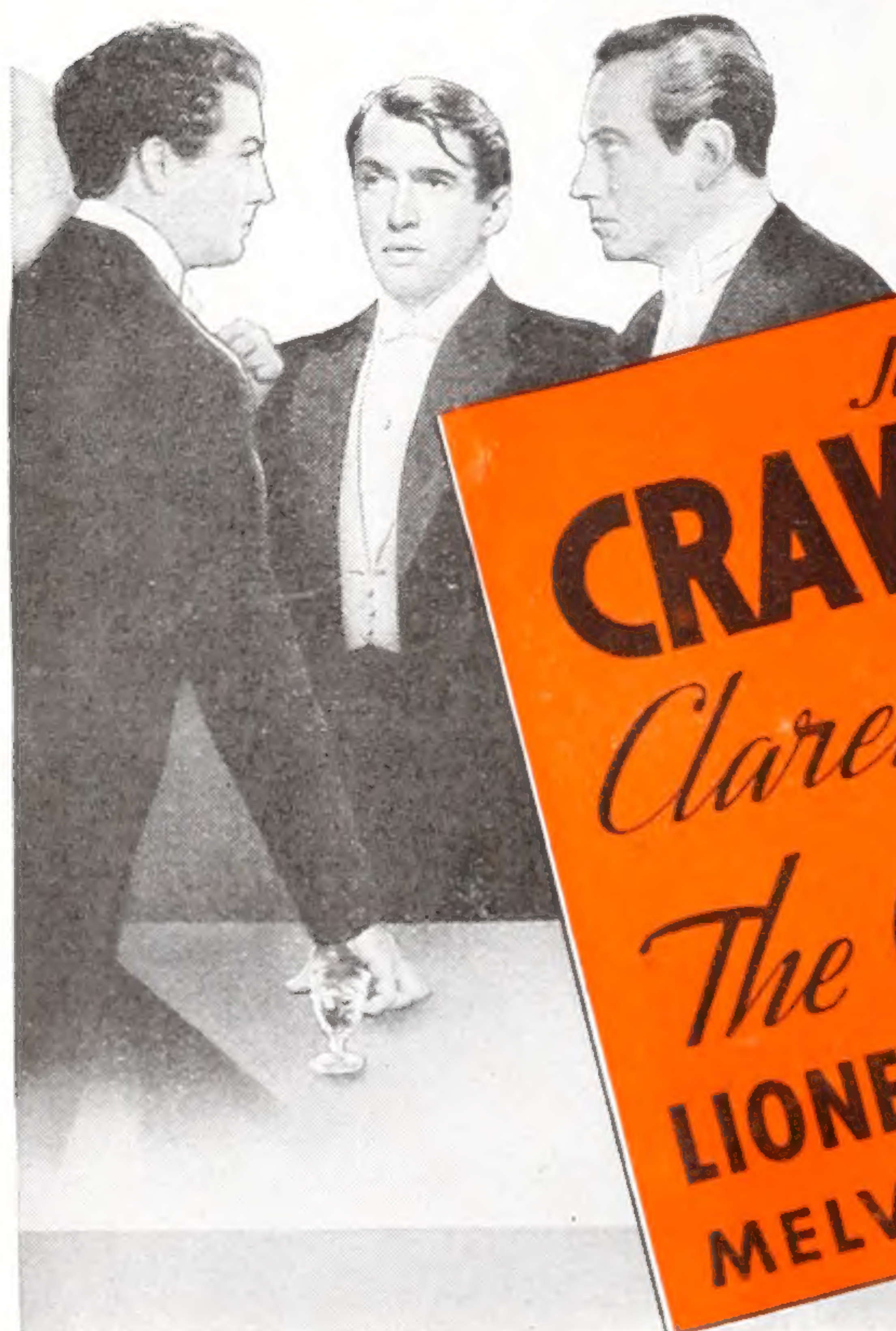
M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

*Six Headline Stars in the New
Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama*

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!



Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas (both below)...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage — Franchot Tone (above).



Robert
CRAWFORD · TAYLOR
Clarence Brown's Production
The GORGEOUS HUSSY
LIONEL BARRYMORE · FRANCHOT TONE
MELVYN DOUGLAS · JAMES STEWART

Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Katharine Hepburn, by James Montgomery Flagg

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FIRST PRIZE \$15.00

THE WINNER!

I HAVE the great good fortune of being a descendant of General Sutter, his great-granddaughter, in fact. As you know, Edward Arnold plays the part of *John Sutter*, in the recent picture, "Sutter's Gold."

You female fans can praise the handsome sheiks of the screen, but let me rave about Edward Arnold. Not that he hasn't sex appeal, for he has—loads of it. But he has more than that, he has a heart as big as himself, and a laugh that goes straight to your heart and makes you want to laugh at the world too. He is kind, thoughtful, and above all, courteous. I know—because I rode with a train load of stars to San Francisco for the opening of the picture.

About his acting, I don't have to say a thing. His steady climb to stardom attests to that. To me he's incomparable as an individual and as an actor. Good luck and success to him.

DOLORES SUTTER KASON,
San Francisco, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

SIMPLY SWELL!

I just saw "The Great Ziegfeld" at its road showing. I sat in awe, thrilled during the entire performance. The story is tender, amusing, dramatic, and deeply moving. It has glamour, heartbreak, tawdriness and glory. William Powell, at his flashing best, certainly gives a penetrating and striking impersonation of *Mr. Ziegfeld*. Round-eyed Luise Rainer



Warners, who discovered Errol Flynn, think they have another white hope in handsome Patrick Knowles. What do you think? Top, Errol in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" with Olivia de Havilland. Below, Pat with Olivia in the same film



\$1.00 PRIZE

CHARLES HAS WHAT IT TAKES

New screen personalities have been popping out at us at a terrific rate lately. Of them all, Charles Collins, RKO-Radio's "Dancing Pirate," receives my vote as being the liveliest new personality of the season. He acts naturally, smoothly and with animation. He projects charm—romantically, quietly, yet definitely. He dances—how he [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

makes a passionate *Anna Held* and is piquant without being cute. I like her better every time I see her. Myrna Loy is splendid, too, in the hard part of *Billie Burke*. Frank Morgan as *Billings* is the gabbiest, most entertaining man, and Virginia Bruce—oh, they are all simply swell! I am running out of adjectives, but I don't really know when I've seen a more enjoyable picture. When the regular showing comes to Akron, I am certainly going to see it again.

MISS ARA MORRIS,
Akron, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

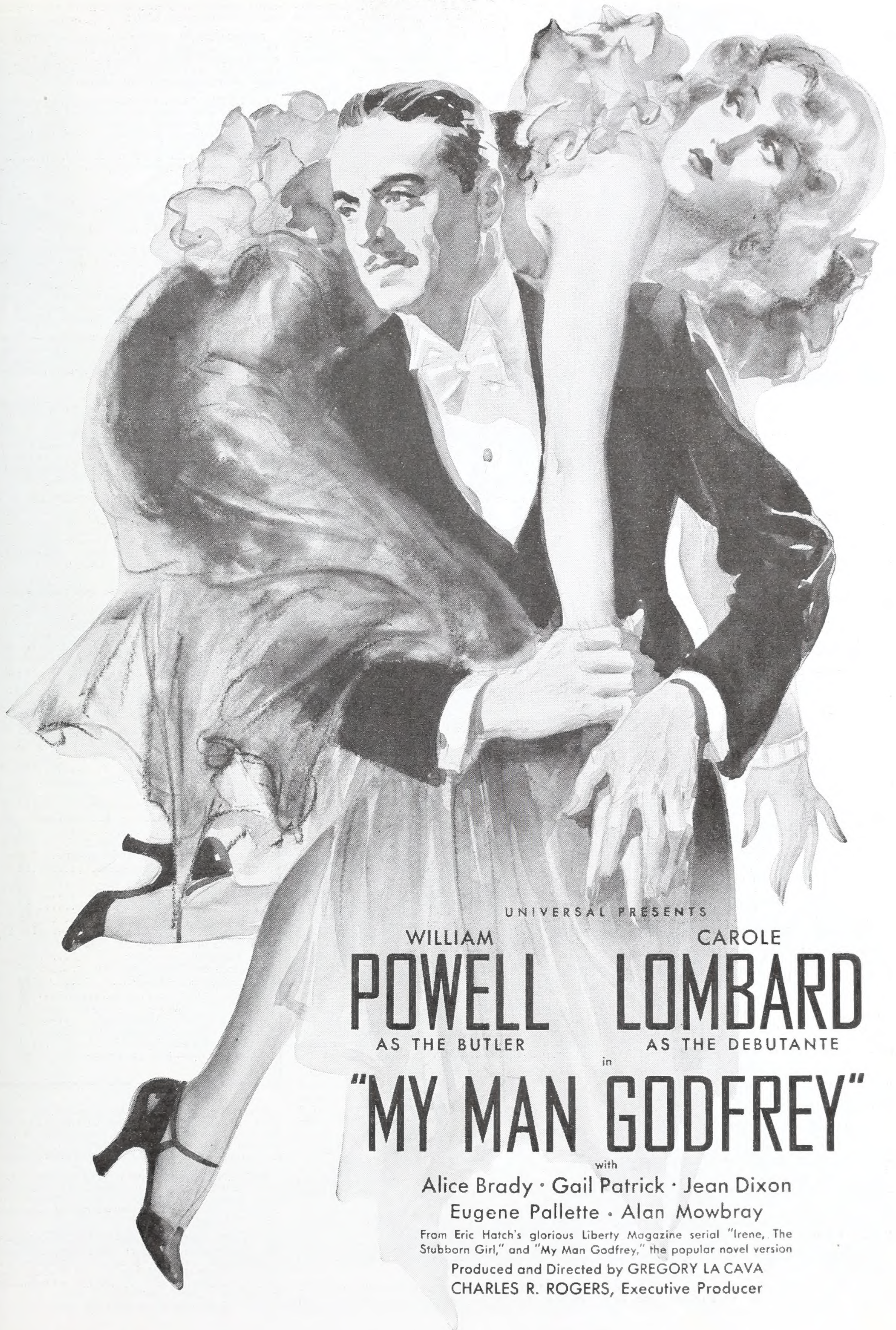
WARM APPRECIATION

Five years ago life was smiling upon me kindly and the lights of business success beckoned me onward. Prior to this, I had formed a friendship with a movie actress. I found in this sincere friend a person of keen business insight and her advice was invaluable.

I did not realize the full measure of this friendship until illness and disaster made their debut into my life. Finally my business crashed to earth. When I returned to work, my friend pulled me out of the ruts with her kind philosophy and warm co-operation. My years of illness and discouragement did not alter our friendship—even Job would have turned against my cynical view of life. So, in this small measure I want the world to know that this actress made success possible for me and has been the dearest friend that God could give to anyone.

To you, Minna Gombel, I extend my hand in warm appreciation and a heart filled with great gratitude.

H. B. NORTON, Boswell, Pa.



UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM
POWELL

AS THE BUTLER

CAROLE
LOMBARD

AS THE DEBUTANTE

in

"MY MAN GODFREY"

with

Alice Brady • Gail Patrick • Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette • Alan Mowbray

From Eric Hatch's glorious Liberty Magazine serial "Irene, The Stubborn Girl," and "My Man Godfrey," the popular novel version

Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

**Consult This Movie Shopping
Guide and Save Your Time,
Money and Disposition**

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE
BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

AND SUDDEN DEATH—Paramount.—A flimsy story built on the well known article on safe driving. Randolph Scott is the handsome policeman who reforms Frances Drake. Will put you in a frenzy of safe driving for several days. (Aug.)

ABSOLUTE QUIET—M-G-M.—A batty comedy melodrama in which Lionel Atwill takes a sinister rôle of fate-maker for a number of people dumped on his ranch from a plane crash. Fun if not taken seriously. (June)

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED—Columbia.—Laughter and lots of fun when the children of man-hating Mary Astor and woman-hater Melvyn Douglas involve them in everything from jail to matrimony. Edith Fellows and George McKay are refreshing and the settings are lovely. (June)

★ **ANTHONY ADVERSE**—Warners.—Powerful, compact and magnificent in its simplicity is this picturization of Hervey Allen's monumental novel of a man's adventures and struggles for spiritual happiness. Fredric March is Anthony; Olivia de Havilland is Angela, the love of his life. The whole cast is flawless. On your "must see" list. (July)

★ **BIG BROWN EYES**—Wanger-Paramount.—Grand comedy, witty dialogue, and slick melodrama with Joan Bennett as the manicurist turned sob-sister, and Cary Grant as a detective unearthing the machinations of Walter Pidgeon, Alan Baxter and Lloyd Nolan and solving a baby killing and robbery. Don't miss this. (June)

BIG NOISE, THE—Warners.—Pleasant lightweight fun, with Guy Kibbee getting more thrills out of life than he bargained for—from racketeers. Dumb-bunny Marie Wilson adds to his woes. (July)

BORDER FLIGHT—Paramount.—Full of fast and furious action but poorly directed. An account of men in an air patrol base. John Howard and Graft Withers fight for Frances Farmer. Average yet you'll enjoy the stunt flying. (July)

BORN FOR GLORY—GB.—The adventures and sacrifices of a patriotic young British able seaman, beautifully photographed against the background of England's famous fleet. (June)

BORN TO FIGHT—Conn Pictures.—A fast paced yarn with Frankie Darro in the rôle of a young pugilist whom Kane Richmond brings to championship calibre. (July)

BUNKER BEAN—RKO-Radio.—Light fare with Owen Davis, Jr., as the timid clerk who goes in for confidence builders until he discovers that love is the best one of all. Louise Latimer is the love. (Aug.)

CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES, THE—Wagner.—Excellent courtroom mystery drama with mother and son theme. Madeleine Carroll is splendid as the suspected Mrs. Ames; George Brent, prosecuting attorney, is good, as are Alan Mowbray and Beulah Bondi. You'll like it. (July)

CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS, THE—Warners.—Warren William, as Perry Mason, lawyer-sleuth, and a capable cast including Claire Dodd and Winifred Shaw, romp through a comedy murder mystery which takes place on a honeymoon. Fair fare for mystery fans. (July)

COUNTERFEIT—Columbia.—Reputedly a first government authorized version of G-man activities this is better than usual. Chester Morris breaks up the gang, recovers the money, loves Marian Marsh. You'll like Lloyd Nolan as the killer. (Aug.)

★ **DANCING PIRATE**—Pioneer.—The most magnificent color film yet. Charles Collins' dancing is sensational; Frank Morgan, as the befuddled mayor of a village besieged by pirates, takes honors; Steffi Duna is appealing. A visual delight. See it. (July)

DEVIL'S SQUADRON, THE—Columbia.—Gripping but somewhat morbid drama of pilots who court death testing planes. Richard Dix sacrifices his reputation for the family honor of Karen Morley. Plenty of suspense and thrills. (July)



Francis Lederer does some tall
coaxing in "My American Wife."
With Ann Sothern to coax can you
blame him? Ann seems to like it

DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE—Columbia.—Familiar domestic strife enlivened by an exciting climax when wife Ann Sothern exposes the tricks of her gambling husband (Bruce Cabot) to save their wedded bliss. Nice acting by Elizabeth Risdon, Clifford Jones and Irving Pichel. (June)

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal.—A nicely produced, pleasant bit of sky-larking. Jimmy Dunn and Pinky Tomlin stranded in New York offer to taxi Sally Eilers to Ohio and it's fun and fighting all the way. Good for a few laughs. (June)

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER—Universal.—Horror destined to end all horror pictures. Dracula dies; his daughter, Gloria Holden, inherits his ghoulish proclivities; Otto Kruger tracks her down, rescues Marguerite Churchill. Not for children. (July)

EARLY TO BED—Paramount.—Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in a chuckle banquet, their funniest to date. The comedy evolves out of Charlie's sleepwalking habits and his marriage to Mary after a twenty-year engagement. Don't miss a swell laugh. (Aug.)

★ **EARTHWORM TRACTOR**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a super salesman rattles happily through mad-hatter adventures with machinery and love in his most hilarious comedy to date. Carol Hughes and June Travis are his sentimentalities. Real laugh material. (Aug.)

EDUCATING FATHER—20th Century-Fox.—An innocuous story of the Jones family with several thrills and nice photography. It depicts the attempt of a drug store owner to keep his air-minded son on the ground. (Aug.)

EX-MRS. BRADFORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—William Powell as a doctor-detective and Jean Arthur as his thrill-writer ex-wife in a saucy, sophisti-

cated comedy melodrama about murder on the race track. Simply swell. (July)

FORGOTTEN FACES—Paramount.—Powerful, but dimly realistic. Herbert Marshall is superb as the cultured murderer trying to keep his daughter clear of his wife's clutches. Gertrude Michael overdoes. Hardy entertainment. (July)

★ **FURY**—M-G-M.—Vengeance, uncontrollable hate and tender love combined in the most sensationally powerful picture this year. Under Fritz Lang's superb direction it relates the tragedy of an innocent man in the hands of a seed-brained mob seething with passion. Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sydney exceptionally good. A masterpiece. (Aug.)

GIRL OF THE OZARKS—Paramount.—Little Virginia Weidler's first starring picture having to do with the hillbilly tradition against which she rebels. Lots of tears. For the family. (Aug.)

★ **GREEN PASTURES, THE**—Warners.—Marc Connelly's famous play portraying Biblical happenings as visualized in the minds of simple hearted negroes, produced with sincerity and appealing charm. Rex Ingram superb as *De Lawd*. A radical departure from anything heretofore attempted. This is a "must see" picture. (Aug.)

HALF ANGEL—20th Century-Fox.—Plenty of action and amusing surprises in this daffy murder romance. Frances Dee becomes involved in crime, is extricated by Brian Donlevy. Good cast. (July)

★ **HEARTS DIVIDED**—Warners.—A lavishly produced tale of *Jerome Bonaparte's* love for a Baltimore belle. Dick Powell and Marion Davies carry the romance; Edward Everett Horton, Arthur Treacher and Charles Ruggles supply the comedy. Claude Rains is the high spot as *Napoleon*. (Aug.)

HEARTS IN BONDAGE—Republic.—Lew Ayres' first directed picture astonishingly well done. Starring James Dunn, it is a sweeping drama of the Civil War interwoven with idealistic romance. It's an education. (Aug.)

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HIGH TENSION—20th Century-Fox.—A swagging he-man, Brian Donlevy, who knows his job but not his women, transforms his piano-playing pal Norman Foster into a first class sea-diving engineer. Hotsy-totsy entertainment from start to finish. (Aug.)

HUMAN CARGO—20th Century-Fox.—Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor give robust performances in an exciting exposé of the alien-smuggling racket. He is a reporter; she an heiress turned sob-sister. Good. (July)

★ **I MARRIED A DOCTOR**—Warners.—A powerful and poignant new version of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street." Josephine Hutchinson admirable as the city girl who marries a small town doctor (Pat O'Brien) and is rebuffed by her neighbors. Ray Mayer almost steals the show. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



"Shocking how short the skirts are getting in Hollywood these days."

3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!

All from



Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of
production



Reunited in the best love story The
Saturday Evening Post ever published!

WARNER
BAXTER

and **LOY**

IN *To Mary-
with Love*

with
IAN HUNTER and CLAIRE TREVOR
JEAN DIXON



**SING
BABY SING**

Even more laughs than in "Thanks a Million"
with

ALICE FAYE

ADOLPHE MENJOU

GREGORY RATOFF • TED HEALY
PATSY KELLY • MICHAEL WHALEN
RITZ BROTHERS



HERBERT
MARSHALL and **CHATTERTON**

in
GIRLS' DORMITORY

introducing the star discovery of 1936
SIMONE SIMON

(pronounced See-moon See-moon)

with
CONSTANCE COLLIER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
DIXIE DUNBAR • JOHN QUALEN
SHIRLEY DEANE



Close Ups and Long Shots

By RUTH WATERBURY

YES, it's true what they say about radio. It has invaded Hollywood. The whole town is on the air. The actors are getting richer, the producers are going mad, the agents are having the times of their lives. Gable co-stars with Dietrich on one program and with Madeleine Carroll on another. Merle Oberon signs for two programs within three weeks. They want stars for "Hollywood Hotel," for the Kraft Music Hall, for the Lux Radio Theater, for the Camel Hour. There is a price set for Garbo's debut at \$10,000. (So far she has refused all offers.) Most stars get anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a performance. Bert Wheeler, set for one date, got paid for three because of last minute air cancellations due to letting the national political conventions have the time.

Naturally a lot of goo is being gushed about how this is going to affect the stars, the movie theaters and radio itself. But sitting in on one of these programmes, as I did recently, I realize it is more than stars they are selling, more than good acting. The point is that radio is selling Hollywood. Hollywood in turn is selling nationally advertised products. What will this mean to the future of the movie business?

For a long time it has been my private opinion (and here I am giving it away free—no showmanship in me) that when television eventually does get here it will be a sort of merger of the best elements of movies and radio. For the life of me

I can't see how you and I, the public, can lose under this setup. But it may mean that the movie producers will have to be more keen than ever to find new faces, new values, new entertainment. And with movies being projected right in our own living rooms—think how it will be in a few years to sit down after dinner and watch something like "Maxwell House Coffee Presents Katherine Thalberg with Anthony March in *Love's Surrender* by Mary MacArthur." It will be pretty hard on the theater men.

FOR the immediate moment, however, what interests me and seems most significant is that it is not the stellar names, for they got those in New York, nor the fine scripts which they also could secure in New York, nor the greater ease in casting the small rôles, that is bringing radio to Hollywood.

Stars are important. Scripts are important, but right now what is selling soap and soup and cheese and cigarettes, is Hollywood itself. It is the actual and glamorous background of the town itself that is putting these programmes across. In the case of one programme the move from New York to Hollywood raised the show from a place somewhere down in the twenties up to the first half dozen favorite programmes on the air.

The time may even come when they won't have to do those programmes with Clark Gables and Joan Crawfords at all. They may do it all with palm trees, and a couple of old Brown Derbys.



Photoplay's Editor gets the lowdown on Hollywood's radio mania. Lionel Barrymore, Ann Shirley, C. B. deMille and Miss Waterbury, were heard over a recent Lux broadcast





Greater than "SHANGHAI EXPRESS!" Here is tender romance, high adventure, violence and exciting intrigue, painted on the huge yellow backdrop of modern China. Handsome Gary Cooper returns to the reckless daring role that brought him fame in "The Bengal Lancer," playing the hot-headed Irish adventurer who finds himself a pawn in the bloody game for power between China's biggest war lords. Fighting with him for love and life against ancient Oriental guile is that vivid English blonde, Madeleine Carroll. The suspense mounts to a heart-stopping climax. You will thrill as never before at this absorbing tale.



THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN

Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, two of the greatest box office stars; Clifford Odets, the writer of Broadway's latest sensation "Paradise Lost"; Lewis Milestone, the brilliant director of "All Quiet on the Western Front" . . . what a team! Together, they bring you an unforgettable drama . . . one of the truly great pictures of the year. Watch for this electrifying drama. PARAMOUNT scores again!

All the important women in his life have been mature and experienced. He is the first to admit their understanding and guidance helped him win his place

BY DENNISON HASTINGS

clark gable's

ROMANTIC PLIGHT



NO great lover of the screen was ever confronted with a more amazing and perplexing romantic tangle before the cameras, than the one confronting Clark Gable right now in his off-screen dual rôle of:

The married man who is not married and the carefree bachelor who is not free!

Never before in Hollywood, where marriage problems are no novelty, has any case aroused so much conjecture as the present muddled status of the screen's Number One Hero.

Not only are his friends and the casual onlookers bewildered, but Clark, himself, seems confused by the strange turn of events in what was supposed to be just another divorce action.

Married or single? Bachelor or benedict? Which is he?

To all modern viewpoint purposes, Clark was a "free man" from the moment Rea Gable announced their separation, with the explanation that they had both known for some months that their marriage was not a success. She also admitted that a property settlement had been agreed upon several months prior to the break and hinted that an action for divorce would be filed in the immediate future.

At the time the story broke, Clark was in New York; and if he was surprised by his wife's statement concerning their marital status he concealed it admirably. For some time, their

intimate friends had been aware that all was not right with the Gable marriage. For, despite the fact that they were rated as two of the "swellest people in Hollywood," it was rather easy to see that they were not the same type—in their interests.

Inside stories and explanations of the break flew thick and fast; but the most popular (and certainly the truest) reason advanced was that Rea was, and always had been, a true sophisticate, a socially inclined woman whose grace and charm belonged against the background of a smart drawing room. And Clark, well . . . Clark, with his love for roughing it and his preference for open shirts rather than stiff-bosomed ones, just wasn't the man to fit into the picture.

There were no villains in the story. In spite of the cheap journalistic trick that hinted Gable romances with his three latest leading ladies, on the same day and on the same page

Bachelor or benedict, which is he? Never before have the problems of a Hollywood marriage aroused so much interesting speculation

that carried the separation story, there was no other woman and with charming Rea no other man. They were just two people, each grand in his own way, who could no longer make a go of it together. Each was so well liked that no sides were taken—even by their most intimate friends.

Up to this point, then, there was seemingly nothing at all complicated about their broken marriage. It was, apparently, headed directly for the divorce courts.

Clark came back to Hollywood, took up his residence at an apartment hotel and began a bachelor existence for the first time; because, as you will remember, he has been most definitely married throughout his career—first to Josephine Dillon and then to Rea. He lived very quietly. He had never liked parties and, during those first few months of readjustment, he attended very few of them. The studio occupied his working hours and on his first vacation, he barged down into Mexico on a hunting trip with Leo Carrillo and a bunch of the boys.

Clark was leading his kind of life.

And Rea continued to live her kind. She still occupied their beautiful home in Brentwood (understood to be hers under the terms of the property agreement) and, always perfectly groomed, she was a charming figure at the races or first nights, escorted by Bob Ritchie, Joseph Schenck or any one of a number of interesting men-about-town.

But it was only natural that any time Clark so much as nodded in the direction of a woman it would be construed as a "romance." When debutante-actress Mary Taylor, from New York, lunched with him at the studio, it was columnized that he was sponsoring her career. Note was taken of the "news" when he sent flowers to little Loretta Young when she was so dangerously ill. On two or three occasions, he was seen playing tennis with Eadie Adams, the *Cine-Grill's* pretty, blonde blues singer.

And then Clark met Carole Lombard.

What Hollywood now believes to be the real, honest-to-goodness love story of the hour, the Colony's most perfect off-screen romance, began casually at a "Gag Party" hosted by Clark and his good friend, Donald Ogden Stewart. The idea for the celebration was so goofy that it attracted attention all over the country. "Bee" Stewart, Don's attractive wife, had been suffering from a nervous breakdown and her doctors had forbidden her to attend parties in the evening. So Clark and Don conceived the idea of throwing a formal party in the daytime. All Hollywood was invited to attend Bee Stewart's Annual Nervous Breakdown Party in their grandest and gaudiest ermines and sables!

By twelve o'clock, noon, every dinner jacket and décolleté gown in town was wandering around the sunlit gardens and the tennis courts. But the party reached a new high in entertainment value when Carole Lombard, arrayed in all her glory—plumes in her hair and all—pulled the gag-to-end-all-gags by

arriving in an ambulance! Though it was not their first meeting, the "Great Lover" and the "Glamour Girl" hit it off from the moment she was carried, flat on a stretcher, into the house. Clark laughed until the tears rolled down his face at the spectacle of the elegant Miss Lombard shelving her dignity to such an hilarious extent. He'd met Carole only in the rarified atmosphere of the *Mayfair*, or against the backdrop of a period drawing room. Of course he had recognized the beauty and glamour of the blonde Miss Lombard before—but invariably as the luxurious movie star.

Before that party was over he discovered that there is no grander sense of humor in Hollywood and hardly a more regular, down-to-earth lady in the silken sisterhood, than Carole Lombard—who used to be Jane Peters and doesn't care who knows it!

They played tennis all afternoon—Clark in his stiff shirt and Carole in her fine plumes waving in the afternoon breeze—and Clark had found a girl who didn't seem to care a continental darn whether her make-up wore off or her hair fell out of place. There was no crazy gag Clark could think of that Carole couldn't top.

Those who attended the party say that Clark was like a great big kid. He had never played so hard. He'd never laughed so much. And if he shared that laughter with Carole, it is quite [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 77]



Remember the delicious love scenes in "No Man of Her Own," when Clark played a gambler opposite Carole? Is he gambling on the future now? What has life in store for these two swell people, with their common love of laughter?



THE slim script girl, in dark sunglasses and slacks, leaned forward in her chair and stared, unbelievably at Dudley Aimes, famous male star of Mammoth Pictures. And again the incredible thing happened. Dudley Aimes looked exactly like Tommy Carter! The past trembled into poignancy, flinging unrelated tags of memory across her mind's eye. Unheeded, the heavy script fell out of her lap to the platform with a loud "thud!" She exclaimed, "I'm—sorry!"

Bill Lederer, Mammoth's youngest director, who sat beside her, flicked her a murderous glance. He was in a creative rage today.

"We've been here all afternoon," he complained bitterly, to the world at large, "and not a foot of film to show for it. Suppose we try having a little quiet on this lot? That goes for you, too, Duchess!" he added pointedly, to the script girl.

Jackson, his assistant, grinned and blew a whistle. All around them sound stopped. Silence hung over the set.

"All right, everybody!" snapped Lederer. "Quiet, please. *This is the picture!*"

A tense hush held the little group.

"Camera!" barked Lederer. "Sound!"

THE little group was seated on a platform, from which the three cameras looked down on the scene below. The scene was an ancient garden. Two young people stood at the sundial, dressed in the picturesque costumes of early California.

Alma Allen, the famous Mammoth Pictures star, turned to her handsome leading man. She had a wise, flower-like beauty. The wisdom of the ages seemed to lie in her luminous eyes. Hers was a sophisticated face, with a polished insouciance.

Her features softened bewilderingly as she turned

By S. GORDON GURWIT



Script Girls

Prefer HUSBANDS

The romantic, pulsating story of a beauty-contest winner caught in the toils of the mad, and miraculous place that is Hollywood

on the allure. Her tall, young leading man bent toward her. The cameras started. This was the picture! Above their heads hung the microphone.

Then, Tony Dresser, the supervisor, sneezed.

"Cut!" said Bill Lederer, wearily; and an ominous hush settled down.

The entire group stood motionless—waiting. Lederer stared off into the distance, his face stony.

"First, the rehearsals go lousy," he said, tensely, "and now everybody's practicing barking—and Kessler wants to know why pictures cost money! What do we care if the sound track is spoiled? Nothing! Why should we?"

"For Pete's sake, Bill!" complained Alma Allen. "Get us through this scene, will you? I'm sweltering in these clothes."

Lederer turned his bleak blue eyes on the poignant beauty of the nationally known star. Perspiration glistened on her brow; her tragic eyes were tired.

"Your make-up's running," Lederer announced, tonelessly. "Your mascara, too. Fix it up, Alma, and we'll try to go on."

A make-up table was wheeled up to the star by a prop boy. She hastily repaired the damage—powder, a touch of dark panchromatic rouge—and announced: "All right, Bill—ready!"

Again a breathless silence claimed the group. Bill Lederer looked around a moment.

"But, Bill!" she said. "This is awful! They'll think—"



"All right," he said. "Quiet, everybody. Lights. This is the picture." Jackson blew his whistle. "Camera!" snapped Lederer. A green light flashed beside him, telling him that the cameras were up to speed.

Below, Alma Allen turned her gorgeous features to her tall and handsome American lover. The picture was on!

"But—Señor—" she said, shyly. "You are a Yankee—and I have known you but a short time."

Dudley Aimes swayed toward her, the masculine urge of possession on his lean, attractive features. "I love you," he said softly, impulsively, in his musical baritone.

The beautiful little star turned her face upward in response. She had been trained to react to emotion since she was fourteen years old. She did so now. "I—" she began, struggled vainly, and ended with an unromantic "*Kerchoo!*"

"Cut!" said Bill Lederer, hopelessly, as the sound man threw up his hands. The whistle blast sounded. The lights spluttered out. All activity halted.

"I must have a cold," said Alma Allen, and sneezed again. Then anger claimed her. "What would you expect?" she blazed at Lederer. "You keep us here, in this stifling heat, all dressed up like this, hour after hour."

The youthful sun and wind-burned planes of Lederer's face were noncommittal.

"All right," he said, rising. "We'll give it up for the day. Get that cold fixed tonight, Alma, and everybody be here at nine in the morning."

"Which do you want to print?" asked the script girl, as she followed him from the platform. "Take three or five? You didn't say."

"Take three," he snapped, brusquely. He paused suddenly, and frowned. "Sorry, Duchess," he continued, tonelessly. "Come on." He stalked away across the lot without looking to see if she followed.

In his office she stood at his desk, waiting, while he read an inter-office message he had found on his blotter. He read it through, then went to stand at the window, staring silently out at the palm fronds and the late afternoon sunshine.

"Sit down, Sue," he said, finally, turning. His face, she saw, was drained of all color. "And take those things off your face. You look like an owl."

Obediently Sue took off the sunglasses and slipped them into the pocket of her blouse. Without the glasses, she suddenly became an astonishingly pretty girl. Her velvety gray eyes were shaded by dark lashes; they glowed with a soft intensity that hinted of disturbing potentialities. Her hair was honey-colored, her skin a flawless alabaster. Her slim body was symmetrical, graceful, and she held herself poised like a dancer.

Bill Lederer's keen eyes swept her with an all-inclusive glance. This comparatively new script girl was slowly getting under his skin.

He wiggled the letter in his hand and shrugged.

"You might as well know it," he said slowly. "You're going to have another boss, Duchess. The great Paul Elsmere is due here tomorrow. He's going to take over."

"You mean," she asked puzzled, "you're not going to finish 'Breakfast for Two'?"

"No. Elsmere wrote it. He's going to direct it. I'm out."

"Oh!" she said. "I'm—sorry!" She was genuinely pained, for she liked Bill Lederer; and he had, literally, saved her life.

He flashed her a look of thanks that was deep and warm and grave.

"My contract's up in four weeks," he said, morosely, "and from the looks of this—they're not taking up my option." His eyes flashed. "So, they can go to hell," he added; and then the flash died. "You'll carry on as usual, Duchess. Report on Stage five at nine. Until Elsmere shows up, we go on as usual." His face was tense and strained.

"I'm—terribly sorry, Bill," said Sue.

He didn't seem to hear. He was back at the window again and he seemed to have forgotten her.

"Good night," she said, and left his office quietly.

Later, in her room that she called home, it gave her something to think about. Even the mighty—like Bill Lederer, a director of ability—some said genius—could be let out at the whim of omnipotent executives. It made her own future look mighty insecure. And she had needed this job.

She had been forced to give up the idea of acting. Three months of near starvation had cured her. She took a shower, then sat down to think over what might happen at Mammoth when the fabulous Paul Elsmere arrived. Would she still have her job, or would the famous Elsmere go Hollywood, grow a temperament and bring in his own assistants?

Lurking in a recess of her memory was the look on Dudley Aimes' face when he looked at Alma Allen. Tommy had looked just like that at her, back in Tremont, when the Hollywood venture was new and frightening. He had taken her to the train after she had won the beauty contest given by the *Times-Press*. The prize had been a trip to Hollywood and a two-weeks' contract with a studio.

She had wanted to cry, but she held the tears back, knowing how much Tommy hated them. Old scenes resurrected themselves and marched across her memory. At the train, with the Tremont crowd to see her off, she had seen no one but Tommy.

"You'll be a great star," Tommy had said. "I know you will. Sue—don't forget me!"

There was a bitter lump in her throat then. "I won't," she promised and meant it. She had gone in, finally, to her seat, her eyes brimming.

Her screen test proved to be a routine effort on the part of a busy studio. Now that the publicity value of the beauty contest was over, they had paid her the stipulated two weeks' salary and had not taken up her option. She found that she was just one of many beauty prize winners in Hollywood. Just another pretty girl—good atmosphere.

Then, for two months, she had cooled her heels in the casting offices, waiting, hoping, but nothing happened. Her money gave out. She would rather have died than go back to Tremont acknowledging herself a failure. She registered at the Central Casting Office for work as an extra.

Mammoth was making an unusual number of musicals. They needed atmosphere and pulchritude. Together with several other young girls, she was sent to the Mammoth Studios.

Here, a young-old casting [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Her velvety gray eyes were shaded by dark lashes; they glowed with a soft intensity that hinted of disturbing potentialities. Her hair was honey-colored, her skin a flawless alabaster . . .



Gangster

One thinks of Edward G. Robinson as interested in shooting galleries, not art galleries, but his collection of paintings is famous. He prefers historical rôles but Warner's like him as a big shot, so his next is "The Man Behind"



The rise of Frances Farmer, currently in "Rhythm on the Range," has been sensational. In one year she's been elected by the State of Washington as its Most

Marriageable Girl and signed by Paramount on graduating from college. Now, after only three pictures, she was selected for the lead in "Come and Get It"



Josephine Hutchinson, whose quietly lovely performances are steadily carrying her to fame. After an extended motor trip with her husband, Jimmy Town-

send, she goes East for summer stock, returning to Warners in the fall for a production tentatively titled "Schoolhouse in the Pothills," with Pat O'Brien.



Señorita

Loretta Young plays the Indian girl in "Ramona," once acted by Dolores Del Rio. The folk-lore is familiar to Loretta, who was educated at Ramona Convent, rich in Mission history. The film will be in Technicolor. Don Ameche is Alessandro

Nothing the celebrated crooner does in reel

life can equal this amusing real life comedy—

wherein he is revealed as a labor union head

BY SUE HARRIS

NOTHING Bing Crosby has ever played on a silver screen can equal the performance he's given off one. No comedy, no drama, no musical extravaganza can hold a candle to the one called:

Bing Crosby Inc. Ltd.

Too bad his fans should miss this comedy-drama of his that so tickles and intrigues the fancy of Hollywood. Nothing like it has been faintly glimpsed before in the cinema village. And probably never will again. It's just that unique. Bing and his Inc. Ltd.

Behind those big black letters, printed on the door of a suite of offices on the Paramount lot, is big business. In fact the goings-on are terrific with the song writers, authors, lawyers, stenographers, promoters and various Crosbys of all sizes, shapes and degrees of importance mingling in the busy whirl of activity. Here is big business. Here is success. Here is a paying corporation. And built around what, you ask?

Steel? Wheat? Bonds? No, oh no. It all centers around a plain young man somewhere on a golf course in an old sweater, no necktie and a battered hat. While inside the business corporation, innumerable Crosby relatives labor over contracts, deals and terribly noisy typewriters. While Bing, remember, plays golf.

One by one, Bing has gathered his tribe unto him. And put them to work the minute their noses so much as poked themselves over the horizon.

While other stars may be hopelessly bewildered by the array of aunts, cousins, brothers-in-law (who are vaguely called agents or managers) and even second cousins who swarm about them, Bing knew exactly what to do with his. He merely lowered his chin slightly, mooed forth a few boo boo boo boos and pointed to various desks, typewriters, and telephones. So the family moved in, one by one.

And as each one appeared, the Crosby corporation grew and grew and grew.

The first brother descended on the scene shortly after Bing arrived in Hollywood from Spokane with a piano-playing friend and a set of drums. And not another thing in the world did Bing have but the ability to "boo boo" mama and the girls into goose pimples everytime he opened his mouth.

Brother Everett it was who first arrived. Everett, who sold trucks in Los Angeles and hadn't the foggiest idea what to do with a crooner, was called upon for advice. Everett thought it all [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



This amazing young man makes no concessions to Hollywood. He does the things he wants to do, in the way he wants to do them

BING

CROSBY

INC., UNLIMITED



Freedom is GLORIFYING GINGER



GINGER ROGERS today is free, white and exactly twenty-five.

Her recent separation from Lew Ayres gave to her that freedom. "For all the world as if a cage door had been opened and out popped a canary," is the way a friend explained the new Ginger.

She's playing. She's free to think her own thoughts without weighing every word that's spoken. For the first time in many long months she's free to telephone home, "I'm staying down town for dinner with Jimmy, Johnny, Joe or Bill!"

She's planning new plans, dreaming new dreams, trying to play an accordion and stuffing in berry pie like nobody's business.

"I can't look at the kid," a director on the RKO lot told me, "without getting a lump tangled up in my necktie. You see, I happened to know Ginger Rogers gave everything she had to her marriage with Lew Ayres. The ten hours



*At the crossroads of her personal
and public life, this gallant girl
strides on to new triumphs as a
dramatic actress as well as a dancer*

By SARA HAMILTON

daily practice she puts into her dance numbers are nothing to the full time job Ginger put into that marriage. How she tried. And now that it's over, through no fault of her own, look at her."

We glanced across the RKO dining room to this red haired young woman intent on a man-sized sandwich.

And we saw what he meant. There is something added to Ginger Rogers. Something that wasn't there before. It's a new eagerness, a new zest and, yes, a complete new Ginger.

"I don't know of another actress in this business who stands at the same threshold in her career today as Ginger Rogers," the same director went on.

"She's completed a cycle. She's got to go on. Her studio has laid tremendous plans for her. Waiting, with her glorified freedom, for Ginger to walk into. If anyone were to ask me if Ginger has profited by past mistakes, if her feet are firmly planted in the right direction, I'd say yes."

But wait. Someone else who knows Ginger, loves Ginger and understands Ginger better than anyone else in the world, reveals, for the first time, a side of Ginger Rogers that has never been explained before.

The knowing lady is her Mother.

"When Ginger and Lew decided to marry," Mrs. Rogers said, "Ginger came into my room one evening and said, 'Mother, I intend to make my work secondary to my marriage with Lew.'"

Gray eye looked squarely into gray eye. Each knew what it meant. The long, heartbreaking trail behind, the waiting, the pavement tramping, the hopes, the building of these two throughout the years to reach the place she holds.

"All right," Lela Rogers said quietly. "It's your life, Ginger. Live it as you think best. Only remember this, please. After a woman sacrifices everything she stands for, for the man she loves, she emerges another woman, not the woman that man loved."

But Ginger shook her head. "If I see career interfering, I'm sorry, but career will have to go."

How well she meant it can be gleaned from the fact that when her career did poke its head into her marriage, she went to the studio and tried to do something about it. Tried to have more time at home.

"I must be home at six to eat dinner with my husband," she begged them. And the studio, willing to cooperate, would promise and all would go well for several nights. And then, overhead, trick shots or sudden rehearsals would pop up and once again Ginger would be compelled to work or cost the studio many thousands of dollars.

She even tried to give up pictures altogether.

"Can't be done, Ginger," the studio heads replied. "We have a five-year contract with you to make pictures and many of them sold ahead. It can't be done, Ginger."

"Go ahead and break your contract," a close friend told her "and try to come back some day. See what happens. Suppose even this doesn't save your marriage and you find the studio doors closed when you want to come back? Ever think of that?"

So Ginger tried to make up for it in a thousand other ways—keeping up her end of it, doing her part.

It didn't work. And so we find her today, free and standing at the crossroads of a new life.

We come back to Lela Rogers and her prediction.

"Yes, we both realize that now the path for Ginger really leads to dreams come true but [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]

STARS ARE HUMAN AFTER ALL

BY CAREY WILSON



*I*T isn't often you find a man with talent so diversified as Carey Wilson's. Actor, author, aviator, athlete, good fellow—he's unsurpassable at them all. His screen adaptations include "Gabriel Over the White House," "Sequoia," and "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Several years ago a white-hot comet flashed across the silver screen and Hollywood found itself with a new and smashing overnight sensation on its hands. Jean Harlow woke up one morning an ambitious little nobody, and went to sleep that night, if in her excitement she slept at all, a girl whose name was on the tip of every local tongue.

And then, as is always the case when obscurity suddenly becomes fame, the legend of Jean Harlow began. And how!

In all my life I have never heard so many conflicting tales. Jean Harlow was this! Jean Harlow was that! Jean Harlow did! Jean Harlow didn't!

I never met *that* Jean Harlow. The Jean who is one of my closest friends, who lives across the street from me, is a many-faceted creature who defies final analysis. The Jean I know is utterly devoid of self-consciousness, both of Jean Harlow, the movie star, and of the person she is to herself.

Several weeks ago I had a striking example of this. An Australian couple were visiting me, stopping over for a few

Upper, the Jean whom Carey knows can keep her glamour in spite of a shiny nose. The author is with her. A night at the Wilsons' with Carey, Arline Judge, Mrs. Wilson (Carmelita Geraghty). Seated, Paulette Goddard, Wesley Ruggles, Jean Fenwick. Right, Paulette is "exquisite"—What?



days on a round-the-world pleasure cruise. Both he and his lovely wife, it developed, were ardent movie fans and during the cocktails and conversation I learned their one desire was to meet Jean Harlow.

"If we could only meet her just to say hello, it would be the biggest thrill of the whole trip," he told me. "You don't happen to know her, do you?"

I led him to the front window and pointed to the gracious white house across the way. "That's Jean's house," I announced somewhat importantly. "And I'm rather inclined to believe that maybe I do know her."

His eyes bulged as I picked up the phone and got Jean on the wire.

"Flaunt your gorgeous self across the street," I demanded, "and meet some friends of mine!"

But Jean couldn't. She was leaving in an hour for the mountains to get a much needed rest.

"An hour!" I rebuked. "You can come over for ten minutes, can't you?"

Her hair had just been "done." She was just out of the shower, and it would take at least fifty-five of the remaining sixty minutes to make herself presentable. But, she added gamely, if my friends were willing to meet her as she was at the moment, she'd be right over. Knowing Jean, I took a chance on disillusioning my friends from the Antipodes.

In less than five minutes Jean ducked into the living room. Her still damp hair was clamped tight to her head with a hairnet. No suspicion of rouge or powder graced her face. In fact, the said famous face, especially the nose, showed a faint glisten of cold cream which had been all too hastily wiped off. She wore white slacks, a sweater and tennis shoes.

Were the couple from "down under" disillusioned? Not a bit. They were fascinated. Jean sat on the couch for thirty minutes and turned on that scintillating personality until, after her departure, my visitors found it difficult to get themselves unmesmerized.

That's hard to do—be famed as one of the most glamorous females in existence, and live up to it with a shiny nose!

That is the Jean I know. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

An intimate friend blasts many misconceptions about the stars and tells hitherto untold tales of their real personalities



Upper left, Paulette's influence moulded the Chaplin of today. Left, no Latin sophisticate is Dolores Del Rio, but a perfect wife. Upper, the Jack Gilbert of the high heart and ringing laugh—a perfect friend. Left, Mlle. Garbo, the myth of myths—beneath her shell a fascinatingly young and primitive creature

W HETHER Lew Ayres and Mary Carlisle meant it for a public announcement, or not, is a moot point, but anyway when they had finished a particularly torrid love scene for the camera the other day—they kept right on! For the director and everybody to watch.

And the temperature didn't go down a notch.

S AD but true Hollywood does have some kiss-and-tell Romeos but never before have we had a kiss-and-tell Juliet. And guess who? None other than the beautiful Olivia De Havilland.

Olivia has all her love scenes catalogued in a tiny little black book. Therein are written the names, the time, the place and THE TYPE of lovemaking for every leading man she's had in pictures.

Ah hah, it's the masculine cheeks that are turning a blushing rose these days. Good girl, Olivia.

A H, whimsy! But then you'd expect it of the Rainer. . . . One Harry Brown, a cobbler, of Billings, Montana, had repaired a pair of shoes for the late—and real—Anna Held some 20 years ago.

She had never paid his bill for twenty-five cents (fifteen for the job, ten for postage).

When he saw Luise's portrayal of Anna in "The Great Ziegfeld" he wrote her asking for the money.

Maybe peering at soles and awls for so long had affected his eyesight, maybe he got to the theater too late for the credit-titles—anyway he thought it was the real Anna Held on the screen.

Luise sent him a money order for fifty-six cents, having had someone compute the compound interest for her. . .

I N case you feel your vacation is a dud without plenty of fancy clothes, let me tell you what Claudette Colbert took along for her vacation at Del Monte this summer.

Two pairs of slacks, two pairs of pajamas, two sweaters and one dinner dress.

And oh, yes. A bathing suit and pair of sunglasses.



A proud papa at his son's christening is Alan Dinehart. With him are Arline Judge, Mrs. Dinehart, Alan III, Irvin Cobb, Walter Connolly. Lower, Mrs. Dinehart, Alan, Gertrude Michael, Tom Brown, Toby Wing at the party given for the baby afterwards

N EWEST trick in Hollywood is Joan Crawford's method of studying for a forthcoming picture.

First she learns the script, and then she goes out into the garden with Franchot, who carries a sixteen mm home movie camera. She chooses a good background, and he sets up the camera and

arranges the radio recording microphone.

And then Joan does her stuff, while Franchot directs and handles the take. So that a little later, in armchairs, they can watch the picture unravel on their own screen and hear the lines read from the radio. Title: *How to get to be a movie star*, featuring the celebrated Mrs. Tone.

of HOLLYWOOD

A BIRDIE whispers Dick Powell is a bit worried these days. It seems the feminine visitors on the lot have let their fickle affections drift elsewhere. And Dick has rated top man so long.

A group of girls, high school age, were being shown about the Warner Brothers lot. "Well, did you see Dick Powell?" they were asked by a member of the publicity department.

"Oh yes," was the answer, "but we

saw someone much more exciting than Dick. *We saw Ross Alexander.*"

The studio is still wondering about that one. So is Dick.

NO autographs for Hepburn? Don't believe a word of it, for we, old Cal himself, saw a little scene in the RKO dining room that brought a sentimental sigh

from all who saw it—and there were plenty.

Hepburn in all her glory and slacks rose to leave the commissary when a little be-ruffled miss of about eight ran after her. "Could I have your autograph, Miss Hepburn?" she begged.

Katie stopped and looked at her. The dining room, knowing of Katie's aversion to autographs, held its breath. Suddenly Hepburn knelt down and enveloped the little girl in her arms. In two minutes they were exchanging confidences and yes, little Miss Eight-years-old got her autograph and her cheek kissed, all by Miss Hepburn.

Henry Wilcoxson married Sheila Browning at Heather Angel's house; she and Ralph Forbes were maid of honor and best man



NEITHER you nor I nor the mail-man would dare attach that comical name to that friendly pair, Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon. But Norma does. Just because the two are a mere five foot nothing, Norma refers to them as *THE SAWED-OFFS*. "Here comes the sawed-offs" Norma calls and friends know Merle and Norma are about to appear around a corner.

LOST, strayed or stolen: A tall young man with dark curly hair. Answers to name of Hank. In full, Henry Fonda. If anyone has glimpsed the above mentioned individual, kindly notify a worried young man in Hollywood named James Stewart.

Arising from the dinner table one evening, Henry bid Jim a sudden and fond farewell and announced the fact he was practically off to England at that moment.

Since that moment Stewart has never heard a word. And is convinced the whole thing is a practical joke and any minute Hank will drop in from nowhere. In the meantime Stewart would like to have these suspicions confirmed.

MS. ROSCOE KARNs turned up at the studio the other day in a brand new mink coat. Proud as punch.

It was the first one in seventeen years. "Just didn't think we could afford it before," she said, turning round and round so everybody could see.

Cedric Gibbons takes his wife, Dolores Del Rio, and the Errol Flynns to the Lamaze to celebrate Dolores' return from England

WHEN that Paris dressmaker declared women designers were failures in Hollywood because they lacked humor and the ability to laugh at other women, he hadn't heard about Edith Head. The snappy young assistant to Travis Banton does anything but take herself too seriously.

Now that Edith is receiving screen credit, interviewers have been flocking about. Paramount was particularly anxious that Edith impress a New York reporter of renown who came to see the woman designer.

"And what was your very first assignment, Miss Head?" the reporter asked.

Edith thought a moment. "It was designing a bellyband for an elephant," she finally replied. And while the reporter recovered, Edith went on to explain that years ago Raoul Walsh had asked her to make the band for the elephant to wear in a parade. "But just because it was fancy with lots of jewels didn't change it any," Miss Head laughed, "it was still a bellyband for an elephant." The studio has lost all hope of swankifying Miss Head.

THEY couldn't find that new dog actor, Tuffy, on the set or anywhere in the studio the other day, search as they would. At the same time they needed Wallace Beery, and sent a scout up into the hills where he was fishing. The scout found Wally, contentedly sitting under a tree with his line in the quiet brook, and about ten feet away was "Tuffy," pawing in the soft dirt of the bank.

"Leave him alone," growled Beery. "He's digging worms for me."

It was discovered that just before Ginger Rogers and Kate Hepburn leave for vacation trips they always make a mysterious trek into the San Bernardino mountains—so curious snoopers got busy, and the answer:

High in the hills there is a dude ranch for dogs, propertored by one Gladys Shipman; each pup has his own large runway, containing a private sunbath platform, house, comfortable eating quarters and tree. The fifteen-acre tract is 7800 feet above sea-level—too high for fly or flea to live. Wherefore as the dogs near their vacation retreat the flies flee and the fleas fly, leaving them comfortable.

Katie's cockers and Ginger's Scotties are regular patrons.

It looks as if the impetuous Maggie Sullivan is heading straight for trouble. Maggie, it seems, is pretending to forget those two pictures she owes Universal and is planning to do a stage play in the fall.

Unfortunately for Miss Sullivan, Universal refuses to ignore the two remaining pictures on her contract and are planning drastic action against the star. Fireworks are promised on both sides and it looks like a big time for all.

FRIENDS who claim Alice Faye was heart broken over her loss of Michael Whalen simply don't know the facts.

It was Alice who did the ditching. When Miss Faye moved to her new home, she gave strict orders at the studio that her new phone number be kept a secret.

The fact Mr. Whalen spent one week begging the studio for the number got him nowhere.

Alice had said no one and no one was meant to include Mr. Whalen.

TO the many fans of Janet Gaynor, this will be welcome news. Very recently little Gaynor and Darryl Zanuck, head of Fox-Twentieth Century were glimpsed at dinner and 'tis whispered all doubts as to Janet's future were ironed out. Janet stays on with grand new plans ahead.



Left, our camera caught Ginger Rogers and James Stewart looking very cozy indeed. Below, Madge Evans and Tom Gallery dining at the Cafe Lamaze. This romance goes on and on. Bottom, at the Brown Derby, we find that son and daughter of Ireland, Patsy Kelly and Ted Healy. They mix beer with blarney



WHEN that urge to cook comes stealing o'er Marlene Dietrich, nothing or no one can stop it. The "Garden of Allah" group know it to their sorrow.

The day before the picture was finished, the director announced he thought by long, hard work they could finish in twenty-four hours. Immediately, Dietrich felt this called for a celebration and took time out to bake the cake while the company waited and waited.

They did not finish next day. Dietrich's cake delayed production exactly twelve hours. They claim it was worth it.

PEOPLE who have insisted Ginger Rogers must diet beyond all reason to get for herself that slender figure, will be amazed to learn Ginger is Hollywood's champion candy eater—and never diets.

The candy just follows her about like a puppy.

A box is dragged from the dressing room to the set and home and back again until every last morsel is gone.

But remember, don't eat a box of candy a day unless you are willing and able to dance ten hours out of the twenty-four—à la Ginger.

It's obvious which member of the Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres marriage is the most bitter. Certainly it isn't Ginger who walked into a Hollywood restaurant the other evening and beheld Lew dining with Mary Carlisle.

With a warm smile and outstretched hand, Ginger walked up to them with a glad "Hello." Lew took her hand but he gave it one of those shove-away handshakes that put Ginger several feet away from him. With her smile still bright but eyes dim at the slight, Ginger turned on her heel and walked away.



Top, Janet Gaynor and M. Nagozowa, of the University of Southern California, broadcast a good-will program to Japan. Above, fellow Italians, Rosa Ponselle, opera star, and Frank Capra, famous director, dine together at the Brown Derby. Right, Virginia Bruce and Henry Fonda. Was it Fink's camera that startled Henry, or is he a timid driver?



WHETHER or not it signifies anything, sparkling little Luise Rainer has been going about lots with playwright Clifford Odets and by lots it is meant that she has dined with him every night for a whole week. Maybe, of course, they like the same sort of food and then again they may just like each other's company.

If it's romance, don't say Cal didn't tell you.

THE director instructed Frances Farmer to kick the glass of champagne out of Edward Arnold's hand.

She did.

The champagne went all over Walter Brennen. They tried the scene again, from another angle. The same thing happened. It happened eight times. Now they call Walter "Anna Held," for an obvious reason.

WHEN the Marx Brothers were offered \$15,000 a week, very suddenly, for a personal appearance tour, they realized they were in somewhat of a spot—they had the time, they wanted the money, but they didn't have any gags left—used them all up preparing for their new picture.

So the brilliant solution finally came—they would use the same gags for the stage appearances, and try them out; those that flopped they could discard, and then build up the others.

And they would get, at the same time, two golden eggs from one goose.

MARJORIE GATESON, chic sophisticate of the screen who, it's been understood for fourteen years, holds Hollywood's unchallenged record for marathon engagements, is soon to name the day and date and aisle it with Kerry Conway, a very swell and interesting person despite his frightening professional title of "Radio Grammarian." The exigencies of la Gateson's work have kept her from going East in the past, but now Kerry has arrived in Hollywood from N.Y. to definitely capture the lady.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

WHEN A GIRL SHOULD SHE FOLLOW

By HART SEYMORE

WHEN I first discovered the setup for this story, I thought it was just another mad but delightful Hollywood incongruity; just new evidence that the world was upside down in a make-believe city; that 1936 had its tongue in its cheek.

Because look:

Here on one hand was Dolores Del Rio, Latin child of a Latin race whose basic premise has always been, "The parents shall judge and command, the daughter obey." She has been married, divorced, re-married.

There on the other hand was Jeanette MacDonald, a Scots-

woman whose historic heritage from Time on has consisted of the "Hands off, let her choose for herself" hypothesis. She is single.

And to each I put the same query—"How much advice should a girl take from her parents in this eternal business of love and husbands?"

"None!" shouted vivid Dolores.

"All," smiled lovely Jeanette

"Oh, for Pete's sake," grumbled I, and held that opinion—until I interviewed them both. Then, revealed and revealing, came the surprising story of two lives influenced from the beginning by that one simple question; one nearly wrecked and the other made strong by the hand of family control. The anomaly straightened itself out—at last was understandable.

Dolores Del Rio's first marriage was arranged by her parents. Her life was nearly wrecked before she rebelled and decided to go her own way. Now she's glad of her treason

NO!
says
DOLORES DEL RIO



LOOKING precisely like a PHOTOPLAY fashion plate, Dolores Del Rio drew up a chair, accepted a light for her cigarette, and blew an angry shred of smoke toward the ceiling. To the depths of her quick Spanish temperament she was emphatic.

"Advice on love?"—explosively—"I say No! In this matter be an individual; make your own mistakes, take your own punishments, be sure of your own triumphs. Don't let your parents interfere—choose love for yourself.

"Oh, I know this is treason for one of my blood. I realize for how many centuries our women have been trained to let their parents decide whom they should marry and when; I know that the deep-rooted tradition of our race is: 'Honor thy father and thy mother—even unto misery, even unto the loss of all thy happiness.' Well, I honor them. But I refuse to subscribe to such a creed, because you see in some things I am a rebel. Listen."

Leaning forward intent with sincerity, she told me her story. "When I was only fifteen, and still in the convent, my family, by custom bound, arranged a marriage for me. Can you possibly know what Mexico City was like at that time—the unbreakable careful faith in precepts of the past, the entrenched legend of society and church and ancestry, the supreme unimportance of youth in the scheme of things?

"There the better class and its daughters stayed aloof in exclusive courtyards, hid in iron-balconied, carved palaces and mansions. Sometimes the *señoritas* were allowed to promenade along the parks and exchange a quick polite greeting with their gallants. But the *duennas* were ever-present, watchful. Even this was denied me; I heard only the nuns' voices droning in prayer, saw only the black-robed figures moving silently along the cloister."

She gestured with her cigarette. "And so of course I accepted my homemade destiny without even the thought of protest. The idea of marriage enthralled me; at that age one is imbued with romance and all its bright colors. I knew no young

FALLS IN LOVE

HER FAMILY'S ADVICE?

men, and from every material standpoint Jaime Del Rio was an ideal husband for me — his family, his social status, everything. It is the unquestioned future of any Latin woman to settle down, to run a household, to have an enormous family. I couldn't know, and naturally the family didn't dream, that they weren't insuring happiness for me."

Wherefore, after the conventional two months of waiting had passed, Dolores, already beautiful, put on her grandmother's real lace mantilla, clutched frantically at a little ivory prayer book, and marched into the mellow dimness of a Mexican cathedral to repeat her vows of eternal faithfulness—to become, with all the trimmings, a *señora*.

It lasted five years. "I had everything that I should make for happiness," Dolores smiled ruefully. "I had the best of social positions; I had a great towering house; I had wealth; I went annually to Europe. But, you understand, I wasn't meant for those things—I found I didn't enjoy society, as such, and I didn't seem to like doing anything that was expected of me. I was utterly miserable.

"Jaime? I don't think he was happy either. Of course, he was enormously fond of me, liked seeing me at the head of his table wearing the jewels of his house. But he was older than I . . ." Thoughtfully she tapped and crushed and re-crushed the stub of her cigarette into a tray.

Then, "I know he was restless because of my young eagerness, disapproving of my rebellious spirit that didn't want to follow in the routine footsteps of all the Del Rio *señoras* who had preceded me. So we were kind to each other—but never content, you understand. And when finally I was offered a chance to come to Hollywood I accepted against all the advice and tearful entreaties of my family and my friends."

You know what happened. She made a glorious success; she found a new life; and at last, free from her congenital fear of breaking traditions, she brought to its close a pact that from the beginning was assigned to failure.

"I am absolutely certain that I was right," she told me. "In my travels through the old world I have seen enough to sustain my convictions: old-young faces, marred with disappointment and futility and resignation—eyes with no light in them. They're like cold ashes, those women, after a fire that has burned without warmth. Their marriages, like mine, were arranged in family conferences. . . ."

I said, "What does your mother think of all this? She lives here in Santa Monica near you now, doesn't she?"

Dolores laughed softly. "But she is a rebel, too, these days.



A red-headed paradox. Despite her success in making her own way to stardom, she's no rugged individualist about love

She is always saying to people, 'Do not care what tradition says, think of your child's happiness first. There is no satisfaction in duty when it makes people miserable. I did not see my Dolores smile for many days, and I am proud that she rebelled before too late. Tradition! I have learned from my daughter.' We are great friends now, Mother and I."

"But there are times when advice is good," I argued.

"Of course. I am tolerant of people who suggest and criticize from the pinnacle of a greater understanding and a greater wisdom. I seek and listen to advice, especially on small or large matters in the everyday business of living.

"But when the problem is an emotional one, concerning love, then no one but myself can know how I feel or what's best to do.

"How can they know, these par- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

MY REMINISCENCES OF

PHOTOPLAY

1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925



By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

WHEREVER Jim Quirk is today, I hope he can see this anniversary edition of PHOTOPLAY. He was PHOTOPLAY's Publisher and Editor, and I hope he'll walk down memory lane with me this bright morning. For I find that so much of my own particular creed of life—the desire for loyalty and tolerance and courage and understanding—came from my association with Jim Quirk.

Perhaps I owe to PHOTOPLAY the memories of all those charming people who pioneered the picture business along with us. Wally Reid, the gayest, most talented, most lovable and tragic figure I ever knew. The Talmadges, Mother Peg and Norma, whom I still regard as the best actress the silent screen ever saw, and Natalie, and Constance, who is my one-syllable definition of the most attractive girl I ever knew. And that grand old man, Bill Hart, whose conversation was better than most books. And the girl, now a woman, who inspired more love from the American public than any other woman has ever done—Mary Pickford.

In those early days, you see, PHOTOPLAY was the only close communication between the fans and the stars. There were no motion picture columns then. No gossip columns. Why, I

announced Rudolph Valentino's engagement to Natacha Rambova, in PHOTOPLAY. It doesn't seem possible now, when if a man takes a girl to lunch three times the newspapers are full of it. But I can still see Rudy dashing up to my house in Hollywood to tell me that she had said yes and that I could print it. He was such a darling, that Rudy Valentino.

A simple, naive, young Italian.

Adela Rogers St. Johns virtually was born and raised with PHOTOPLAY—as Western Editor and contributor for years. Below: Bebe Daniels tending the author's daughter while her mother scouted for news

One night, shortly after he first arrived in Hollywood, he asked me to go dancing with him. I was pretty thrilled because I like to dance and he was supposed to be awfully good. I had a little house in Santa Monica for the summer and Rudy came for me in an open Ford roadster of some antiquity. As he helped me in and shut the door, he caught the pocket of his trousers in the handle and ripped them about two feet down the leg. Very immaculate white trousers they were, too.

I said, "Never mind. I'll go back in the house and wait while you run home and change."

He looked as embarrassed as a small boy reciting his first school piece and it finally came out that they were his only pair of pants. So we went inside and danced to the phonograph.

Then came the "Four Horsemen" and fame. Time passed. Rudy acquired a house on a hillside with black velvet couches and Rudy, in scarlet satin, reading poetry. Later, the magnificent house called Falcon Lair, filled with armor and art treasures and a hundred suits of clothes. Marriage and heartbreak and fame—the matinee idol of the world. A day in a New York hotel when—while the crash and flame of a summer lightning storm went on outside the windows—he told me how unhappy he was, spoke of Pola Negri, of his work.

Three days later he was dead.

Many sagas like that I saw through the eyes of PHOTOPLAY, where I was front row spectator to the city of the new gold rush.

I remember so well how I started work with PHOTOPLAY.



1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935

1936

I'd given up my job, as a cub reporter, to have a baby. She had very recently arrived upon the scene and been christened Elaine. One day, I got a long distance telephone call from New York. I was in a state of mad excitement, because cross-continent long distance calls were not as common in those days as they are now. A gay voice with just a hint of Boston-Irish accent said, "This is Mr. Quirk. I'm Editor of PHOTOPLAY. How'd you like to do some work for me?" Then began a most happy association as writer and editor which ended only with Jim's death.

The last assignment he ever gave me was a story on Marie Dressler's philosophy of life. We were at a party somewhere—I think it was Eddie Sutherland's — and since the house wasn't too big and there were a lot of people in it, Jim and I found ourselves without a place for a private conference. And Jim always decided to have a business conference at times like that. So we finally went into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the bathtub and Jim said, "Marie Dressler is a great woman and she has a great outlook on life. Ask her what she thinks about work, and love, and the lickings she took when she was through on the legitimate stage, and what means most to her and if success is important." That's the way he always did things—and that was my last job for him.

My first assignment, after our telephone call, was to interview Dorothy Gish. We called her the black sheep of the Gish family, because Lillian was so saintly and madonna-like and Dot was such an imp. That was in the days when Dorothy was the first comedienne of the screen and when she and Constance Talmadge were inseparable.

My only difficulty about interviewing Miss Gish was, what was I going to do with the baby?

PHOTOPLAY Magazine has grown into a big organization today. It has offices, secretaries, switchboards, teletypes and

buttons on mahogany desks. I'm glad, because that spells the success the magazine deserves. But when I first became Western Editor of it, my office was under my hat, my equipment consisted of a telephone—when I managed to pay the bill—and a battered typewriter which I bought secondhand for five dollars. The staff included a dramatic critic, an editorial writer, a gossip columnist, an advertising expert, an interviewer and a general writer—and I was all of them. I wrote thousands of words every month, under nine or ten different

names—and that was my college education, the only one I ever got and one for which I'm doggone grateful.

My chief difficulty in functioning on the job was the baby—or babies as it soon became. My pocketbook in those days didn't run to a nurse. So, when I went to interview Miss Dorothy Gish—or later on Mr. Thomas Meighan or Charles Ray or George Loane Tucker—Miss Elaine St. Johns, aged four months and up, went along.



The late James Quirk, dynamic Publisher and Editor of PHOTOPLAY in its early days. Right: a reproduction of one of the first full-color covers, with Mary Pickford and Owen Moore. The earliest issues were published without any covers at all



I did my job with her under one arm, and she was supervised, sung to, and taken care of by stars, assistant directors, prop boys and cameramen. Bebe Daniels was her godmother and when I got too jammed I'd take Elaine over to the old Fine Arts studios, where Bebe was a big star, and leave her there. She adored Bebe and, when she was two, would sit for hours in a director's chair, tied with a didy, and watch her Aunt Bebe act.

I remember when "The Miracle Man"—the silent version with Tom Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney—was released. It was one of the most sensational successes we ever knew and Betty Compson, who had been an extra girl, was so radiantly lovely that it made her a star overnight. Four or five days after I first saw it I got a wire from Jim which said: "Where is the Betty Compson story? We are closing the book tomorrow and I need it badly. Have you mailed it yet?" That being the first I'd heard of any Betty Compson story I was slightly bewildered but went out to find Miss Compson—

and begin a friendship which I treasure deeply today. Ah, that was a magnificent love story—the story of the little extra girl, of George Loane Tucker, the great director who saw in her something that no one else had seen, of his tragic and terrible death which broke her heart.

It's funny, in a way, how close those days seem.

Bill Hart, one of the great all-time stars, sitting in a bare little office on Hollywood Boulevard when his great days were over, and telling me a heartbreaking story of the end of his friendship with Thomas H. Ince, a famous producer. Bill believed that Tom, whom he worshipped, had double-crossed him. And to Bill, friendship was the greatest thing in life. He talked, as he always did, very quietly, his face impassive as it used to be on the screen. But before he was through I was crying, and I knew that I had never read anywhere a story of man friendship that was more poignant, more pitiful.

Then there was Pola Negri's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



That two-gun cowboy in his heyday, William S. Hart. Below, the great lover of his times, Francis X. Bushman with Beverly Bayne (his wife) in the first "Romeo and Juliet"

PHOTOPLAY'S record of TWENTY-FIVE MOVIE YEARS

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS



THOSE were the golden days—
when the Thanouser Kid was as well known as Shirley Temple is now—
when John Bunny was as beloved as Chaplin—
when Francis X. Bushman was as devastating as Gable—
when d'Annunzio's "Cabiria" and Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis" ran for weeks on Broadway—
when Mary Fuller in "What Happened to Mary" and Kathlyn Williams in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" ran for months on Main Street—
when Sarah Bernhardt was a movie star—
and "Little Mary" was just becoming Mary Pickford.
In those early days of the motion picture, the magazine called PHOTOPLAY was born. It wasn't much to look at, this newborn baby of the films; for, like most newborn babies, it was small and a bit weazened.
What would you think if you went out this month to buy your PHOTOPLAY and found on the newsstands a

little white pamphlet about one-sixth as thick as the present magazine, with no cover, and with pages not much more than half the present size?

Well, that's what the first issue looked like when it reached a waiting world just twenty-five years ago this fall.

On the first page was the name of the magazine, the volume number and the date, and a one-color, half-tone photograph of the aforesaid Thanhouser youngster. The next few pages contained cabinet-size portraits, one on each page, of popular favorites whose names were just beginning to be known to their admirers; men like King Baggot and Phillips Smalley; girls like Flo LaBadie and Marguerite Snow, stars of "The Million Dollar Mystery," and Pauline Bush, who afterward married Allan Dwan, the director.

Oh yes, there was also a picture of "Little Mary!"

Then followed several pages, each of which looked exactly like the one before. At the top was a "still" picture from a current film—most of them so still they were dead. Below was a brief fiction story of the plot of the picture, although, as a matter of fact, one plot would have done for the lot.

This sort of thing went on for about a year.

By the fall of 1912, however, a two-color cover had made its appearance, a bit crude as yet, but giving to the pamphlet more the appearance of a magazine; and the names of players in the casts of current pictures were actually mentioned. That was a great innovation! In the October issue appeared a "Mr. Dillon" and a "Mr. Nagel." First names were still taboo. That same issue contained the first interviews with stars; Flo LaBadie of Thanhouser and King Baggot of Imp.

The December number gave the first authentic figures on the cost of picture-making. "The Star of Bethlehem,"

During the war years Mack Sennett's bathing beauties kept the world laughing. Lower right, Entering films in 1913, Chaplin achieved instant popularity. One of his best "Shoulder Arms"



Although the screen had not found its voice, there was an invasion of stage stars in the 1920's, headed by Doug Fairbanks. Remember his acrobatics? He is with Bessie Love



Warners made history with "The Jazz Singer," the first singing-talkie with May McAvoy and Jolson's "Mammy"



For the past quarter century we have faithfully reflected for you the amazing progress of motion pictures. Do you remember—



Above, Lon Chaney, the greatest character actor of all time. Called the man of a thousand faces, he made "The Phantom of the Opera" before he died in 1930



Ruth Chatterton, Robert Edson in "The Doctor's Secret"



RUTH WATERBURY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Though old in service, PHOTOPLAY is young in spirit. This youthfulness is typified by Ruth Waterbury, its Editor

The first Technicolor picture was the magnificent "Becky Sharp" with Alan Mowbray and Miriam Hopkins. Right, the screen brought forth an entirely new type of hero in 1936, Fred Astaire



first mentions of actors whom we later came to regard affectionately as the "Old Faithfuls of the Screen."

The August, 1913, issue contained a description of a movie studio, the Majestic, which could not be truthfully penned today: "Out there is always perfect peace and harmony, as the very atmosphere of California lends quietude."

UP to that point, the news of pictures and picture-players had concerned itself chiefly with activities in the East, but now the name Hollywood began creeping into the magazine pages. In "Studio Chat for September," Jean Darnell, who was the Cal York of 1913, produced this pretty picture of girl life in California:

"The Broncho and Kay Bee companies can boast of two of the handsomest and most versatile little ladies in picturedom—and of two exactly opposite types—Bebe Daniels and Mildred Harris. Bebe Daniels is of a very decided brunette type and little Mildred a blonde. Each has an abundance of curly hair that lends to her personal charm. These little girls are fast friends and are constantly seen together around the Broncho plants up in Santa Monica Canyon."

Child actresses were even more numerous than they are now, for every other plot was of the little-child-shall-lead-them variety. Perhaps the best known

evidently considered a "big" production, ran into \$8,000!

About that time, the magazine started the first of many "Great Popularity" contests. By July, 1913, J. Warren Kerrigan was leading James Cruze, 195,000 votes to 165,000; and Marguerite Snow was leading Florence Lawrence, 189,000 to 136,000. Mary Pickford, at that time, had temporarily deserted the screen for Belasco's stage.

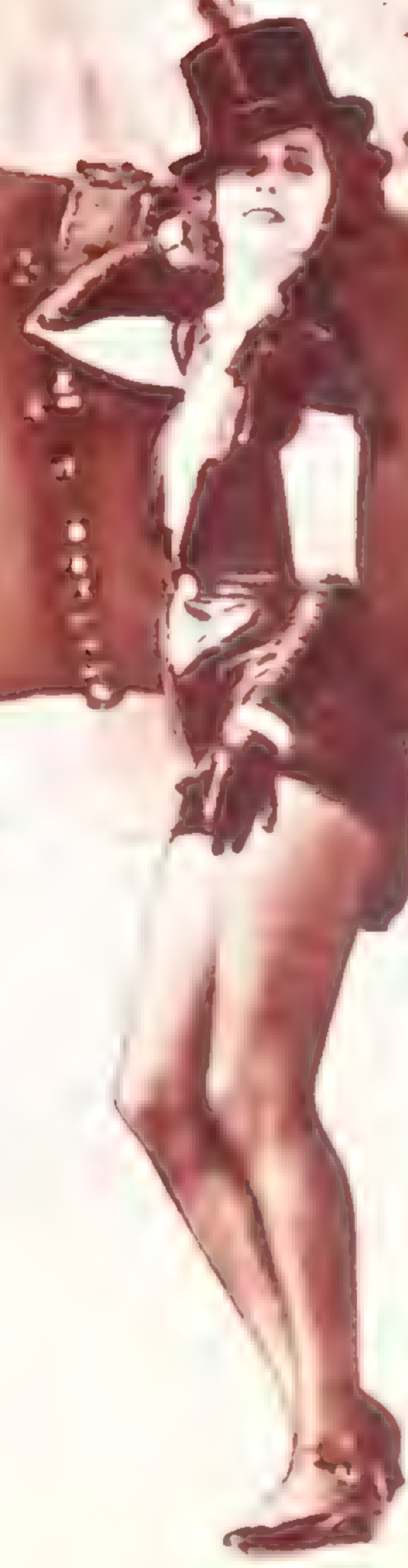
IN A new department, called somewhat coyly, "Little Glimpses Behind the Screen, As It Were," was the first personality story about any actor known to movie fans today. That was Alan Hale, "one of the younger generation, just turned twenty-one." In the next few years, the pages were filled with

youngsters in the first days of the magazine were those New Rochelle prodigies, Marie Eline and Helen Badgely, Marion and Madeline Fairbanks. "The Thanhouser Twins" and that most famous of all the early child actresses, Madge Evans.

The same number mentioned Robert Z. Leonard, the now famous director, as playing a part in "Sally Scraggs, Housemaid." Many well-known directors were actors then: Frank Borzage, Henry King, Lloyd Bacon, Rex Ingram, Wesley Ruggles, Eddie Sutherland, Frank Lloyd, Irving Cummings, James Cruze, Mickey Neilan and Raoul Walsh. And across the sea, a young actor named Ernst Lubitsch was playing comedy rôles for a promising producer, Max Reinhardt!

PHOTOPLAY now had a new author, who condensed Lil Langtry's old play, "His Neighbor's Wife," into "a powerful, intense short story." His name was B. P. Schulberg.

There was still comparatively little publicity for individual performers. To remedy that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Eleanor Powell's youthful charm and shapely legs will enliven M-G-M's new picture, "Born to Dance." Broadway's darling, completely recovered from the illness which forced her out of "At Home Abroad," likes Hollywood . . . it's near Nelson Eddy



Tired of suffering rôles like the schoolteacher in "Girl's Dormitory," Ruth Chatterton was as pleased as pie to return to sophistication as Walter Huston's wife in "Dodsworth." But there's one sophistication producer Goldwyn outlawed—her solo flying



Parties are not the same in Hollywood these days due to the illness of Carole Lombard, unique for her gaiety, charm and wit. Forbidden to go to Alaska for "Spawn of the North," Carole is being good taking a rest cure and gaining weight like mad now



An exciting deuce of hearts on and off the screen are Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck romantically teamed in "His Brother's Wife." Barbara returns to RKO for "The Plough and the Stars," and Bob remains at M-G-M to play in "Camille"

The Stars Look Up

The stars were both audience and cast at the greatest entertainment ever held, the Actors Fund Benefit. Here they are as onlookers—now turn the page . . .



Above, Claudette Colbert and her seldom photographed husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. Upper right, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Lady Ashley), Gilbert Roland, Doug. Sr., Constance Bennett. Lower right, Mary Brian, Eleanor Powell, and James Stewart. Below, Cary Grant (with glasses), June Collyer with her spouse Stuart Erwin, Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian and Randolph Scott look on entranced



_____ and see themselves

Highlight of opening scene was the Floradora Sextette. These two are June Travis beamed by James Bush

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable do their scene from "It Happened One Night"



Upper left, Richard Cromwell sings "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" to Mary Carlisle. Left, more of the Sextette-Toby Wing, Tom Brown, Betty Furness, Dick Cromwell, Olivia de Havilland, James Blakely, Pat Ellis. Every branch of the industry contributed its services free.

as others see them

BEFORE a wildly enthusiastic audience of more than 11,000 people, the greatest benefit performance ever staged was held in Hollywood recently. Hollywood, used to spectacles, has never seen anything like it. The most brilliant collection of stars ever assembled gave their services free for the Actor's Benefit Fund to establish a Western home for the aged of the motion picture profession similar to the one now established at Saranac Lake.

The list of stars and their acts is too huge to mention, but some of the highlights were: Mary Pickford taking a bow at the head of twenty well known stars of silent days in remembered characterizations; Charles King opening the second act with "Singing in the Rain," Eddie Cantor and Rosa Ponselle singing. The "It Happened One Night" scene with Frank Capra stalling his car brought down the house. James Melton led the finale with "Marching Along Together."

And that is just what the whole motion picture industry was doing, "marching along together" to show their love, interest, and devotion to the aged of their own profession—a thoroughly heart-warming spectacle.



Jovial Walter Connolly, Anita Louise, and Alan Dinehart took a bow for their scene from Shakespeare's "Caesar"

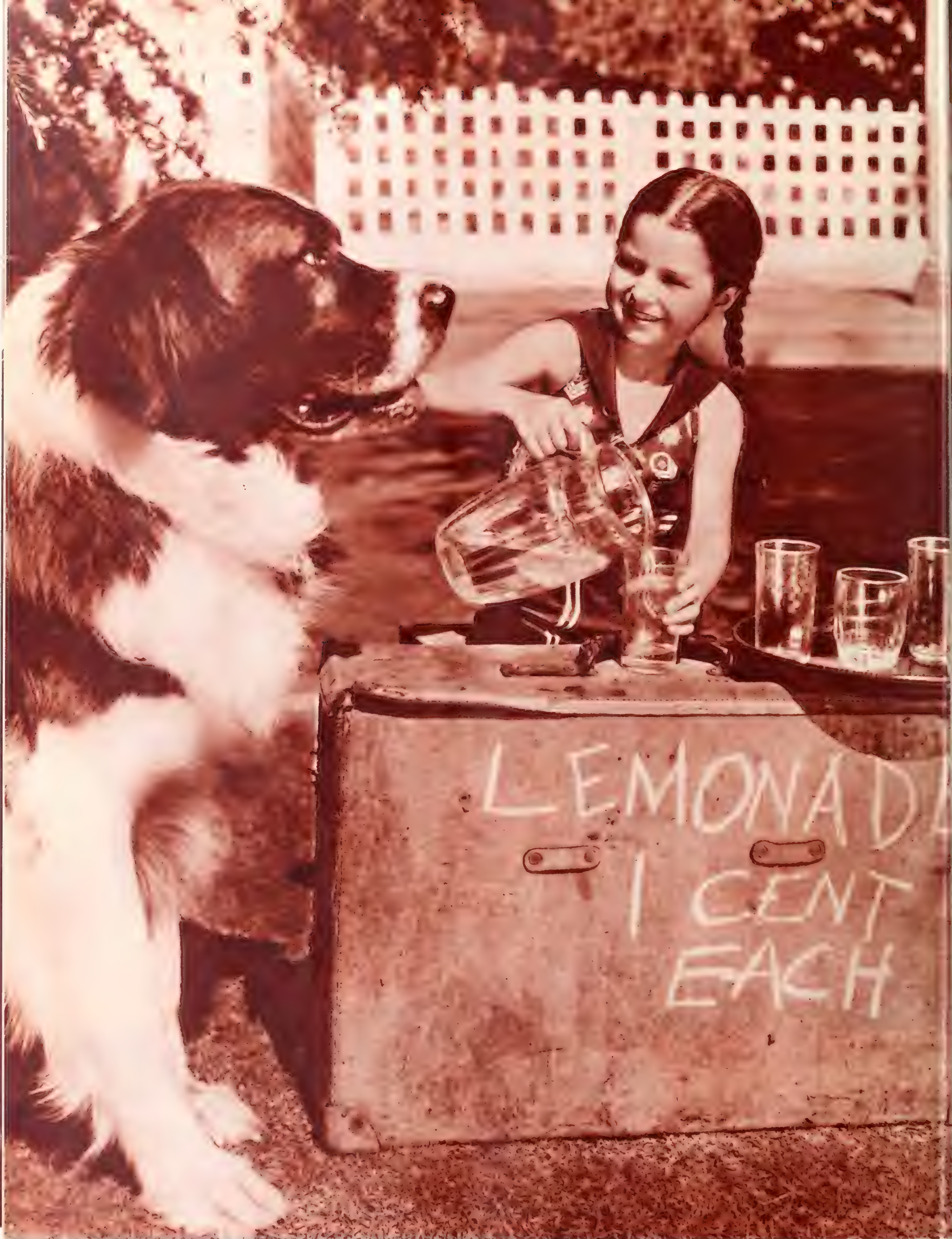


Fred Stone and daughter Paula do a dance which he originated in "The Wizard of Oz" years ago



Upper, Betty Blythe, star of silent days, plays the scene from "Cleopatra" which brought her fame. Right, Arthur Treacher, Nelson Eddy, Alan Jones, Alan Mowbray. Nelson sang an "Aria to end all Arias" and Alan Jones led a male chorus in "Serenade" from "The Student Prince." Think what a night this must have been for the autographers!





Virginia Weidler opens a charge account for a favored customer, Buck, the giant St. Bernard of "Call of the Wild" fame. Virginia got salvos of cheers for her work in "Girl of the Ozarks." Now she's a full fledged star with a nice seven year contract

FOR a couple of years now, radio's been taking Hollywood in comparatively small doses. Quite a few programs have used film names as guest stars and occasionally as masters of ceremonies, but not until this spring have broadcasters really gone overboard in their efforts to put big stars on the air. More and more radio shows are originating in Hollywood and the end is nowhere in sight.

This led to a recent estimate that within the next twelve months, radio will pour a golden stream amounting to over \$3,000,000 into the laps of those screen stars who can keep listeners at home, glued to the seats nearest the loudspeaker. When the Lux Radio Theater, for instance, moved to Hollywood and teamed Clark Gable with Marlene Dietrich as a gala opening show, the program's popularity rating sailed up at a time when almost all the big programs were showing a loss in listener audience.

It's already brought agonized cries of protests from exhibitors all over the country who scream, between shakings of fists, that no one bothers to step around to the neighborhood theater nights—that Clark, et al, are emoting exclusively for the airwaves.

Fred Astaire's going to start his weekly hour program around the first week in September. Tuesday nights from 10:00 to 11:00, Eastern Time, have been set aside by his sponsor, Packard Motors, who reserved the WEA-Red network of the National Broadcasting Company. A Hollywood columnist

tried to make people believe—just as we went to press—that Fred had returned his contract unsigned, but frantic checking proved that the columnist must have been daydreaming. According to the agency, Fred has signed up for good and there's no chance of his backing out now.

We have something on Barbara Stanwyck, or at least coincidences are such that we certainly think we have. She made a recent appearance on Hollywood Hotel, sponsored by Campbell's Soups, and fooled everyone present. They had expected her to be as nervous as she was the last time she guest-starred on this program. As it turned out she was the calmest one at rehearsals. Pressed for an explanation, she tried to convince us that it was because she'd learned to chew gum. But we found out that Robert Taylor was once a radio announcer and already our shirt is bet on the fact that Robert has been giving Barbara a little unofficial coaching on microphone technique.

Another Hollywood Hotel guest, Joan Blondell, put her script up on the music stand in front her the last time she broadcast and never took her clenched hands from her coat pockets the whole time she was at the mike. (When she held the script in her hands before the broadcast, you could see it trembling from anticipation of mike fright.)

Rupert Hughes, who was lured to Hollywood to help whip film scenarios into shape, is now working for radio as well. He recently inaugurated another [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

hollywood at the MIKE

BY DAN WHEELER



Lionel Barrymore and Maureen O'Sullivan rehearse "Devil Doll" which they gave on a Hollywood Hotel Broadcast recently

Why Jack, what's money? Jack Benny and Louis Gensler, Paramount producer discuss Jack's part in "The Big Broadcast of 1937"



Opening the famous classic is the magnificent 15th Century pageant in the square of Verona. It closes with the discovery of the tragic lovers in the tomb; Norma Shearer as Juliet; Leslie Howard as Romeo at her feet



Filming
the

World's Greatest Love Story

Never before has this distinguished director talked for publication. He tells why he considers "Romeo and Juliet" the apex of his career

ON a spring night, not long ago, two black limousines slid through the tall gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, turned right into the traffic, and drove at breakneck speed down the long roads of Los Angeles County until they came to a little town called Riverside.

They pulled up in front of a small theater there. Out of the first car jumped a couple of technicians carrying tin cylinders of film. Out of the second stepped four or five studio moguls. The cars pulled around to a parking lot as the men went into the cinema palace and asked for the manager.

Fifteen minutes later, when the second feature had ended, an audience reaching for its collective hat was halted by a flash on the screen. "You are about to witness a major studio feature preview," said the title succinctly. The audience settled back with little murmurs.

"Romeo and Juliet" was being sneaked. Said George Cukor, who directed it, to me the next day: "The people of that town are genuine American people, unpretentious, entirely middle-class in the best sense of the phrase.

"While the first reel rolled they shuffled, coughed a little, wriggled in their seats. I sat there and stewed with fright. I knew what they were thinking: 'Good Lord, two hours of this! Two hours of Hollywood gone arty, of unintelligible poetry . . . ' I could feel the current of uneasiness shifting through the theater.



International scholars gave their advice to authenticate such elaborate scenes as this banquet hall. Agnes de Mille created the romantic dances. The ancient bronze tomb of the Capulets was designed by Cedric Gibbons from the original. Below, Director Cukor talks to her whom he considers "the first really beautiful Juliet."—Norma Shearer

"Then, quite suddenly, the story was clear to them. They realized we weren't trying to declaim; that on the contrary we were bringing them a beautiful, tragic love story crowded with action, brilliant with

all the glory of the Renaissance. And they could understand it!

"They were so delighted they nearly crowed. They forgot themselves and the time. They laughed and cried and applauded. They loved it."

A few days later Nelson Eddy, in the course of conversation, told me. "The movies are doing such wonderful things these days—'Romeo and Juliet' for instance. Imagine—they're actually giving the American public a Shakespeare they can know and enjoy, without pedantry and without trying to be obscure about it. That's progress. Have you seen it yet?"

I grinned. "Just watched them make it," I said.

YOU will want to know the story of this particular picture because it's the most important film achievement of the decade; because it opens at last the limitless field of classic art and literature producers have ogled for years but haven't dared to



BY FRANK SMALL



"Take thou this vial, and this distilled liquor drink thou off." Henry Kolker in the rôle of Friar Laurence gives the fatal potion to Juliet in his cell. Every scene that Shakespeare wrote for "Romeo and Juliet" is shown in M-G-M's production, the most fabulously expensive picture of all time



Ralph Forbes as Paris, C. Aubrey Smith as Lord Capulet, Violet Kemble Cooper as Lady Capulet, Basil Rathbone as Tybalt, greet the guests. Below, the Prince of Verona banishes Romeo. 2,000 extras were employed

touch; because, in itself, it is a fascinating study in the art of movie making.

You must have an account of the unbelievable processes and preparatory work that have gone into this most expensive of all epics. You must slip onto the closed sets and watch the riotous color, the pageantry of the scenes themselves in the making. And you must talk with Director George Cukor—who never before has given an interview for publication—in order to hear from his lips and see through his eyes the troubles and barriers and eventual triumph that marked his task.

No criticism of the splendid merits of Warner's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is intended when I speak of "Juliet" in terms of superlatives. The "Dream" is rightly laying a rich golden egg at sundry home and foreign box offices. As the first Shakespearean production it deserves every bit of the handsome praise being tossed its way. But it is a fantasy, and "Juliet" is a down-to-earth love story. The "Dream" is sheer beauty intended for the select senses of the Bard's disciples, while "Juliet" is a motion picture aimed at the other ninety-nine percent of America—you and you and me. Wherefore it ceases to be an experiment in art for the few (relatively) and becomes an artistic appeal to the latent artistic qualities of the many.

I wandered onto the "tomb" set, sought out that smiling, spectacled genius named Cukor, and climbed up on a tall stool beside him. This I did with misgiving, I confess, because he has never talked for the press before, and because even on the lot people who stand in awe of no one stand in awe of him.

Rearing up into the sky was one of the best artificial hills I've ever seen, winding with little pathways and covered with the pointing fingers of Italian cypresses. Down below, in the artificial miniature valley, an artificial cemetery lay in the sun. Carved with infinite labor in the papier-mache granite, stood the ancient, bronze-doored tomb of the *Capulets*, with the fair corpse of *Juliet* inside. Overhead droned a six-passenger monoplane with bright red wings.

"I'm in no swell mood," laughed Cukor—his incongruity is that he smiles anyway, even when he's furious about something. "That's the tenth plane in two hours. How can I have *Romeo* [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



NOVEMBER 4, 1879

AUGUST 15, 1935



CELESTIAL COWBOY

A MEMORIAL POEM

BY FAITH BALDWIN

We shall remember you, through all the years,
Your pungent wisdom, and your stinging scorn
Of falsity and greed, of spineless fears
And silly pomp; for you were royal-born,
Valiant and clear of sight, with faith and pride
In this, your land. You are untouched by change,
But live for us, where past the clouds you ride,
Celestial Cowboy, Heaven's smiling range.



seamstress

designer

decorator



waitress

There are two hundred girls waiting for Sally Paige's job sewing tucks. Eli Benneche (right) studied for six years how to dress sets at M-G-M. Alvina Bryan admits that "slinging hash" for stars is tough work. Edith Head's costume designing was the happy ending of a practical joke on Howard Greer. All aren't so lucky



They aren't all Actresses IN HOLLYWOOD

These, then, are your chances in Hollywood —

IF YOU ARE A SECRETARY: From the case of one Simonne Maes, ten years a studio secretary, you may deduce your own conclusions. A decade ago when she was attending Columbia University and translating French and Spanish books on the side, she too longed to come to Hollywood and work in one of "those glamorous studios."

Well girls, she came, and luckily for her she brought a brand new husband with her. He provided shelter and food during the eight months Simonne hounded studio gatemen for a chance to see just one hiring boss. She filled out during that interlude no less than eighty-five applications.

"That was in 1926," Simonne recalled for me, "and it was comparatively easy to break into the studios. You see, there were only three girls to every secretarial job then, instead of the twenty waiting for every opening today."

She finally started at Universal as a stenographer at twenty-five dollars a week and from that moment everything happened just as she had dreamed it would. She was promoted and raised in salary. After seven years she was earning sixty dollars a week and she had met, personally, such stars as Lon Chaney and Reginald Denny and knew many others by their first names. She worked for all the important directors, writers and executives in the studio and was often called upon

THIS story is simply a very frank and truthful answer to the fifty thousand women who write yearly to the film studios asking:

"Is there a job for me in a studio? I have no ambitions to become an actress but I am an experienced secretary (or hairdresser or dressmaker or singer or interior decorator). Please tell me what MY chances are in Hollywood."

And because these letters come from women employed in work ranging from domestic service to gown designing, I have decided to let eight Hollywood working girls (each representing one of the eight studio trades open to women) answer the clamorous plea of these fifty thousand American women.

writer

hairstresser



secretary



singer



Virginia Van Upp talks over her scenario, "My American Wife," with Albert Lewis. Beauty operator Maybelle Carey's alarm clock rings at four A.M. on most mornings

Upper, Sally Pierce is near the top of a list of a thousand girls. It was lucky for Simonne Maes, left, that she had a husband with her in Hollywood

to translate French scenarios. She was able to buy a car, lovely clothes, and live in a charming home.

It is true that this wonderful job kept her at a desk for long endless hours.

She never knew when she could get home for dinner, executives having an annoying habit of working until seven or eight at night. Her Sundays were always unpredictable (heavy production recognizing no holidays). Her marriage finally collapsed under the strain, and it's little wonder.

But Simonne was a successful modern girl, independent, capable and very happy in her work. And then one dismal day in 1933, at the very depths of the depression, the studio shut down tight and Simonne's beautiful job vanished in the holocaust.

There were dozens of Hollywood girls in the same jobless boat, but that didn't help Simonne's spirits in the least.

However, she didn't worry much at first. After all she had a fistful of rare references, and a welcome (so she thought) in many big executives' offices. After six jobless months she sold her car. After eight workless months she moved into a small apartment with another girl. After a lean year, with a couple of temporary jobs to keep her going, Simonne learned how to cook dinners when she got home late at night, clean the flat on Sundays, get up at six to catch busses to distant studios, do her own hair, nails and laundry.

But then one glorious day last year Simonne's superb references, along

with her remarkable seven years at Universal, bore fruit. She went to work in the Paramount stenographic department where she started her career all over again on a weekly salary of twenty-three dollars, just two dollars less than Simonne's original pay check of ten years ago.

IF YOU ARE A BEAUTY OPERATOR: I have selected the story of Maybelle Carey, one of eight Paramount studio hairstressers, because there is nothing unusual or extraordinary about it as far as Hollywood stories go.

Thirteen years ago she was doing a lot of daydreaming, about movie stars, while she busily manicured, waterwaved and shampooed the entire younger set of Blue Earth, Minnesota. She did a thriving beauty shop business and she had a son to support, but that didn't keep her from packing everything she owned, the day a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Eight little girls went to Hollywood,

bent on getting jobs. Before you

follow them, read what happened . .

By JULIE LANG HUNT

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

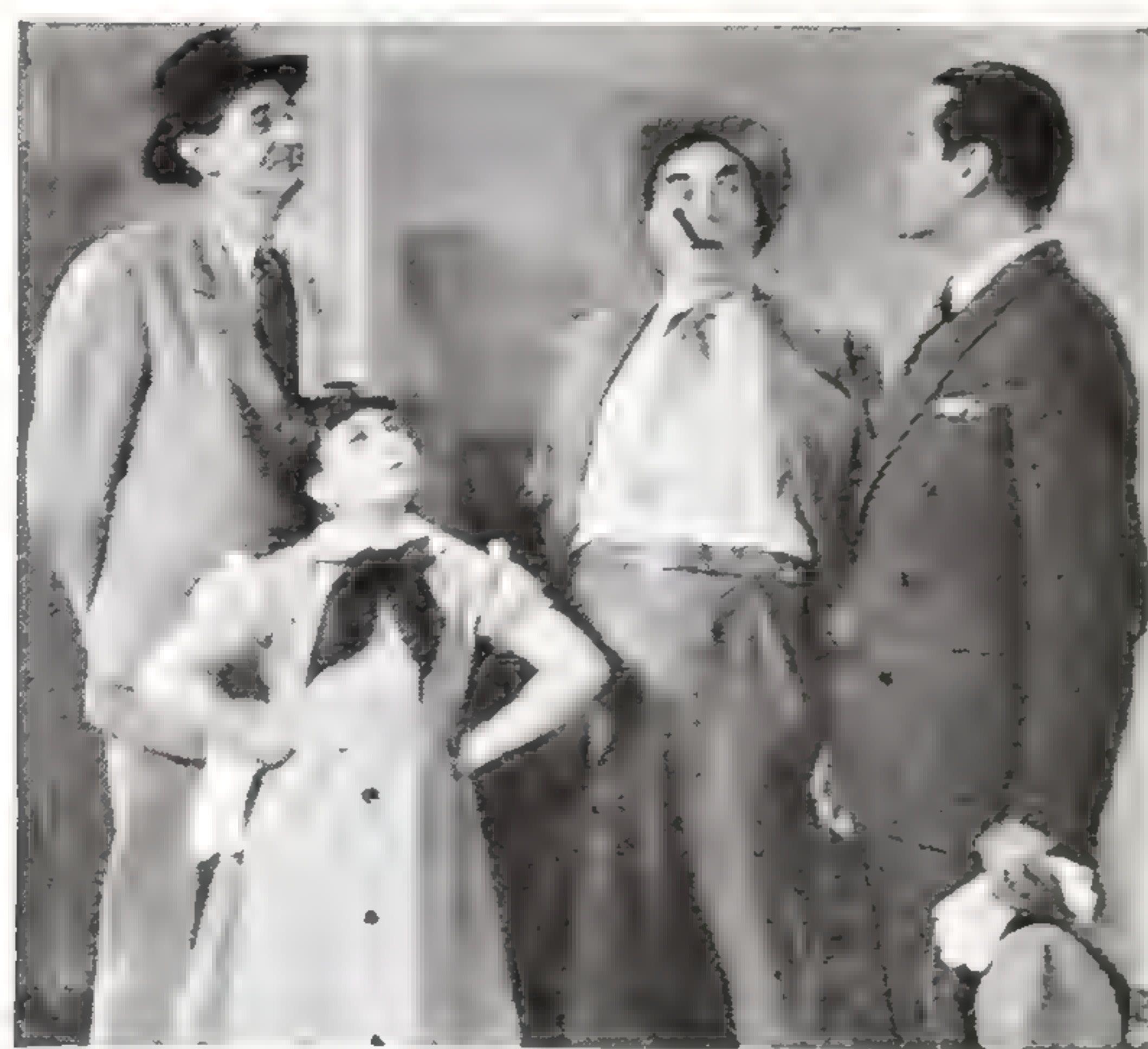


★ NINE DAYS A QUEEN—GB

A SUPERB cast, adroit direction, satisfying settings and magnificent photography combine to make one of the minor tragedies in English history a major screen event.

At the dictatorial deathbed pronouncement of *Henry VIII*, the succession to the throne was to be *Edward*, his son, *Mary Tudor*, *Elizabeth* (daughter of *Ann Boleyn*) and finally *Lady Jane Grey*, his sister's child. Precipitating a scramble for power among scheming ministers are the brothers *Seymour*, *Edward* and *Thomas*, and the *Earl of Warwick*. *Edward Seymour* wins temporarily, and *Thomas* is beheaded. *Warwick* forces *Lady Jane Grey* to marry his son, accomplishes a coup d'état on the death of the little king and puts *Jane* on the throne. *Mary Tudor* attacks; *Warwick* is defeated, and fifteen year old *Jane* goes to her doom on Tower Hill.

Cedric Hardwicke, as *Warwick* is a finished actor here as always. Nova Pilbeam as *Lady Jane*, the frail, perplexed country girl, caught in the threads of a fatal destiny, with her pathetic love for her young husband, her terror and sweet courageousness in the face of death, is perfect. High praise goes to Desmond Tester as the forlorn little king, a rarely sincere performance for a child. Felix Aylmer's *Edward Seymour* is excellent too. Director Robert Stevenson has made the people and the politics of the sixteenth century really live again, and the sequences mount in expert order to the climax. As a vivid portrait of history, this picture is a colorful and logical successor to the famed *Henry VIII*. See this by all means.



★ PEPPER—Twentieth Century

If you like boisterous entertainment, you'll get your share in this Jane Withers laugh riot about a New York street waif with a heart of gold.

Going to the rescue of a poor widow who is about to be put out of her home, Jane meets Irvin S. Cobb. They become friends and she romps him back to health in some of the most hilarious comedy scenes we've witnessed, when she persuades him to go on a spree to Coney Island.

When Cobb's daughter, Muriel Roberts, tries to marry bogus count, Ivan Lebedoff, Jane rounds up her "gang" and really causes some excitement. Handsome traffic cop, Dean Jagger, has little to do in portraying the "true love." Slim Summerville aids in the comedy, but it is Jane herself and a much improved Irvin S. Cobb who carry the laughs to "out in the aisle" proportions.

For the whole family.



★ "SEVEN SINNERS"—GB

OUR own Eddie Lowe wisecracks his way through as compact, virile and high tensioned a murder melodrama as has arrived from Albion's shores to date. The railways scenes alone are worth the price of admission.

Richard Harwood, American insurance agent stumbles on a dead body in a Nice hotel. When the train is wrecked in which he is riding with *Constance Cummings*, his assistant, and the same dead man is found in the next berth, he is certain the wreck is a blind to cover up a murder and sets out to find the murderer. He uncovers a munitions racket and from there on it becomes a race to see who is going to die first.

Lowe and *Constance Cummings* are splendid, *Thomy Bourdelle*, Gallic prefect of police is simply swell, and *Mark Lester* does an astute characterization of an English constable. You will enjoy this.



ROMEO AND JULIET—M-G-M

SINCE the day more than three hundred years ago when Shakespeare wrote finis to the world's greatest love story, "Romeo and Juliet" has been produced thousands of times—but no version has ever surpassed this one in sheer physical beauty.

With integrity as his first premise, Director George Cukor has reconstructed with accuracy and lavishness, with fidelity and touching loveliness all the glory of the Renaissance. He has built from the classic emotions of two headstrong youngsters a story so strong that any layman must appreciate the bard's immortality. Because, despite the handicap of invincible traditions which has always surrounded the art of Shakespeare, Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard and all the others have simply enacted the tragic story of two lovers who badgered by circumstances and thwarted by the enmity between their two houses, found a passion surpassing death.

The surprise of the picture is Leslie Howard's *Romeo*. Always regarded as a thankless rôle, suppressed as it is between the tenderness of *Juliet* and the clashiness of *Mercutio*, Howard performs the miracle of making *Romeo* intensely ardent, human, and appealing. You will find him convincing as the handsome youth who sees his lady love killed and dies for her.

Miss Shearer's beautiful *Juliet* is persuasively virginal, her genuine ability here reaches a new height even in the most casual of scenes. She imparts to the rôle, which for generations has been handled with coy reserve by portly women, a lyric romantic quality that is close to perfection.

Edna Mae Oliver, Reginald Denny, Violet Kemble Cooper, C. Aubrey Smith deserve particular praise for their work contributed in the correct obligato to the major scenes of Shearer and Howard.

Only the *Mercutio* of John Barrymore seems disappointing. It is out of tone with the production by being too much in the usual Shakespeare tradition.

The entire motion picture industry may well be proud of this production. It is as important as were in their time the "Birth of a Nation" and the "Jazz Singer," for similarly it marks the beginning of a new era in which classic art is translated finally into supreme screen entertainment.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

ROMEO AND JULIET	SEVEN SINNERS
NINE DAYS A QUEEN	DEVIL DOLL
SAN FRANCISCO	PEPPER
GIVE ME YOUR HEART	M'LISS

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Clark Gable in "San Francisco"
 Jeanette MacDonald in "San Francisco"
 Nova Pilbeam in "Nine Days a Queen"
 Cedric Hardwicke in "Nine Days a Queen"
 Kay Francis in "Give Me Your Heart"
 Roland Young in "Give Me Your Heart"
 Jane Withers in "Pepper"
 Edmund Lowe in "Seven Sinners"
 Thomy Bourdelle in "Seven Sinners"
 Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet"
 Leslie Howard in "Romeo and Juliet"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 114



GIVE ME YOUR HEART—Warners

DIRECTED with great feeling and aimed at sophisticated audiences, this is a moving story building up from a slow beginning into a mood that grips your emotions inexorably.

Kay Francis, more beautifully photographed than ever, is an English girl who loves too well the son of a peer and discovers she will have a baby. Her lover's invalid wife is a barrier to escape in that direction, so she accepts the suggestion that she give the child to the father's family and go to America. She marries wealthy George Brent, and from that point, the story concerns the pathological troubles of a woman who tries to forget.

Miss Francis plays the rôle with great restraint and emotional power. Roland Young, as the helpful friend, is excellent with the rest of the cast, including Henry Stephenson, Frieda Inescourt and Helen Flint, keeping step.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



☆
DEVIL DOLL
—M-G-M

HORROR, vengeance, and a startling departure in plot make up this story of an innocent convict, Lionel Barrymore, who seeks revenge by using scientists' secret for shrinking people to doll size. Using these weird midgets, he accomplishes his revenge. Unforgettable and gruesome scenes are relieved by Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton.



☆
M'LISS—
RKO-Radio

AS the spunky little M'liss of the rugged western town, Anne Shirley, comes through with a sincerely strong performance. After the death of her father, Guy Kibbee, M'liss fights her way through trials and tribulations to love and happiness with the village school teacher, John Beal. Sweet and sentimental, with strong supporting cast!



SUZY—
M-G-M

THREE fine performers, Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone and Cary Grant are wasted on a muddled war story. It is one of those numbers wherein Jean, married to Franchot, marries Gary believing Franchot murdered, but he comes back to life. Jean discovers Cary involved with Benita Hume. Much talk about 1914 with Jean very 1936 in clothes and coiffure. Too bad.



CRASH DONOVAN
—Universal

WITH many a thrill on the way, Jack Holt progresses from a carnival stunt man to highway police force, climaxing his adventures in a daring gun fight with smugglers. A triangle love affair adds spice to the action. Chases, motorcycle stunt riding and hairbreadth escapes will thrill juvenile audiences. Hardly adult entertainment.



WHITE FANG
—20th Cen-
tury-Fox

SUMMER fare of a muddled quality, this mellerdrammer of the Northern wastes is almost waste. It concerns a dog, Lightning, who gets tangled in the affairs of several humans who are fighting over an Alaskan mine; Michael Whalen is unpolished but virile, Charles Winninger is amusing and Jean Muir dispassionate. Send the children.



CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK—
20th Century-Fox

CHARLIE sleuths so well in this that it easily can be rated the best Warner Oland film of the series. He's aided by a swell script, good romantic development and hearty humor with the fast pace of racing horses thrown in for background and good measure. Mystery is built around a stable owner murdered on his way to Honolulu.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

**THE RETURN
OF SOPHIE
LANG—
Paramount**



ENTERTAINING trivia about a famous blonde jewel thief everyone thought was dead, but who came back reformed; Sir Guy Standing is the suave bandit who tries to steal the diamond she's guarding, and Ray Milland is the enterprising reporter who fixes things and gets the girl. You'll enjoy Gertrude Michael as the new *Sophie Lang*.

**THREE
CHEERS FOR
LOVE—
Paramount**



THIS is not only built around the hackneyed school amateur-show idea, but in its entirety looks like one. Songs by Gordon and Revel and others are good; Eleanor Whitney dances like sticks on a snare drum—but the rest is juvenile. Story: producer's daughter goes to school, joins show, father buys show for movies. Boy gets girl.

**OUR
RELATIONS
—M-G-M**



TWICE as funny is this new Laurel and Hardy comedy with the boys piling up the laughs by producing an identical pair of twins. The mixups that ensue when the two pairs are mistaken for each other provoke riots of laughter from beginning to end. Not to be missed if you're hungry for laughs. Sidney Toler and Alan Hale assist in the fun.

**BENGAL
TIGER—
Warners**



FULL of rip-snorting action and suspense, this better than average programmer depends on its atmosphere of death-in-the-offing for your interest. Barton MacLane, as the cat-trainer whom June Travis marries before she discovers Warren Hull, is effective; you'll like the big fire scene. If you enjoy circuses, see this one.

**THE
ARIZONA
RAIDERS—
Paramount**



A BANG-UP Western with more laughs, thrills and drama than usual. Larry Crabbe, a wandering cowboy, sets out with his partner, Raymond Hatton, to aid an elopement and rescue Marsha Hunt, ranch owner, from hands of a crooked lawyer, Grant Withers. They accomplish both and after a thrilling stampede of horses, all gallop off to happiness.

**SWORN
ENEMY—
M-G-M**



FIRMLY constructed and well acted, this convincing story of a young attorney who swears vengeance on racketeers who killed his brother, takes its place as a satisfying and interesting bit of entertainment. Acting honors go to Robert Young as the attorney, Florence Rice, Joseph Calleia and Nat Pendleton. A worth while picture. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



BY HOWARD SHARPE

SOMEHOW Nelson Eddy was fourteen and the world was suddenly different.

It's a strange period, that age, an interlude invariably looked back upon. From the adult heights of twenty-six one says, "I grew up then," or, "that was the dividing line between boyhood and manhood." One says, "I lost all my kid notions and began to know something of life."

Which is generally untrue. To most youngsters, fourteen is merely the beginning of a magical period, of learning and discovery, of finding illusions shattered and searching (with all the melodrama of great youth) for new ones to take their place. Fourteen, on the whole, is an age when there is a sudden significance to such trivia as dancing and parties and "wimmen." Things heretofore sneered at as unworthy of any real boy (Yah, Jimmy's got a gur-rul!) take on all the rainbow hues of experience and become an essential portion of living.

Well, not for young Mr. Eddy. He really did grow up then. That really was, for him, the dividing line between boyhood and manhood.

It had to be!

Philadelphia, 1915. In Europe statesmen pored over maps of France and Belgium and Germany; guns popped and men



Above, Hollywood's greatest singing star as he is today—sincere, serious, idealistic. Right, in costume as Amonasro in "Aida." Opposite page, Mrs. Isabelle Eddy, of whom Nelson, like Lincoln, might well say, "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my Mother"

PRIVATE LIFE OF NELSON EDDY

died and kings sat planning the strategic methods of ruining a world. But here the bright July sun filled the streets and inside the apartment Mrs. Eddy had taken, there was shaded cool—and a smaller, but to her just as important, problem to be faced.

She turned from the window. "We've got to make plans," she told Nelson who sat solemnly in the biggest chair. "We're by ourselves now, we can't depend on father to feed and clothe us any more—you're old enough to understand these things. I'll have to find something to do and make some money. And you can go on to school here in Philadelphia; there's a very good one about six blocks down, I understand."

Nelson, already too big for his age and his shirt sleeves, shook his towhead. "I'm sick of school, Mom." His voice cracked with seriousness and adolescence. "No reason I c'n see why I can't work too—Uncle Clark said he'd let me be telephone operator in his place. Please let me, Mom. *Please!*"

His mother laughed. "In our family boys of your age don't go to work. You've been reading too many of those Horatio Alger stories."

He said, "I could study at home. Those old teachers just stand around anyhow and make you do a lot of exercises that don't do you much good. I *got* to work, Mom. I got to help."

He pleaded for an hour. Until finally Mrs. Eddy said quaveringly, "Well. We'll see."

SO he began his first job, this solemn-faced fourteen-year-old strip-ling, at the Mott Iron Works which dealt in plumbing fixtures, the Philadelphia branch of which was managed by the late Clark Kendrick, brother of Mrs. Eddy. On the morning of his début into responsibility, he approached the switch-board knowing nothing of its intricacies; astonished and indignant executives were answered by the shipping department, having asked for the cashier. Intermittently in the midst of conversation would sound the echo of an unrecognizable song, rendered partly in boy's soprano and partly in strained baritone; the earphones on Nelson's head made small plaintive noises in return.

What, thought he, did they want for eight dollars a week?
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



Continuing the only authorized biography of this generation's finest baritone. He leaves boyhood behind, works hard, studies harder, has his first success

BECAUSE it makes us feel so important, and doesn't do any real harm, we are going to award several Bests this month. Here are a few of the winners gathered on the current tour of the studios.

Most beautiful set is the Tibetan temple and its surrounding grounds, which you will see in Ronald Colman's picture, "Lost Horizon." Most impressive set: the copy of the Queen Mary, the banner ship of England's merchant marine, which Goldwyn has constructed for "Dodsworth." Most love in bloom: in the "His Brother's Wife" company, where Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are sighing and acting. Neatest trick of the month: Joe E. Brown mastering the feat of flipping spoons through the air and landing them in coffee cups—all for art in "Polo Joe." Best dressed girl in the sound stages: Annie Sothorn in a silk navy blue dress and silver fox trim which she wears in "Count Pete." Most ominous Labor *vs.* Capital battle: the kid actors in "The Devil Is a Sissy," who are striking against summer school. Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney are the suspected agitators. Gayest studio luncheon: Merle Oberon's highly informal party for the British Consul. Most burning question: Why do they pick this sort of weather (ninety in the shade of a cactus) to shoot the big storm scene in Edward Arnold's "Come and Get It."

The biggest picture of the month, in fact, the picture that gives many indications of becoming the hit of the year is Columbia's "Lost Horizon." Based on James Hilton's strange novel, the story tells of a group of Occidentals who are kidnapped by airplane and brought to an unknown retreat in the desolate wilds of Tibet. Here, in a hidden valley surrounded by

uncharted mountains of unguessable height, the outsiders find a civilization and a philosophy of life that surpasses anything in the known world.

This is, on the surface, the most unreliable movie material. The sort of thing that unless delicately and surely handled, might draw laughs in the wrong places. But because Columbia is entrusting this dreamy document to director Frank Capra and Robert Riskin, who jointly fashioned those two great pictures, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and "It Happened One Night," it has a great chance of being a distinctive hit.



A horse that can take it. His rider is Joe E. Brown, wielding a wicked mallet in "Polo Joe." This is his final picture for Warner Bros. His next is at RKO



Smart-cracking Jack Benny is right in his element as head of a radio chain in Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1937." But how he hates elevators

We Cover the Studios

Our rambling reporter brings you the highlights of the exciting new fall pictures now in the making on the sets

BY MICHAEL JACKSON



You had better go to RKO-Radio's production, "Count Pete" if you want to see Gene Raymond with a mustache. Bless our souls, he has a monocle too! He and Ann Sothorn are playing an amusing scene which takes place at an air line terminal

The set of Shangri-La, the Lamasery where the outsiders are taken, is too big to be placed in little Columbia studios. The whole thing now decorates the Columbia Ranch, which is really no more of a ranch than any drab, fenced-off bit of acreage would be.

To get there, you drive out over Cahuenga Pass, past Warner Brothers, and out into San Fernando Valley. The entrance to the set is dramatic. There is sun-scorched and wilted dustiness all about you, then burrowing your cramped way through a maze of obstacles, you are suddenly thrust in the midst of one

of the loveliest views imaginable. That is the Tibetan Temple of Shangri-La.

The Temple itself, built like a huge inverted U, dominates the setting. In the courtyard, there is an oblong lily pond and, rare thing for studios, real grass and flowers all about. The building's design is surprisingly modern, its bright yellow is beautiful against the surrounding hills.

The courtyard is alive with people—technicians, carpenters, American Indians in Tibetan costumes, and, of course, the familiar faces of the stars. John Howard, as thrilled as any visitor, scurries about shooting snapshots for himself. Eddie Horton squirms futilely with intricacies of his booted and caped costume, and Isabel Jewell relaxes in the shade of an olive tree, studying her lines.

A half a block down the long set, the camera and sound are being prepared for a take. We hurried there, not only because Ronald Colman and H. B. Warner are in the scene, but because it is a chance to watch Capra work. This young Italian director is as famous in Hollywood as Clark Gable is to the outside world. He is a director's director. Whenever one of his pictures is previewed it is attended by every studio person the least bit interested in the advancement of movies.

You might logically suppose, then, that Capra would dominate the set. In truth, though, he is the least distinguishable person in the company. He wanders among the actors, soundmen and cameramen with such quiet unobtrusiveness that it is not until the take is over, and he is asked for an okay that you spot him. Then, too, Capra's working costume of old corduroy trousers and a leather jacket is not the conventional colorfully directorial outfit. He saves his fireworks for the screen.

In the scene we watch, Colman is being welcomed to Shangri-La by the high priest, H. B. Warner. Colman, bundled in a Tibetan costume which the so-called heathens have been kind enough to lend him, waits politely while Warner's man-propelled sedan

brings him toward the camera. It is a simple but shaded sort of scene, for this is to be the first inkling that this wildness harbors such advanced civilization. When Warner is helped from his sedan, there is a prolonged and courteous greeting. And in this important scene, Colman is to give the first hint that he likes this place better than England.

When the take is finished, there is a hurried consultation and many looks at the sun. For in these outside scenes, the sun is the real dictator. They must shoot where the sun is, regardless of story sequence. Even with all this hurried adjustment to sunlight, "Lost Horizon" is now in its one-hundredth shooting day, a record for these days when the average picture is turned out in a little over two weeks.

TIBET may have the age-old mysteries of the world, but for the latest Western triumphs you have to go to the United

Artists Studio where Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton are making "Dodsworth." This is from the Sinclair Lewis novel, which was dramatized by Sidney Howard. Here you see the most realistic set in Hollywood. It is an almost exact copy of the "Queen Mary." The reason we say "almost exact" is that the "Queen Mary" has square funnels and in the picture they are round. It seems round ones photograph better. Even ships have to have their faces changed for the movies.

Despite this one alteration, this is truly an amazing set. There is the sport deck, the barroom, lounges and staterooms correct to the tiniest dimension. You almost get seasick. To heighten the realism, there is a sea breeze piped in from the outside so that the wind machine will not blur the sound.

The decks are jammed with extras pacing about, and relaxing on deck chairs are David Niven and Ruth Chatterton. He is giving her a perplexing line known as "double talk." Double talk is just the opposite from pig Latin. Pig Latin sounds screwy but makes sense. Double talk sounds fine but when it is all over you realize that nothing has been said. Listening to it is a good short-cut to becoming a Zioncheck.



Mr. Howe, technical advisor for "His Brother's Wife" shows Bob Taylor, Woody Van Dyke and Jean Hersholt a new type of microscope

On the "Dodsworth" Queen Mary set: W. F. Hanniver, Mrs. Hanniver, Walter Huston, William Wyler, Ruth Chatterton, Mr. & Mrs. Tandy

Below, Ronald Colman, star of "Lost Horizon"—now being filmed at Columbia—gives Frank Capra, Maestro of the megaphone, an idea



In this scene, Miss Chatterton, having been married to the same man for many years, is bored enough to listen to anything. We can't see, though, that Mr. Niven is going to get any place important with that kind of chatter. But it's so funny that even the crew laugh.

After this, the fickle Miss Chatterton joins her screen husband, Walter Huston, and while the manufactured breeze plays on them, they wave good-bye to the crowd on shore, which turns out to be only Lynn Farnol, Jock Lawrence and myself. And, hams at heart, we all wave back.

While this is going on, word comes down that Merle Oberon is throwing a lunch in her dressing room. If there are two things we like, they are Merle Oberon and lunch. So our mind is really on the next take, another angle of the waving scene.

One of the distinguished visitors on the set is the British Consul, Mr. Tandy, who carries realism a bit too far by cracking a bottle of real champagne on the prop "Queen Mary." This is too much, so we depart to Miss Oberon's.

Everyone is very prim and quiet in her dressing room. The table is spread with food and sherry but because director Willie Wyler is holding Miss Chatterton, Mr. Huston and the British Consul for a still of the Christening, no one dares to start eating.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



PHOTOPLAY *fashions*

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

JOAN FOR BRILLIANCE

A red crepe gown as brilliant as Joan Crawford's own personality. Long sleeves leave the shoulders bare, and are balanced by the high neckline. The bodice is daringly open down the front to the waistline. Glorious jewel accents and silver-rod sandals.

Natural Color Photography by Joseph N. Doolittle

THE DIARY OF MARY CARLISLE

SEPT 1

19

19

19

19



Dear Diary: Blue Monday but my
new suspenders snapped me out of
it, so I'm off to a tap lesson —



Hello Diary: HE Called again!
We're made up



Diary Dear: This will be short.
On my way to luncheon with you
know who! more later.

Sept. 1. Light blue crêpe blouse and slacks of navy crêpe. Suspenders and belt are navy striped in pale blue. Figured sandals in pale blue. 3. Pleated skirt of beige wool in a sheer weave, worn with a loose swung coat in brown. Matching kid shoes and brown hat. 4. Crisp navy taffeta is used for this jaunty frock. Collar and cuffs of hand-embroidered white linen. Navy sandals and hosiery of a coppery tone. 6. The dignity of this burgundy chiffon skirt is offset by a little jacket of violets in natural coloring



Diary - Saturday's rolled around at last!
Thought it would never come. I'm all
dressed up and somewhere to go



Hello again: This week slipped by
in a hurry. Sunday night supper
will be a grand finale - Bye

Sept. 7. Whether the evening goes formal or informal, this costume will be correct. The blouse is of shell pink tucked chiffon and the skirt is of dark navy silk crêpe

Gladys Swarthout, now in "Champagne Waltz," has brilliant dark coloring, so Valentina has chosen red and white organza for the striking evening gown shown on the opposite page. Starched flounces around the décolletage have a casual grace. The blue crêpe underslip matches the knot of forget-me-knots surrounded by poppies which Gladys pins in her hair. Two versions in taffeta. Below, the short-sleeved gown is in dark green with bronze lights. The full skirt is stitched in a series of pleats. The whole is a fascinating combination of simplicity and swish. The gown with the longer sleeves is in a delicious gray. Wide shoulders are stressed and the wide skirt whispers as Gladys moves

Photos by Ilse Hoffman



Glamour in



the Evening

Back to College

GO ANNE SHIRLEY
AND OWEN DAVIS, JR.



Anne, at the left, in a three-quarter leopard coat and Owen in gray slacks, a tweed coat of brown and beige mixture and brown shoes. Above, grabbing an ice-cream cone on credit, Anne steps out in a knit suit of deep robin's-egg blue. The cartridge trimming at neck and waist is accented by London tan, matched in the sports oxfords of suède. Center, on the opposite page, for a tea party Anne wears a black frock of sheer wool in alpaca weave. The full sleeves square the shoulders and the flared peplum is good. Gold satin lines the butterfly bow tied at the neck. Black felt hat and suède gloves, bag and shoes

At the sorority house Anne and Owen decide that the season looks promising. Anne wears a brown woolen skirt and a hand-knit sweater in brown and beige mixture, with long points pulled over a brown silk scarf; brown suede oxfords. Owen's suit is of chalk striped gray flannel. At lower right, out of her chemistry class comes Anne in a brown wool crêpe frock buttoned with tiny Mexican hats of carved bone



Back to RKO for a workout in the gym, Anne wears gabardine shorts laced with white cotton cording, a white turtle-neck sweater, initialed in blue, blue socks, white tennis shoes





PHOTOPLAY HOLLY

Early fall selections



UPPER left, Joan Marsh wears a tunic frock of black crêpe and velvet. Worn without the tunic the gold nailheads thickly stud two tabs at the neck, and the velvet belt complements them. Spaced nailheads spangle the tunic. The slimming coat dress of black crêpe in sketch at left, is edged with self ruchings which also make the pocket. Pendant buttons of turquoise and antique silver fasten the bodice. Note the twin peaks of the shoulders. Above, and in sketch top center, opposite page, a black crêpe afternoon dress, worn by Lyda Roberti, has starched lace of a superior quality at the collar and cuffs. Graduated jet buttons follow the front fastening line. The vest belt has a tiny pocket into which is tucked a lace handkerchief. At the right, in Joan's woolen dress embroidered with chenille dots, the tiny draped collar is accented by a rhinestone ornament. Clever cutting squares the shoulders and the skirt swings its fullness to the front. The velvet tunic of the frock shown in the sketch right center, is cut with three-quarter sleeves which are shirred to width. The belt is of velvet and the spiral rhinestone links at the neck hold the snug collar in place. It is worn over a crêpe skirt which has two action pleats in the back. Most useful for either street or house wear is Joan's dress of woolen material, with a double row of patent leather cording round the collar, down the front, edging the flap pockets and cuffs, shown in the sketch on opposite page, lower right. Bows at neck and waist are of the same leather.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance
PHOTOPLAY Holly-
wood Fashions shown
on these pages are
available to you at any
of the leading depart-
ment stores and shops
listed on page 118



GOOD FASHIONS



Be Sure to Read
Kathleen Howard's
Interesting Fashion
Letter on Page 79

feathered for fall

Autumn hats march forward and upward, with the up-swept swirls of new coiffures. Three hats selected by Marguerite Churchill in New York, are: right, wine red felt with simulated visor, built down in back to eliminate elastic. Below, Scotch green velour, copper feather fancy. Brown felt with darting red quill. Bruck Weiss





A new face and a new coiffure are the first two "musts" for your Fall hats. Marguerite Churchill,

whom you will soon see in "The Final Hour," posed especially for PHOTO-PLAY to show you her favorite coiffure, designed especially for her by the Coiffure Guild of New York. Above she holds a kit containing copper-capped crystal bottles of amber and white liquids, an herbal treatment for faces

By CAROLYN VAN WYCK



PHOTOS BY
E. HOFFMANN



EXERCISE 4



EXERCISE 2



EXERCISE 3



EXERCISE 1

Short Cuts



DO

UNDERWEIGHT and worried about it? You well may be, for of the several thousand inquiries which I received requesting the reducing exercise and diet regimen, many were from you who are thin and feeling neglected. So here we are come to the rescue.

You thin people worry too much—and stay thin. Leanness isn't normal, accidental nor beautiful. You tire easily, are nervous, cross, irritable, aren't you? And you have a perfectly good reason for feeling jittery. You need a nice little protective pad of fat over those jumpy nerves which are too close to the surface for comfort. Sleep is vital,—eight hours at night and a nap before dinner if possible. No stuffing yourselves with starches and sweets. You can't digest them. Heaps of food won't do you any good 'til you stop your fretting and stewing. So take the short cut to acquiring curves by dropping that load of worry by the wayside, start with the premise that you will conquer and you'll advance rapidly toward your goal of health and beauty.

Learn to stand and sit properly, first. Sit and stand tall with your weight evenly distributed. I can tell you what to eat, (luscious weight-building menus, just for you). But if you throw your digestive organs out of kilter by poor posture, you can't digest all that delicious food and half the battle is lost right there. I know it is hard to hold yourself like a conqueror when you feel defeated, but try.

Being too thin is almost as fatal to a motion picture star



DON'T



EXERCISE 3



EXERCISE 4



EXERCISE 5

to Curves

DO

as overweight. Katharine Hepburn fights loss of weight continually. So does Ginger Rogers, whose strenuous dancing is responsible. And though June Lang looks almost perfect, as you can see, when she finished making "The Road to Glory," she set about adding a few pounds by exercise and correct diet.

June shows you an entirely new principle of exercise taught her by an authority on health and beauty, who says, "We must lengthen the line from waist to chin, thereby shortening the line from neck to waist in back, in order to achieve the perfect bodily balance and symmetry of figure which should be every woman's birthright." I've seen one of these exercises put inches on a small bust and narrow chest while another will reduce hips or thighs that are too large. Some of you who are thin in spots may select one or more of the exercises for your specific needs.

Here is the preliminary exercise to lengthen the line from neck to waist: First lift the weight of your body off your hips. It's done this way. Raise your shoulders high up into the air, close to the ears. Stand with elbows slightly bent, back of wrists in toward the body. Place left heel close to the instep of the right foot, left knee relaxed, right knee straight but not rigid. This enables you to tilt the body backward from the waistline.

Keep upper part of body rigid and drop body backward from the waistline about three inches. Then bring body forward, upward with a little [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

DON'T





HIGH TEA for TWO

SOME years ago the American tea hour of five o'clock was one of the most delightful interludes of the day. It was an hour for relaxing, for exchanging interesting bits of news and pleasant gossip gathered during the day, for soothing nerves frayed by business, and for gaining new energy for the hours that still lay ahead of bedtime.

Then came the frantic rush of today with its ever unequal race between the clock and the crowded calendar and the tea hour was lost in the mad scramble. In lieu of a quiet half hour during which one sat in comfort and refreshed oneself with a tasty sandwich or biscuit and drank a cup or two of the hot, stimulating beverage, men and women began the socially barbaric custom of gulping a quick highball while still talking shop and then off again to the next appointment.

The pendulum of social graces once more seems to be swinging back and the tea hour and tea table are again taking their rightful places in the day's activities.

One Hollywood hostess of note who never permitted the tea hour to lapse in her household, perhaps because it is a British one, and who is an ardent advocate of its widespread return is Ouida Bergere Rathbone, wife of the handsome English actor, Basil Rathbone.

Tea at the Rathbones is a treat that increasing numbers of guests are discovering with delight. Whether you are an invited guest or drop in unexpectedly, you will find a warm

welcome, charming informality, good tea and good talk.

Mrs. Rathbone herself always presides at her tea table in the drawing room whether her guests number four or forty. And that drawing room, incidentally, is one of the dramatic surprises of Hollywood. Every detail of its unusual treatment was designed by Mrs. Rathbone.

So simple is the reception room leading to it that the drawing room breaks upon one with heightened force. In the reception room, rather small, are trim little window boxes of white metal filled with blue and white hyacinths.

Color is dominant in the drawing room. The walls, woodwork and ceiling are in a monotone of robins-egg blue, a novel shade you must admit. Bordering the white marble fireplace, over which is a wide white mirror extending to the ceiling, are wide bands of cobalt blue mirror, their purplish cast brilliantly enhanced by proximity to the paler blue. On the opposite side of the room and between the French doors are two more columns of mirrors, reaching from the floor to ceiling.

THE French doors, draped in ivory satin and overdraped with cords of ivory silk open on to an English garden. The carpeting is in white broadloom and the upholstering of the various pieces of furniture is in ivory white, vivid blue and cerise velvet. In one corner stands a tall four-paneled screen of blue on which is painted large tropical flowers in white with

red centers and foliage in three shades of blue. A grand piano stands in the opposite corner and is covered with a fitted slip of ivory satin heavily embroidered in small figures in bright colors.

FRESH flowers are always found in abundance in this room. Unique combinations and arrangements are stressed but their color always is white or blue.

Adjoining this room and entered through a wide archway is the bar, a striking room also designed by Mrs. Rathbone. The walls of this room too are of robins-egg blue as are the Venetian blinds whose coral cords match the coral valance over them. A large circular seat is built into the bay window recess and is upholstered in a durable material in coral, pale green and beige in striped design. The stools before the bar are upholstered in coral leather and the floor is of darker coral linoleum with a banding of white.

The small, upright "play" piano is painted white with blue and coral trim and the white backgammon table boasts a board and men in blue and coral and two chairs painted blue and upholstered in coral. The bar itself is severely modernistic and a large octagonal coffee table with a glass top stands before

the circular seat. In this room the flowers are always in white or shades of blending reds.

Darker blue and red is the color scheme of the dining room which is in contrast to the feeling of the drawing room and bar. Dead-white walls make an effective background for the blue curtains of a rough material which are edged in brick red wool fringe and tied back with red cords held by red wooden discs. The broadloom carpet is in blue and the chairs are covered with slips of blocked linen in red and white design and edged in red fringe. The sturdy refectory table and chests are of antique Spanish and English oak.

FOR the tea hour a graceful Sheraton table is placed in the drawing room and Mrs. Rathbone sits behind it in a high-backed chair of red, a color which emphasizes her dark beauty. The table setting which she prefers is a cloth of fine Venetian lace, cathedral candles of white in two massive silver sticks, and fragrant English tea roses in tall Georgian cups of silver. The tea service, of course, stands before her and the various dainties to be served with the tea by Eric, her butler, lie on silver platters on the table. Cloves are always impaled on the slices of lemon and milk, as well as rich cream, is provided for such guests as may prefer it in their tea.

A typical Rathbone tea table holds sandwiches made of cucumber, caviar, chive and cream cheese, currant jelly, and water cress and mustard, and always fashioned from the thinnest possible slices of bread; golden brown scones; mints and roasted nuts; butter and nut cookies; and cubes of angel cake as light as the proverbial feather.

To other hostesses Mrs. Rathbone gives the following three of her favorite recipes:

Angel Cake: Beat ten egg whites until foamy; add one teaspoon of cream of tartar and a speck of salt; pour one cup of sifted white flour into the egg whites; add two teaspoons of vanilla and mix thoroughly. Pour in an angel cake baking tin and bake one hour in a slow oven.

Scones: Mix and sift two cups of flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, two teaspoons of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt. Work in five tablespoons of sweet butter. Add two well-beaten eggs and one-third of a cup of cream. Place on flour board and roll three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut in squares, brush with egg-white, sprinkle with sugar, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Nut Cookies: Mix half a pound of chopped walnuts, half a pound of butter, half a pound of white flour, one-fourth pound sugar, one teaspoon of cinnamon. Mold into roll and place in icebox. When hard cut into slices and bake in moderate oven until light brown.

MRS. RATHBONE'S TEA SERVICE:

- Table—Sheraton
- China—English Worcester
- Cloth—Venetian lace
- Service—Georgian Sheffield from William Haines
- Candlesticks—Georgian Sheffield
- Napkins—Irish linen

or TWENTY



Entertaining becomes an art under the expert direction of Basil and Ouida Rathbone. It follows the hospitable traditions of Basil's British background. Mrs. Rathbone generously reveals some of her famous recipes here

ask the ANSWER man

TRADITIONALLY, little girls have made good in a big way by being charming, but Jane Withers has won her amazing success by her nuisance value . . . in pictures, of course.

Back home in Atlanta where Jane was born on April 12, 1926, neighbors and friends had been applauding her as a mimic, singer and soft-shoe dancer since she was three. When she was five, her mother started taking her talented child to various studios in Hollywood, not one of which showed any interest. She appeared in charity shows, modeled children's clothes in department stores, took bits in pictures and seemed to be getting nowhere.

But the sturdiness and blithe courage which she conveys in her pictures is fundamental, and Jane refused to be discouraged. She herself heard they were casting for "Bright Eyes," and asked her Mother to take her to Director David Butler at Fox. She was signed for the part of the little hellion opposite Shirley Temple, and leaped to popularity overnight in that picture. Fan mail poured in—Jane was a star. Since then she has been featured in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," "Ginger," "Paddy O'Day," and "Gentle Julia." Her lack of self-consciousness in delivering pert, laughter pro-

voking lines, is ideal for the "impish" parts she is called on to play.

She is four feet seven inches tall, weighs 70 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey-green eyes; speaks nineteen different dialects and, child that she is, is one of the best mimics on the stage or screen.

A MILLAND FAN, NORFOLK, VA.—Ray Milland was born in Drogheda, Ireland, on Jan. 3, 1907, educated at King's College, Cardiff, entered pictures in 1928. He is the only actor in screendom who enjoys the distinction of having been an officer of the late King George V's body guard, The Royal Horse Guards. His fine horsemanship and ability to shoot won him offers of a screen career. He will appear soon in "The Big Broadcast of 1937" for Paramount, where he is under contract.

MATHEW CORLEY, PARIS, TEXAS.—That good-looking young star, Richard Cromwell, has not been in pictures recently, but will appear in a very fine one soon, "Poppy" with W. C. Fields.

MRS. L., TRENTON, N. J.—Gene Raymond

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, The Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

was the young man who sang "All I Do is Dream of You" and the picture was "Sadie McKee," in which Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone starred.

ALICE SULLIVAN, ORLANDO, FLA.—Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany, on Dec. 24, 1904. Her real name was Mary Magdalene Von Losch. Fred Astaire was born in Omaha, Neb., on Nov. 26, 1900. Franchot Tone was born in Niagara Falls on Feb. 27, 1905.

JEANNE L. LABASSE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Brian Aherne was born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England. He is six feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 174 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is a bachelor, and his next picture is "Love and War" with Merle Oberon, his compatriot.

MARY WILSON, KOPE, ARK.—Loretta Young's first four pictures were "Naughty But Nice" — "Her Wild Oat" — "Laugh Clown Laugh" and "The American Beauty." Mary Carlisle is not married and her new picture is "Lady Be Careful."

C. B., GALESBURG, ILL.—Your favorite, Harry Stockwell, was born in Kansas City, Mo. His singing attracted attention in grade school and he won the Kansas City solo contest for two years (the same years Marion Talley won the woman's award). He then toured the Chautauqua circuit, got a job as music critic to help pay for music lessons, won a scholarship to the Eastman School of Music and was signed for Broadway where he played in three shows. While singing in "As Thousands Cheer," he was signed by M-G-M for "The Broadway Melody of 1936." He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, is married to Betty Veronica, and has a little boy, a year and a half old. His favorite orchestra is the New York Philharmonic.



Jane Withers tells her new pet, Donald Duck, about her picture, "Pepper"

Clark Gable's Romantic Plight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

probable that neither one of them realized how deep a foundation it marked for the beginning of their great friendship.

Laughter was not new to Carole. She has always been a little mad—even at the dizzy heights of her stardom. She's never taken anything so seriously—her career, her marriage, her divorce from William Powell or even herself—that her great, healing sense of humor has not been able to heal the wounds suffered in her colorful zest for life. But the young, laughing-and-gay, vital-and-intense Carole must have been a brand new woman experience to Clark Gable.

Until his meeting with Carole, the important and dominant women in his life had been

people cut from the same gusty cloth of life.

From the beginning of their friendship, they have been inseparable. Other men, who have been in love with the flaming Carole, have dropped from the scene like so many wilted petals. For behind all the glitter and glamour of the movie-star front, Carole has the same basic, hard-rock reality that motivates Clark in everything he does. With all her far-flung reputation as a social queen of Hollywood, I can imagine Carole dropping a shimmering evening gown from her shoulders, to get into slacks and onto the back seat of a flivver—to go tramping off to the backwoods to live out of cans and sleep on hard cots, loving it all. Carole's gift for party giving isn't so much a

The expected divorce between the Gables has met legal tangles. Something has come between the perfect understanding Clark and Rea seemed to have at the time of their separation. The newspapers headlined it: CLARK GABLE SUES WIFE. Sensational articles bared the news that the courts would be asked to settle the problems of their community property—the courts would have to settle the validity of the agreement they made way back in September, 1935. At that time, Clark claims, he made a huge financial settlement on his wife. And now, he further claims, she is refusing to be bound by the property agreement and intends to breach it. Mrs. Gable has said that she will turn the entire matter over to her attorneys and that she has nothing further to say.

It is for the courts to decide who is right and who is wrong. The case, as a legal point, is not nearly so interesting, not half so important as the human lives and emotions that are affected by it.



That Stewart lad certainly gets around! Here he is with Eleanor Powell, Gertrude Neisen and David Gould, dance director, at the Troc. Miss Neisen is a well known radio and night club singer, who recently came to pictures

mature and experienced. Josephine Dillon had brought understanding and guidance to the inexperienced boy she married, and her knowledge of the dramatic world was invaluable to Clark as he stood on the first rung of the success ladder. Rea Gable had had three marriages previous to her union with Clark. A charming woman, poised and refined, she brought cultural sophistication to the home life of the young actor just on the edge of a skyrocketing career. But as deep as was her devotion to Clark, her heart was shared by two nearly grown children and their problems. Knowing Clark Gable, I am sure that he would be the first to admit the fine courage, the material and social help these mature and experienced women brought to him both as an actor and as a person.

But now, for the first time, his life was suddenly revolving around an intensely vivid girl whose vitality and zest for life was as strong as his own.

I don't believe Clark and Carole fell in love. I think they crashed into it! I believe they have crashed through the gags and the silly things they do together to a revelation that must have astounded them as thoroughly as it intrigued Hollywood; that underneath all the frivolity and nonsense of Valentine-Fords and onion corsages, they are the same kind of

love for the social whirl as it is a love for life—or aliveness in any form. Up or down, on the crest of the wave or braving the struggle, she has DARED Fate to bore her; and Fate, thus far, has never accepted the challenge.

In a way, it is too bad that these two vital, gusty people should find themselves ballyhooed at the latest "that-way" couple of Hollywood. It is too bad that reporters must inquire timidly in the captions of pictures showing them at the fights . . . at the beach . . . at the skating rink and at Carole's pool: "Is this another Hollywood romance? Are these two interested in one another?" It is like asking if the tide is interested in the moon—the earth in the sun! I don't believe I'm guessing when I venture the thought that their interest surpasses anything either of them have ever known in life—even the careers they have both fought so hard to build. And if I know Clark Gable at all—I can promise you he is going to fight for this great love of his life as he never fought for anything before.

Because there is going to be a fight! Not the sort of fight that man-of-action Gable can combat with sheer physical strength, but a long drawn-out legal battle between lawyers in the guise of "seconds" with the possibility of long delays while decisions are contested.

WHERE large movie-star salaries are involved, it is usually impossible to obtain quick legal action. One court seldom settles the problem to the satisfaction of all concerned. This same type of legal battle has been known to drag on for years. The actual divorce between Juliette Crosby Hornblow and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was not settled until five long years after their separation. During much of that time, Myrna Loy and Hornblow waited; they were married just a few weeks ago. And it begins to look as though the marital difficulties between George Raft and his wife may never be settled to clear the way for the marriage of Raft and Virginia Pine.

So now Hollywood is asking, with heartfelt interest for everyone concerned in this newest legal tangle: "How long will the Gable battle complicate the lives and the happiness of the three swell people involved?"

The great pity of it is that apparently no one is to blame in this strange fight set on the stage of Hollywood doings. Rea Gable is not the type of woman who, because a great love has come into the life of the man who was once her husband, would deliberately throw difficulties in his path. When she announced, of her own volition, that her marriage with Clark was at an end, it was because she realized how final the break between them must be. She made her own decision, chose her own path. She is not fighting, now, to reunite her life with Clark's. She must be as distressed as he at the necessity of bringing their differences to a court decision.

But the two who are most desperately and tragically affected by this misfortune are Clark and Carole.

Will they be called upon to weather the unending delays that have brought such heartache and unhappiness into the lives of others embroiled in the same tangle?

What does the future hold for their love story that began with such gallant laughter?

It is folly to attempt an answer to these foreboding questions. But this far, I am willing to gamble my last cent; whatever the future holds for them—wherever the ending—it will find them together—Clark and Carole—side-by-side, fighting for the greatest love that has ever come to either of them!

Freedom is Glorifying Ginger

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

I'm not fooling myself. A new romance, a new love, a new promise of happiness and I know as surely as I'm sitting here, Ginger will once again obey her heart and let everything else go hang. It's the way she is, the way she thinks and there's nothing anyone can do about it."

Fingers are crossed these days in Hollywood for Ginger Rogers.

She's merging a dramatic actress in her new picture "Mother Cary's Chickens." The studio plans reveal, Ginger will make only one musical picture a year with Fred Astaire. Radio has caught her attention and holds it. Even now (and we're letting you in on secrets) she's planning a new weekly series of dramatic sketches over the air, or at least a certain number of broadcasts yearly.

"YES, I have one heartache," she told me. "Just one. It comes from not having the opportunity to try the stage this summer. Even now I may use those precious two weeks between pictures to accept an offer in a summer stock company in Massachusetts.

"I tell you this," and her eyes were earnest, "I'd sacrifice any amount of Hollywood money to get that chance on the stage. To play 'Coquette' just once. And I pray that I get it."

She's emerged from her confusion of mind, a song writer.

"I'm going ahead with it, too," she said. "To be a dramatic actress in movies, to gain experience on the stage, to write songs, to do more radio work, are just a few of the things I'm planning on. And things have a way of happening to me, you know. Heaven knows I never planned on being a dancer. If anyone five years ago had asked me how I'd like to be Fred Astaire's dance partner I'd have been too dazed to answer.

"But here I am—so—maybe some of these other things will come true, too."

If hard, bitterly hard, work is needed for Ginger's attainments, she has an almost abnormal capacity for it.

"Many a time," a co-worker told me, "I've seen them remove Ginger's sandal after a dance sequence, and wipe away the blood where the strap had cut into her instep. Without a word of complaint she went right back for more."

Up at five on days her bright red hair needs washing, she's off to the studio at seven, stands till eight while they sew her into her dress and is on the set at nine.

"If we're lucky," Mrs. Rogers laughed, "we eat our dinner at nine in the evening. But we're seldom that lucky. It's usually ten and often eleven."

So Ginger can take it.

She moved into her mother's tiny apartment when the break finally came with Lew. The housekeeper had to move out to make room.

Now up in the hills she's building a seven room house for just herself and her mother.

"There's a new road of finance also opened to Ginger," her mother said. "She realizes from looking about her, that all too soon will her earning days be over as far as movies are concerned.

"From now on she'll write checks for five

dollars and maybe on gala days for six, but no more. Hand in hand with her new career, marches her new career in finances."

If ever a mother-in-law (and to picture the youthful lovely Lela Rogers as a mother-in-law is ludicrous) stood back on the sidelines and tended her own knitting while Ginger's marriage went on, it was Lela Rogers.

No matter how large or how small the party or even the importance of the event, Lela Rogers never visited Ginger's home *except* at Lew's invitation.



Mary Astor and her four-year-old daughter, Marylyn, for whose custody she is fighting. She charges that her former husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, forced her to divorce him in 1935

If Lela weren't asked, Ginger knew she was never hurt, never felt slighted or cross. She was much too busy, too wise and too active to be angry or even peeved at being omitted. But Ginger knew, too, if Lela were included, it was because Lew had said, "I want Lela."

A FRIEND, close to the family, telling of Ginger's most trying months of unhappiness, gave me this bit of information.

It seems Lew had informed Ginger he would be working late one night and Ginger invited a girl friend to accompany her to the preview of her new picture.

As they were about to leave the house, Lew entered and claimed Ginger had a dinner date with him.

"You two go," the friend begged. "It's quite all right. I don't mind in the least."

But Lew was angry—bitterly so. "This can't go on," he cried.

It was then Ginger Rogers knew, despite all her trying, despite the fact she had thrown body and soul into making her marriage last, even to offering up her career, that it was no use.

She saw the very foundation of her marriage undermined by just such petty little incidents as this. One after another. Day after day, the instability of her marriage was revealed to her in similar occurrences—and she had tried.

She had even tried going to Lew when matters had reached such a climax some time before.

So it was when Lew turned and said, "Go to your preview, this is the end," Ginger turned with an aching heart and went where her studio had commanded she go. While Lew angrily strode to the telephone and his lawyer.

And so her marriage was over. Concerning it Ginger, herself, is silent, uttering no word either way.

It stays locked forever in her heart—and always will.

For five years close friends of Ginger have been trying to tell the powers that be that Ginger was a perfect blend of comedy and dramatic actress.

For five years the studio has loudly acclaimed the fact that Ginger was a dancer. And just a dancer.

Until last week. It was then a little test, of a Miss Ginger Rogers in a serious dramatic rôle, was run off in a studio projection room.

It's the friends now that listen, with open-mouthed astonishment while the studio tells them in no uncertain terms that a new Ginger Rogers is about to be born.

And the friends pretend no end of amazement at the news.

WE asked Ginger about those other pictures she had made between her musicals with Astaire.

"They made money in proportion to their cost, ballyhoo, etc.," she replied. "There can be no comparison between a picture costing several hundred thousand dollars and one costing many times that much. Those pictures in proportion, were successful pictures. But naturally they in no way reached the importance of a Rogers-Astaire musical."

Ginger Rogers is going to a school of experience to achieve, of all things, glamour. And she's achieving it.

She gives more thought to poise and diction. She's learning about the value of clothes, to choose them and allow them to envelop her in an aura of glamorous appeal.

"There is nothing, nothing, standing in the way now of her new triumphs," her mother said. "Her unfortunate marriage is over. Her confusion of mind and troubled heart is healed. She stands on the brink.

"Did I say nothing? I'm sorry, there is just one thing. And that's Ginger herself. I really believe there are no lengths now to which she could go if Ginger would forget one thing. Just one.

"If Ginger could forget she's a woman with a woman's heart.

"But I know Ginger. Always and forever she'll be first a woman."

And therein lies her stumbling block.

fashion letter for September

○ WING to the long California summer, information for autumn fashions is more retarded than it is in the east. However, the prevailing colors I have seen in the market are greens, soft wines, mulberrys, browns and grays. Even navy holds over till fall here as it looks well under our brilliant sun.

Sheer woolens in alpaca weaves are popular, as are also wool crêpes and jersey weaves. These are much used for the "Back to College" wardrobes now in preparation. Often tailored into coat dresses, their severity is softened by pique banding, gay contrasted belts and attached silk scarfs. For the more dressy types of sheer woolens the tunic is important. It is used in Anne Shirley's formal tea frock seen on page 66. Here it is short and perky. It varies in length in different type frocks, sometimes short and flaring, sometimes long and slinky.

The length of the tunic should be adapted to the individual wearer as its smartness greatly depends upon where it cuts her height. Properly gauged in length, this style is almost universally becoming. I have seen it used for evening dresses in the studios. Omar Kiam showed me a sketch he made for Ruth Chatterton in "Dodsworth," where the heavy material used for the jacket top flared into a short peplum which accentuated the slinky satin of the long skirt. While it is already familiar to us, it is too flattering a fashion to be discarded without a long run.

For the first time *accessories* such as bags, belts, gloves and shoes have been coördinated as to color, and this autumn it will be possible for women to obtain in matching shades, all the accents necessary to a smart ensemble. Up to now, if fashion said "green accessories" this broad term meant any old green and the customer found difficulty in avoiding clashing shades in shoes and gloves. Now this difficulty is eliminated. Colors for gloves are softer than heretofore and show a wider range. Greens, browns and wines are promised for shoes.

Coats continue to show the Directoire influence in the high-waisted back effect, the out-swing often starting from just below the shoulder blades.

Ski Suits will no doubt be inspired by the picture "Lost Horizon" in which Jane Wyatt wears padded jackets, often quilted in diamonds, of Tibetan origin. Watch for them.

As a *substitute for the polo coat* several stars are wearing swagger models of closely shaved white fur. They are made with very full sleeves which may be pushed up a bit over the arm or allowed to drape down over the wrist to keep the hands warm. The neckline is finished with a high collar which buttons snugly with a fur-covered button.

A fall costume, worn by Gertrude Michael, has a short, slim skirt of black wool crêpe which is worn with a Shirred blouse of creamy white satin. Over this goes a quilted coat of black wool crepe made with a flaring tunic and leg-o'-mutton sleeves. It has a wide crushed belt of black suède.

Bernard Newman of RKO predicts for fall: *Fabrics* are most important. Brilliant and unusual fabrics, which have never before been seen, are already appearing on the market. Metallics, metallic threads, velvets and all the more brilliant and elaborate silks are all varied in new ways. Color in metals reaches new heights. *Flared peplums*, both short and long, and exaggerated shoulders are predominating features. *Sleeves* are Shirred, gathered, pleated in intricately cut lines. *Skirt lengths* for daytime are thirteen to fourteen inches from the floor; for evening, to the floor. *Colors*: Rich, bright, glowing shades will lead; dark greens, beige, Ensenada red, and blue, particularly an odd blue with considerable gray in it. *Coats*: if flared the flare will start high in the back.

The long coat will come into its own this winter, those to the hem of the dress replacing the three-quarter lengths.

Travis Banton has designed neckwear for Claudette Colbert's new picture "Maid of Salem" which will undoubtedly be inspirational. The collars and fichus, the deep cuffs and various other details are demure and simple but devastatingly becoming to Claudette.

Billie Burke's wardrobe in "My American Wife" offers some excellent suggestions for the older women, notably her kasha suit which has a slim skirt and a flaring cavalier cape, with deep lapels of timber wolf, which is almost the same shade as the kasha.

With this she wears a brown taffeta blouse and a crushed-in beige hat of felt with a frou-frou of feathers.

For Gail Patrick, just starting "Murder with Pictures," Edith Head has designed a dress which the fitting department told her could not be made. But she did it, and it is—heavenly. The material is ice-blue satin—an evening gown, of course, with an extreme, square décolletage. The skirt is voluminous, circular, a mass of inverted, unpressed pleats. A deep pleat of diamond-cut sapphire stones adds animation to the gown.

Gail will also wear a severely tailored cape over her suit, instead of a coat. In fact at Paramount they are making capes of woolen materials, light in weight and fur-trimmed, all the way up the cloak range to an evening version in chiffon, layer after layer of it in every known shade of blue.

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

Private Life of Nelson Eddy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Still, he tried. The position his mother had picked up at the University of Pennsylvania paid well but not enough—Nelson's pittance meant the difference between scrimping and merely scraping by. And in a little while, of course, the executives began to get the cashier when they asked for him. Later they even got used to the unnamable snatches of song that came drifting through; it didn't matter, if you talked loudly enough.

Surprisingly, he kept his promise about studying. Nelson may have devoured and digested

whether I liked it or not. But in my new estate no one insisted that I read a compendium on history; I didn't have to re-check a lot of dates and names that bored me.

"And so I was able to catch the magnificent pageant of a civilization progressing through knowledge and art and science along the centuries. I was able to spend an hour enjoying the fact that some Louis or other had put up a sign in a courtyard reading, 'God is hereby forbidden to work Miracles in this spot, by order of the King,' instead of wasting that hour re-

moves quietly along surrounded by all the illusions he wants to keep. He has built around himself a barrier so impregnable that nothing—no one—can get to him unless he opens that little door in his armor, a circumstance that seldom happens. Which doesn't mean he is a recluse, a kind of special hermit living the pure life within the confines of his tremendous Beverly Hills mansion. His parties are famous in a city of famous parties.

Anyway the tomes on biology, psychology, ancient history in the manner of Plutarch, and innumerable correspondence courses (he subscribed to them all) began to have their effect. The kid at the switchboard began to show an altogether amazing knowledge of things and people and far-off places. He became an adult personality, intelligent and likable. Uncle Clark Kendrick, having heard the persistent rumors that his nephew showed what is known in business circles as "promise," came down to the switchboard one afternoon and remarked that if Nelson liked, Nelson might remove his earphones and proceed to the shipping department where a foreman waited to install a new clerk. Four dollars more a week, added Uncle Clark, would be included in Nelson's envelope from now on.

Somehow young Eddy wasn't as excited as he should have been. Watching a world go by over thousands of printed pages has a special kind of effect on a person; to a boy who had just finished living a vicarious but enlivening month or two in the rollicking madhouse of King Richard's court, a clerkship in the Mott Iron Works seemed curiously unadventurous.

One night he heard of a chance to substitute for an incapacitated trap drummer in a nearby dancing academy; Nelson went to his foreman and asked to be let off early. "Lot of extra work this evening," the boss said casually. "You better stick around." So Nelson stuck around, sullenly and with muttered imprecations as he worked.

The injustice of it grew in his mind over a period of weeks until finally it had to be expressed; simply, he went to his uncle and quit.

MRS. EDDY, when Nelson told her, looked thoughtfully at him for a time and then smiled suddenly. Being wise, she said nothing. And her son, after a week or two of restless inactivity and persistent job-hunting, went striding one day into the editorial offices of the *Philadelphia Press*, on the corner of Seventh and Chestnut. They hired him, there, as night cashier, night clerk and night ad-taker—at eight dollars a week.

Financially he had slipped backward a notch; but from every other standpoint this was advancement. Still studying, this time during the day because his nights were full, he began to write obituary notices at half-space rates. And into those routine paragraphs went all the intensive effort and careful thought of Nelson's nature—so that regular readers of the death column began to notice that the copy had acquired almost a sprightly aura. It offended some, amused others—but to Nelson, as he sat in the early morning, reading his stuff from the sticky, fresh-from-the-press sheets, this was the beginning of an ambition. He wanted, suddenly and with all his heart, to be a reporter.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



Two of the first families of the screen appear together to cheer the first lady of the stage, Katherine Cornell, who played "St. Joan" at the Los Angeles Biltmore. Of course you recognize Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Mrs. Fairbanks (Lady Ashley), Norma Shearer and her producer husband, Irving Thalberg

the Alger books, as his mother had charged, but perhaps in this case they helped. Because continuing his education at that point meant reading in the niggardly spaces of time between flashes on the switchboard, reading at lunch, reading through the evenings; a program only possible under the stimulus of some great example.

"Mother helped me pick the best background books," Nelson told me. "I got Wells', 'Outline of History' and a lot of general things on science and economics and mathematics—and it wasn't especially hard. You see my attitude was different. Before, in school, reading these things would have been a task set for me by a kind of petty tyrant, a job that had to be done

hearsing meaningless names and statistics."

Thus his studying was no martyrdom. He enjoyed it. It was a pastime that took the place, for him, of small puppy loves and awkward sophomoric dances and running around with the "fellas" on the eternal quest of mischief. Oh, of course he had yearnings for that sort of thing. Naturally. At times he must have wished vaguely that things could have been different, that he might have lived out his teens in a less Lincolnian fashion.


Nevertheless, the man Eddy, as he exists today, is a direct result of that period. Nelson, today, is sincere, serious, an incomparable idealist. He lives in a hard, cynical, brilliant town that bursts with disillusionment—and

Carole Lombard's beauty bath

protects daintiness— leaves skin *sweet*



I STEP INTO A
FRAGRANT
LUX TOILET SOAP
BATH—LIE BACK
A MOMENT
COMPLETELY
RELAXED



OFTEN I COME
HOME FROM A
LONG DAY BEFORE
THE CAMERA
THOROUGHLY
TIRED OUT



WHEN I STEP OUT I
AM SO MARVELOUSLY
REFRESHED! MY
SKIN IS SOFT AND
SMOOTH—DELICATELY
PERFUMED

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't you use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

His own paper, knowing his tender years, would hear nothing of it. So he went to the *Evening Public Ledger*. He looked eighteen and swore he was; and those were better days for embryo scribblers. The *Ledger*, said its city editor, could afford to take a chance. But the chance would be a meager and cautious one, as it turned out, because Nelson was handed pretty deadly assignments: lodge meeting notices, accounts of business gatherings, statistical reviews. They bored him and his resultant work reflected that boredom—so that when it came time to revise the staff Nelson was first among the ones to go.

Philosophically he took his hat and walked over to the *Evening Bulletin*.

THEN for the first time, life ceased to be a matter of work and eat and sleep, with hours spent walking the long-dead streets of long-dead cities through the medium of print. This young man who had seen so little of actual events and current affairs suddenly saw too much of these things. He covered murders, standing with quivering stomach at the nauseous scene of outrage. He went through the doors of hovels and noted on a sheet of folded copy how old the corpse was, and how ragged, and how drunk at the time of death. Then he went back to the office and wrote, "Murder is suspected in the death early today of Mrs. Mary O'Hallahan, fifty-three, whose body was found in her flat, a downtown tenement, under conditions—" and so forth. After a few months he ceased to mind very much.

He covered big league baseball, sitting in covered and uncovered press boxes and keeping careful track of runs and strikes and innings. He covered political conventions. He covered business scandals. He covered public trials in noisy, crowded courtrooms.

He covered, in its entirety, the seamy, rushing, shouting life of a great American city—and from it acquired the supreme sophistication, the beautiful tolerance, the casual cynicism of his journalistic brethren, to combat the naivete and ingenuous viewpoint of his earlier teens. An incongruity? Certainly. And again, if you possess the insistent need for analysis, you can find the result in the Nelson Eddy of 1936. He has, now, all the various characteristics engendered by a hard-working hard-studying boyhood in direct opposition to the qualities he acquired during the years of metropolitan newspaper work.

But the idealism, the serious outlook, the introspection of the Mott Iron Works period are uppermost still. They got there first.

He joined an advertising agency, finally; and with more time of his own began to spend evenings at the homes of friends, playing phonograph records and doing the vocals himself. "Those friends," he told me, "had good musical backgrounds and I learned to like the better type of music best. I bought records of Campanari and Scotti and Ruffo and Amato and sat listening until I had learned an aria and then I would bawl out the notes at the top of my lungs. Of course I recognized the difference in my handling of the song and the way Caruso would have done it. But then I tried very hard to learn from the masters who sang from the little wax discs. I was used to teaching myself things, after so many years of studying without any outside help."

He grinned, remembering. "I had a good range and plenty of volume—and I would sing to the phonograph accompaniment when guests would visit. And when I'd get to a part of the aria where the difference between my technique

and Campanari's was too obvious, I'd merely stick out my chest and take a long breath and drown Campanari out. It was very effective."

BUT not entirely satisfactory, you understand. Slowly from this amusing pastime came the beginning knowledge that perhaps his voice wasn't so bad after all. He'd almost forgotten the early days of Grace Church when, combed and scrubbed, he would stand in the choir stall and lift his clear boy-soprano voice in reverent melody; then white-gloved ladies would approach his mother after the service and murmur polite congratulations: "Just too wonderful, Mrs. Eddy. Such a sturdy little fellow—and he does sing so sweetly!" Now, after he had finished the Drinking Song, from Hamlet, in a voice just as clear but not as sweet, his mother's guests would crow, "But my goodness, that's marvelous! You really ought to do something with that voice." And they spoke less from courtesy, more from genuine delight.

In Philadelphia lived David Bispham, the

IT WAS HATE AT FIRST SIGHT

Ida Lupino's love story—the romantic facts about the two men who have done so much to mould her career—will appear in full for the first time in the next issue. Don't miss this thrilling insight into the emotional life of this vivid and growing star. Read, "It Was Hate at First Sight," in—

October PHOTOPLAY
Out September 10th

Nelson Eddy of his day, the ranking baritone of America. Nelson, satisfied at last that he could learn nothing more from the phonographs, took himself and his voice to Bispham and asked for judgment. "I'm pretty sure I can sing," said Eddy forthrightly; "so will you teach me?"

"Sing now, then," Bispham compromised. "And we'll see."

So Nelson filled the great singer's music room with rich, resounding song, and when he had finished, stood awkwardly silent for a moment, and then went away. Next afternoon the postman brought Bispham's answer—a photograph of himself inscribed (with the ponderous lightness of most great men) "To Nelson Eddy, the coming baritone—or I am much 'mistook.'"

"Of course that was the beginning," Nelson said, sitting precariously on the card table in his playroom. "I kept my advertising job and had Bispham coach me for a little while, and then he died. But by then, I was convinced there might be a future for me in singing, so I looked up another teacher."

YOU can, if you like, survey the rise to fame of Nelson Eddy by periods clearly divided and each distinctly separate in itself. As examples of his character and personality they're outstanding, because they follow each other in a progressive, inexorable fashion—each a step above the one before, each a solid hard-earned advancement; precisely the type of career you would expect this man to build for himself. Having made up his mind to become a good singer, he analyzed his chances and chose the surest, safest method of reaching his goal. Having found his star, he hitched his wagon to it with a new, strong rope.

Interlude number one was concerned first with study, and then a valiant effort to get before the public on a genuine stage. It wasn't very difficult: he went to the Philadelphia Operatic Society, sang "Aida" for them in an audition, and was given the job on the spot. He went to the Savoy Company, and sang for them, and became a member of the cast of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. He heard about a snooty, social little theater group called "The Plays and Players," and went to them. They looked up his ancestry and signed him for two plays.

Finally he was cast in "The Marriage Tax," a musical for, and of the elite, produced magnificently at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia by Mrs. George Dallas Dixon. The papers next day spoke in superlatives of an anonymous young baritone who had stolen the show.

"Who," demanded the critics in bold-faced type, "played *The King of Greece* last night?"

That was first recognition—and a pleasant finale for the opening period in his upward progress: because one Alexander Smallens, conductor of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, chose this time to discover that among his more unexceptional artists was one with a Voice—full, golden, and in the finest tradition. He would, announced Mr. Smallens, develop this Voice, make of it a glorious gift to be offered the public. To his credit it must be admitted that he did.

Under his tutelage, Nelson learned to be an opera singer, with all the careful technique and all the trimmings of that ilk. He sang, over a period of years, something like twenty-eight rôles; each a separate problem, each a distinct milestone along his path to success.

AMONG the group of costumed, gesturing people who gathered periodically on the stage of that opera house was a young man named Edouard Lippe—fine singer, incomparable friend to Nelson. They met casually in dressing rooms and wings, stood beside each other while the auditorium shook with the rousing male trio from "*Faust*." *Redouble ma force et mon courage!* they would finish together; and Lippe would remark afterward that Nelson had held that final note pretty well.

"Why don't you study under Vilonat?" Lippe suggested one night. "He taught me, and he's the greatest maestro in these parts. If anybody can turn that marvelous voice of yours into a real paying proposition, he can."

He could, it turned out when Nelson went to see him. "Of course. A matter of hard work, of long hours of practice, of rigid routine, a year or two in Paris, Dresden."

Nelson picked up his hat. "I just haven't that much money," he explained simply. "Paris, Dresden—good Lord, can you think how much it could cost?"

Lippe talked to him again. "Listen to me—" began Lippe. Eddy did. For two hours.

So that finally, convinced, he said, "I'll get the money if I can."

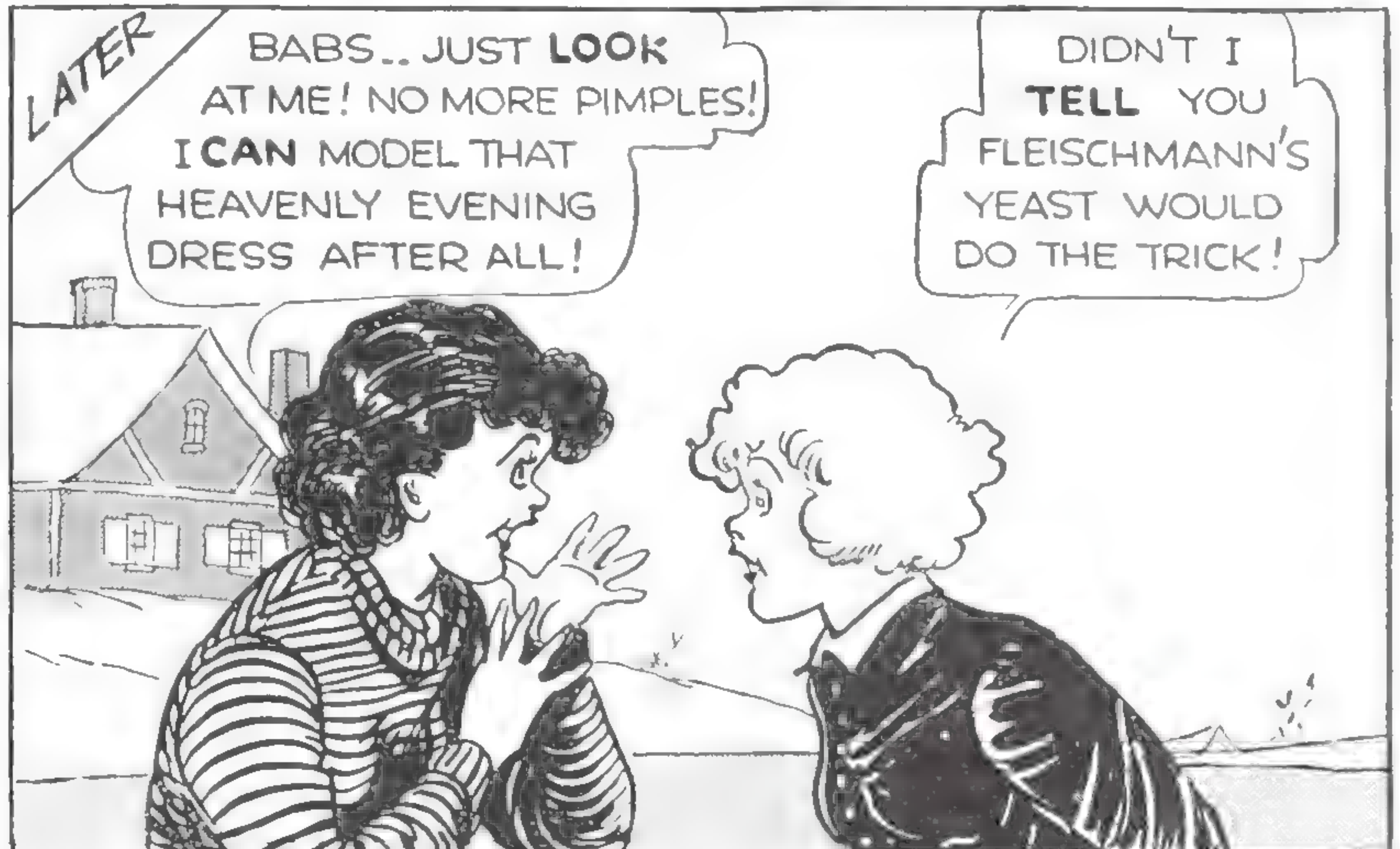
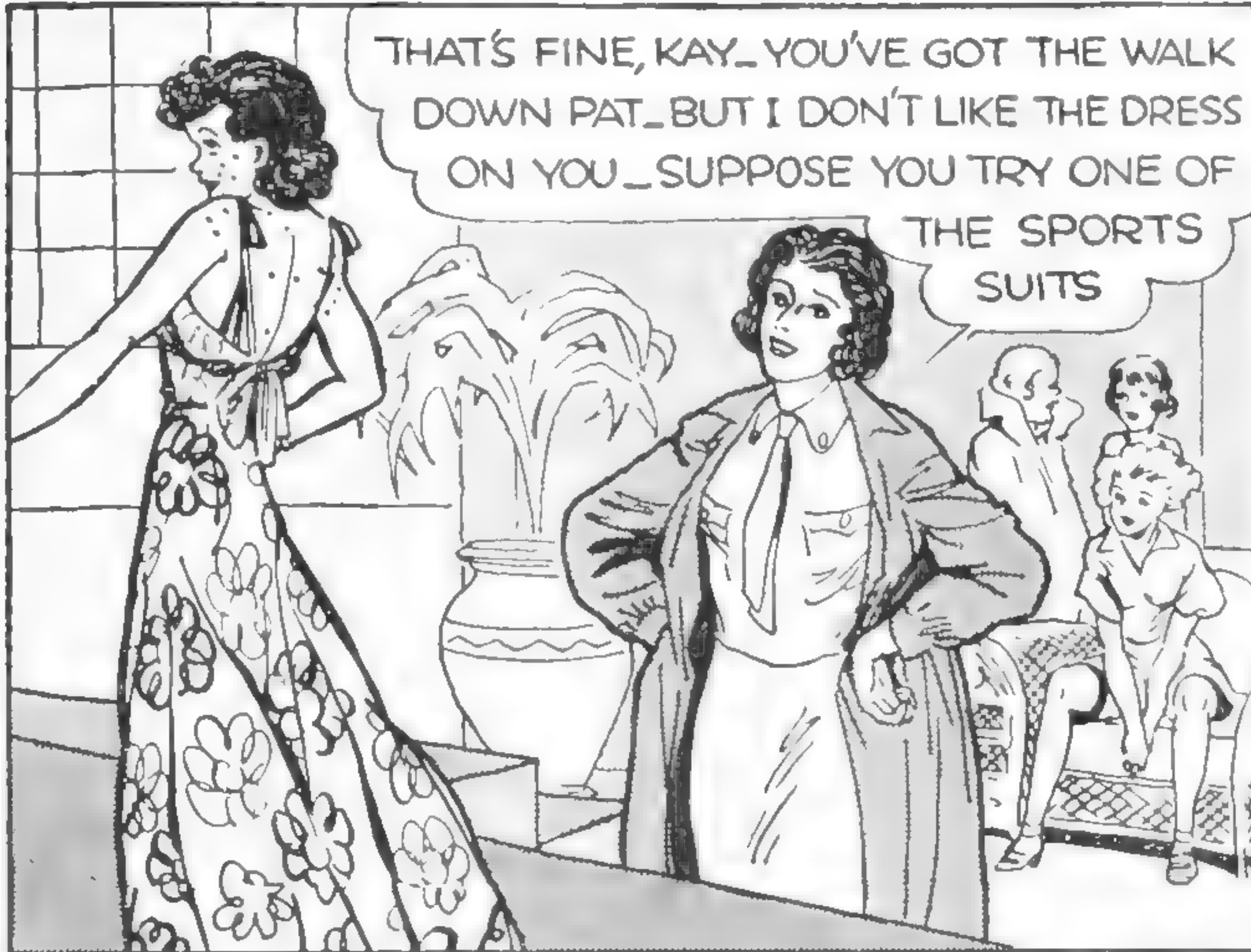
There was a friend of his family's—a banker—of whom he might ask a favor as big as this. To the banker he went, and said, "When I've made something of myself, and when my voice is earning a salary for me, I'll pay you back."

And the banker said, "Certainly."

Ahead of Nelson Eddy lay the most exciting episodes of his life; triumph in the operatic world, his entrance into Hollywood. To understand Nelson Eddy you must read next month's installment of his colorful life story.



READ HOW
KAY'S
PIMPLES
NEARLY
KEPT HER
OUT OF
THE
FASHION
SHOW



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

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Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

My Reminiscences of PHOTOPLAY

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34 |

arrival in Hollywood, after her great success in DuBarry. Of all the women I ever met I think Pola was the most fascinating. I can see her now with her wild black hair, her blazing black eyes, her heavy black eyebrows—and I watched producers, who seemed to me incredibly stupid, change her into just another Hollywood beauty. She had an organ in her house and Herb Howe and a number of us used to go up there and listen to her play and then listen for more hours while she talked. She knew life—that woman.

Cat parties. We weren't as social then as Hollywood has since become. Everything was pretty simple. Few people exactly gave parties and nobody dressed much. You just got asked to dinner. But the cat parties were grand fun. On Friday nights the men went to the fights in Hollywood. Very few women ever went. So we all got together at each other's houses and played bridge or gossiped and had a swell time. I remember how the Talmadges—Peg, Natalie, Norma and Constance used to get together in one corner—after they'd probably been together all day. And Mary Pickford sometimes with her mother, and sometimes with Frances Marion, and Colleen Moore, wide-eyed and so sweet, with her funny bobbed hair, always shy and never talking much.

| WILL never forget one night riding down the hill from Frances Marion's house, after a cat party, with Colleen and Anna Q. Nilsson. There was one of those terrible coast fogs and the road was a narrow one, cut into the side of a hill. We edged along a foot at a time, unable to see our own headlights. I think it was Colleen's car and chauffeur and we three sat in the back and held onto each other and prayed. Colleen and I were scared out of our wits but Anna Q. never turned a hair.

I think I learned more about courage from Anna Q. than anyone else I ever met. The long years of anguish that she went through, after her accident, were sheer martyrdom. She had been struck down in the midst of a great career, when she was so very young. For months she lay in casts, then walked on crutches, almost always in pain. I used to go to see her a lot in the hospital, and I never once heard her complain, never saw her anything but cheerful.

Along came Clara Bow. I am not sure but I think Clara's pictures earned more money in a year than any other star's have ever done. Clara Bow—the "It" girl.

I helped Clara give her first dinner party. It was on Christmas Eve. I loved Clara. There was always about her a simplicity and a naturalness that nothing could alter. She never "went Hollywood." I don't think she ever cared much about making pictures. And I knew something of the terrible tragedy of her background, her early days of starvation and fear, her devotion to her mother, who died and who had worked so hard in an effort to take care of her little girl. Clara had never had any background, and very little schooling. And suddenly she found herself a great movie star, the center of adoration and attention, earning more money in a week than she had ever seen in a year.

She did a lot of foolish things. She got into a lot of messes. But she remained Clara

Bow—big-hearted, over-generous, over-loving.

That first dinner party was amazing. I remember she asked me to arrange the place cards. I did—and put a well-known producer next to Clara, and his wife down at the other end. Clara came in and took a look at it and said, "Oh no. You'll put the husbands and wives together." I said, "But, Clara, you can't do that. When people go out to dine they sit next to someone else, for some new conversation and new contacts." "Not in my house they don't," said Clara. "I get in enough trouble without that." And they didn't.



The Jean Hersholts, both ardent devotees of music in any form, arrive at the Hollywood Bowl for one of the famous symphonies under the stars

I think the loveliest woman I ever knew was Florence Vidor. I never got tired of looking at her. And Florence—who is now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz—was as lovely inside as she was out. Her home became the first real salon Hollywood ever knew, the home which now belongs to John Monk Saunders and his beautiful wife, Fay Wray. And she had about the first tennis court. Ronald Colman, Dick Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert, Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, George Fitzmaurice, Paul Bern, used to congregate there as later we met at Jack Gilbert's on the hill.

Of them all, I loved two people best.

They are both dead and sometimes the missing of them grows pretty bad.

The first was Barbara La Marr.

WHEN I first met Bobby, I was a reporter on the *Los Angeles Evening Herald*. It was my first job. I still had curls down my back, and I got seven dollars a week, which was too much for me.

In the juvenile court one day I saw a girl named Reatha Watson. The judge was sending her back to some small town because

he said she was too beautiful to be running around loose.

I took her back to the office, we photographed her—and she went away.

Several years later, when I was on PHOTOPLAY, Mark Larkin, who was then publicity man for Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. called me up and said that Doug had at last found a woman to play "Milady" in the *Three Musketeers*. Her name, he said, was Barbara La Marr. I dashed over and—found again my too-beautiful girl, Reatha Watson.

There never was anyone like Barbara. Her beauty, her mind with its amazing breadth and vision, her sweetness, her loyalty—she was tops.

One of the few rows Jim and I ever had was over Barbara. She went to Rome to make "The Eternal City" and when she came back she brought me a fur coat from Paris. Now I had never had a fur coat and I was pretty thrilled about the idea.

But Jim wouldn't let me take it. He said it wasn't good policy for the magazine for an editor to accept expensive presents from screen stars.

I yelled, till I was black in the face, that Bobby was my best friend, that we had lived together, that it was a personal gift, not a professional one. But in the end he made me give it back. So the next year, when I went to New York, I just borrowed it.

THE other person, who is still shrined in my heart, was Wally Reid. I've never been able to talk much about Wally. He and his wife, Dorothy, were my best friends when I was growing up and fighting up with Hollywood. Some day his whole story will be told—perhaps in fact, perhaps in fiction. Wally had too many gifts, too much charm, too sensitive a soul.

Walking back down PHOTOPLAY's memory lane, I come upon one group that doesn't usually get into print, but that as a whole is dearer to me than any other. They were kid press agents in the days when I was a kid magazine editor. Brats, they were. And they were so good to me, they helped me so much, they were so finely loyal that even now it makes me warm and happy inside to think about them.

Howard Strickling, now head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's publicity department, but when I first knew him an office boy at the old Metro.

Harry Brand, now Darryl Zanuck's right hand man, who press agented stars when he quit being a sports writer.

Harold Hurley, producer for Paramount, Al Wilkie and Arch Reeve, now executives, who made up the old Paramount publicity department, when Cecil de Mille was the "star-maker."

Hunt Stromberg, who gave my brother, Bogart Rogers, a job in the Ince press agency when Bo came home from France, and who now produces the Joan Crawford pictures for M-G-M.

I like the fact that we have been friends for eighteen years, ever since we were pups, and that our friendship for each other, like PHOTOPLAY itself, has survived Hollywood, its ups and downs and successes and failures, and our own growth and changes.

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as Originated for Hollywood Stars



Here is **JOAN MARSH** in her new sportcoat of lapin*. Note its smart tailoring, its grand casual air.



MURIEL EVANS' blocked lapin* swagger is young and graceful, with the new broad-shouldered feeling.



FRANCES LANGFORD
Paramount Star

looks enchantingly warm in French Seal*. Her coat has a new versatility, a "dressy" fur made on informal lines.

EXCITING DEBUT FOR A NEW GLAMOUR IN FURS!

You will want to see this thrilling fur collection. Never, will you say, have you seen fur used with more regard for its intrinsic loveliness and luxury ...and, never have fur coats been done with such forthright flattery!...

Beverly Modes in a fur coat means specially selected style, finest hand-selected pelts, and worked by master furriers. Exclusive with one store in each city, the coats are identified by a Beverly Modes star label and picture tag. Coats illustrated are less than \$100.

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]



Seldom does our camera man catch up with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy, but here he caught that elusive couple with George Burns at the Trocadero

blond crown by half a head. They've been going steady ever since.

If it's possible to make any kind of new record in Hollywood Jean Hersholt has the honors. "You read," he says, "about all these tremendous expense items for the wardrobe. Ten thousand for this dress; a thousand for that hat. Well, here's the itemized list of the money I spent on a complete wardrobe for my latest picture. Tie it if you can."

One white shirt	\$1.00
One pair soiled white duck trousers	1.25
One pair white canvas shoes	1.50
Total	\$3.75

MYRNA LOY and her new husband, producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., returned to Hollywood after but two days honeymoon. Asked why, Myrna said, "Neither of us have time off now, so we're not to have our honeymoon until later." The couple will leave Hollywood in the late fall for a four months jaunt through Europe.

THE Glenda Farrell-Craig Reynolds amour is steaming away with a friendship bracelet as a present from Craig on Glenda's birthday. All her days, says Glenda, she's wanted a friendship bracelet, and now she has one with all the trimmings. Her pets in miniature dangle on gold chains from the dainty links, and a tiny gold wedding ring makes folks ask questions.

CHARLES COLLINS, the attractive young dancer who rocketed to stardom overnight in his rôle in "The Dancing Pirate," is crushed with grief. Seems Charlie had the opportunity to buy a lot in Oklahoma for fifteen dollars before fame and Hollywood snatched him, but postponed decision until all too late. Last week an oil gusher came in right smack in the middle of the property which was almost his.

NOW friends of Margaret Sullavan are buzzing in circles again—because just as they had it all figured out that she would remarry Hank Fonda, she began riding around with ex-husband Willie Wyler on his motorcycle. Broken arm and all.

They arrived in a cloud of exhaust at the West Side Tennis Matches, and everyone missed the first set.

WHAT-They-Put-Up-With-For-Their-Public-Department: Ginger Rogers was told casually that she would have to wash her hair in a scene for "Swing Time," and that was all right with her. But somehow the sequence just wouldn't go right—and when finally the director was satisfied, Ginger found she'd used twenty gallons of soap suds and seven new make-ups during the twelve hours of continuous washing! What her hairdresser said the next day was something awful!

THE laugh of the month. And on Douglas Fairbanks at that. Seven months ago, while in Europe, Douglas bought a wedding gift for Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr. The wedding, however, had a way of getting itself put off from time to time, and as Doug traveled about considerably the Loy-Hornblow gift grew something of a nightmare as it was packed from place to place.

And then came the wedding in Mexico, and Doug breathed a sigh of relief. He could at last unburden himself of that gift. With his wife, he flew to Mexico to greet the bride and groom. Pshaw! You guessed it. He no sooner landed than it was discovered he had forgotten to bring that gift. He still has it.

ATEST on the Bob Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck situation is that she has given him a toy electric train. Yup (yes?) they were standing in front of a toy shop and Bob said, "I've always wanted one of those things and never had one." And Barbara said, "Then you shall have one, little boy."

Only he hasn't had a chance to putter with it yet. Barbara just thought she'd hook it up in her living room to see if it would go and it's still there.

HAVE patience you romantic gals who suffer in silence with that "I'm taller than he" complex, and profit by a young Hollywood romance which is assuming that "Oh, so blissful" stage—Toby Wing and Tom Brown. For years Toby had admired Tom and wanted to know him, and Tom had had his eye on Toby for the same long time. But there was that complexing problem. Toby was taller than Tom, so what to do about it? Their's was a happy surprise when they met at a preview one night and found that with his coming of age Tom had grown inches taller, and now topped Toby's



Ronald Colman turns singing teacher and instructs a band of Tibetan youngsters in the fine art of carolling "Now We Go Gathering Nuts in May." This is one of many amusing scenes in James Hilton's "Lost Horizon"

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND says:

"I'm true to Lux—it's Hollywood's pet care" //

**Watch the Luxables she wears
in "ANTHONY ADVERSE"**

WARNER BROTHERS insist that nothing but Lux ever touch any of the lovely costumes that are safe in water alone.

They look enchanting throughout the entire picture, even though scenes were taken days, even months apart!

"At home I'm just as insistent that Lux be used for all my personal things," declares Olivia de Havilland.

.....

YOUR washables, too, can keep their dramatic freshness and "brand-new" look, if you insist on Lux. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps that contain harmful alkali tend to fade colors, weaken fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps things lovely longer!



• (Above) In Olivia's private life Lux plays a major role—protecting her lovely things.

• (Right) The gorgeous "Angela" becomes an opera star, while the real Olivia rockets to fame in costume parts.



• (Above) Olivia's lovely peasant Luxables in "Anthony Adverse" looked fresh as new after scores of "takes."

Specified in the big Hollywood studios . . . "Using Lux in the wardrobe room means a sizable saving," says N'Was McKenzie, wardrobe director at Warner Bros. "You'd be surprised how many of the glamorous costumes seen on the screen are actually Luxable. They come out perfectly."

Hollywood says: "Don't trust to luck

trust to Lux"_____

Short Cuts to Curves

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

jerk, about one inch. Now drop the body back about three inches and forward upward about two inches. Continue this until you feel sure that the front part of the body is beginning to loosen. Repeat the exercise from the beginning, about eight times, daily, while the line from chin to waist seems short.

Now, up on your toes. All these exercises are taken on your toes and wearing shoes with medium heels. Take your preliminary position first, shoulders raised, chin in and head back. Bend back from the waistline and drop shoulders.

EXERCISE 1. For neck, shoulders, arms and bust, shown in sketch on page 72. Stand with feet well apart. Raise body upward, high, from the waist and lean backward. Raise arms in back of body, back of hands facing front. Swing them forward up to level of chin with inside of hands touching, elbows straight. Separate and swing arms downward and backward. The swing should be forceful enough to raise the heels off the floor. Continue for sixteen counts.

Exercise 2. For hips, waist and abdomen. Stand in open doorway, left foot about five inches away from door, arms fifteen inches above head, grasping door frame. Raise on toes, right toes six inches back of left heel, knees touching. Raise shoulders toward lobes of ears. Hold position throughout exercise. Lean back from waist, weight on left toes. Raise right leg backward and upward, high, *high*, keeping knee rigid. Throw

body backward as though you would touch your head to your foot, each time leg is raised. Continue eight times, change to other foot and repeat eight counts. Then alternate sixteen counts.

Exercise 3. For chin, waistline and abdomen. Stand with feet ten inches apart, fingertips of right hand under right armpit, raising elbow upward close to head. Keep this position through twelve counts. Lean body back. Turn left palm out and raise arm sideward and up over head. Drop body low to right side, right elbow still raised. Now drop left arm, palm leading, until it rests against leg. Repeat, by first placing fingertips of left hand under left armpit, etc. Twelve counts. Caution: When bending to left pull on right side and vice versa. Do not twist hips. Keep feet flat on floor. Keep eyes riveted on ceiling.

Here's one for the "desk-worker's spread." Yes, it comes alike to thin and fat, from sitting long hours slumped down on the end of your spine.

Exercise 4. For waist, hips, knees, ankles. Lie face downward, hands under chin, right ankle crossed over left, knees rigid. Raise leg directly upward. Lower right ankle to position over left. Continue sixteen counts. Reverse, and repeat with left for sixteen counts. Now cross right over left again, raise right leg as before, bend knee and bring toes close to buttocks. Straighten knee, leg high in air and return rigid leg back to position over left ankle.

Eight counts and reverse.

Exercise 5. For waist, abdomen and legs. Feet together, body and hips well against wall. Rest weight on left foot, flex right knee, resting it over and against left knee, right toes in, heel out. Raise right knee and swing to side, pivot heel in, toes pointing down, touch knee to under side of upper arm. Heel outward, swing leg in and down to original position over and against left knee. Continue sixteen counts and change to other side. Do not move hips from position against wall at any time.

To increase your dimensions according to the specialist whose exercises are given here, exercise slowly and deliberately and stop before you are fatigued. Six minutes daily will do wonders for you.

Are you eating what you should? To build curves around those angles in record time with your exercise, follow through with some weight-building menus. And may health, weight and beauty come to you as quickly and successfully as it did to my chubby girls.

WE have been swamped with requests for our new large-size leaflet. Some like it large and some like it small. Which do you like best? See our September leaflet "Head First for Fall" which will show new hair-dresses for your Fall hats, new make-up and reconditioning treatments, with a page of weight-building menus. All yours, if you will send a LARGE stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York City

Photoplay's Record of Twenty-Five Movie Years

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

difficulty, the magazine announced a new department beginning January, 1914, "to assist photoplay fans in learning the names of the players."

The February number mentioned Lon Chaney for the first time; also George Loane Tucker, then an actor, but afterward famous as director of "The Miracle Man." Other names of now departed favorites appeared frequently in the magazine's pages; Harold Lockwood, Bobby Harron, Lowell Sherman, Jack Pickford, Lou Tellegen, Wallie Reid, "Rodolpho de Valentina" and, of course, Fatty Arbuckle and Mabel Normand.

Another February flash: "Little Mary Pickford and the Famous Players are now located in Los Angeles for the winter."

THE year 1915 started off with a bang with the first article on "Stars at Home" (this one was Ethel Clayton); the first article on "Their Favorite Dishes and How to Make Them;" the first article on news reels, with pictures of Harry Thaw and Billy Sunday; the first article on censorship; the first article entitled "The Idol of Europe Arrives" (Betty Nansen, a Danish actress); the first article on Charlie Chaplin; and the first article on "Who's Married to Who in the Movies."

From all this sudden activity, the discerning reader will guess that new blood had been

infused into the management of the magazine; and rightly. The blood in question coursed freely and richly through the veins of James R. Quirk—beloved Jimmie Quirk—who, as publisher and later as editor and publisher, was chiefly responsible, not only for the success of PHOTOPLAY, but for many of the outstanding betterments in the motion picture industry as a whole.

The "Who's Married to Who" article—an effective title although not a grammatical one—revealed that there were quite as many husbands and wives working together or working separately in the movies, then, as now. There were Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley, Marguerita Fischer and Harry Pollard, Marguerite Snow and James Cruze, Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman, Gypsy Abbott and Henry King, Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh, Seena Owen and George Walsh, Pauline Bush and Allan Dwan, Alice Joyce and Tom Moore and, of course, Mary Pickford and Owen Moore.

Meanwhile, the three Moores, Owen, Tom and Matt, constituted the best-known brother act in pictures. A little later, they were pressed as to fame, although not as to numbers, by the two Beerys, Wallace and Noah; the two Barrymores, Lionel and John; the two Torrences, Ernest and David; the two Farnums, Dustin and William; the two Standings,

Wyndham and Guy; and still later, the two Chaplins, Charlie and Syd. It was some years, however, before the Marx Brothers won the numerical championship.

There were sisters, too, but not as many of them. The Gishes and the Dollys, and later the Talmadges and the Binneys, were the best-known, along with the Fairbanks youngsters and the Lees. The Flugraths were arriving, too, disguised as Viola Dana and Shirley Mason.

A SUBJECT which intrigued writers for the magazine in 1915 was the growing vogue for taking pictures by artificial light. One article was entitled "New Light for Night Pictures;" another, "Sun Substitutes." Interest in the homes of "Movie Royalty" continued. "To Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles," observed one writer, "belongs the palm for housing more picture people than any other place in the world."

There were a good many other "firsts" before the year was over; the first article on Theda Bara, "Purgatory's Ivory Angel;" the first important mention of Bill Hart; the first article on directors; the first editorial, under the now familiar title, "Close Ups;" and the first issue containing "The Shadow Stage."

The July issue contained "Winning Farrar—
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

FROM HOLLYWOOD...POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK TO

Accent the Beauty OF BLONDES and BRUNETTES



DISCOVER how you, too, like screen stars, can dramatize your beauty with Max Factor's new make-up, powder, rouge, and lipstick created in color harmony shades for every type.

The Powder Shade That Can Make You Lovely

Max Factor's Powder in the color harmony shade for your type will enliven your skin with youthful radiance and give you a satin-smooth finish that lasts for hours. When you see the magic effect of this powder on your skin, you will know why Hollywood stars call Max Factor the genius of make-up. Max Factor's Powder in color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, red-heads, brownettes . . . one dollar.



Merle Oberon
Star of Samuel Goldwyn's
"IN LOVE
AND WAR"

illustrates her color har-
mony in Max Factor's
Make-Up



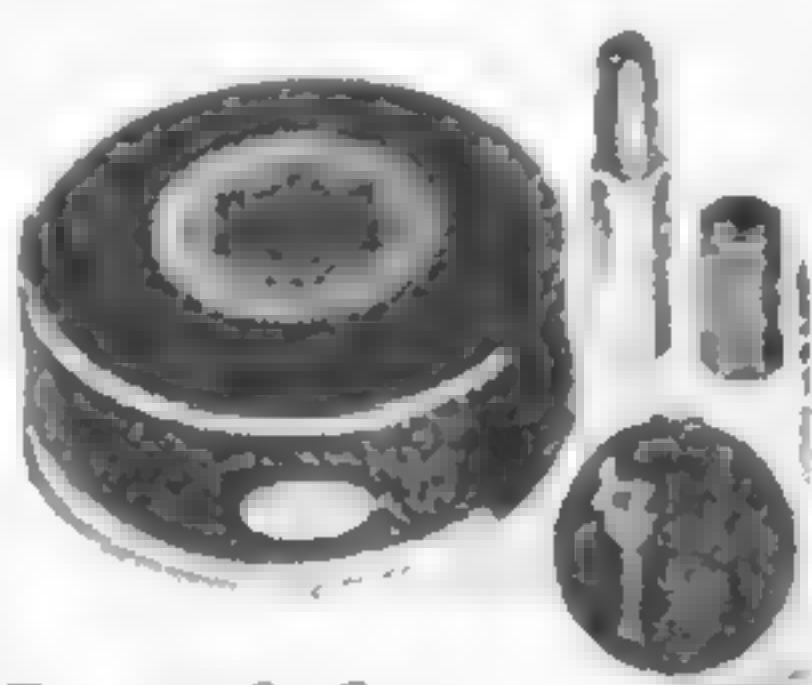
The Perfect Color of Rouge for Your Type

Rouge in your color harmony shade will give your cheeks an exquisite color that looks perfectly natural in any light because Max Factor has created it for your individual coloring. The creamy-smooth texture blends easily and clings persistently for hours. Max Factor's Rouge in color harmony shades . . . fifty cents.



The Shade of Lipstick That Can Make Your Lips Alluring

To complete your make-up, Max Factor has created lipstick in color harmony shades that dramatize every type, and harmonize with the powder and rouge. Max Factor's Lipstick is Super-Indelible and moisture-proof, so you may be sure the alluring color lasts indefinitely. Keeps the lips smooth, too. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick . . . one dollar.



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Max Factor ★ Hollywood

FOR personal make-up advice . . . and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick, mail this coupon.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE.

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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES: com. <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	40¢
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		10¢ More for each shade

How the Most Famous Prima Donna in the World Was Secured for the Photoplays, as Told by the Man Who Turned the Trick, Morris Gest." Although the screen had not found its voice, many an opera singer found the screen in those early days; Mary Garden, Fritzie Scheff, even Caruso. And there was one pretty fair dancer even before Eleanor Powell. Her name was Pavlowa.

Several other names appeared about that time which belong to supposedly recent Hollywood "discoveries." For example, Mary Boland, Edward Arnold, Constance Collier, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady and Billie Burke. And Marie Dressler was making comedies way back there for Siegmund Lubin.

There was more interest among the fans in the technical side of picture making; and PHOTOPLAY was quick to satisfy the demand. In 1916 appeared the first article on the functions of the art director; and the first make-up article, "Tailoring One's Face." The last named was written by James Young, director, who was to marry the youthful actress, Clara Kimball, and make her famous as Clara Kimball Young.

THE pictures were improving fast now. The invasion of stage stars, headed by Douglas Fairbanks, gave a new quality to the product. Griffith's wonder-working with the sisters Gish, with Bessie Love—"just a little love"—with Dick Barthelmess and Henry Walthall, was in full swing. Mack Sennett was raising bathing suit comedy to the standing of a fine art. Wallie Reid was coming into his own. And the great Normand was gilding the coin of comedy.

The most publicized trio of modern times, Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin, were approaching their peak.

Mary, perhaps, had already reached hers. Anyhow, she was turning out picture after picture, and fully justifying her title, "America's Sweetheart."

Fairbanks—"Old Doc Cheerful," PHOTOPLAY called him—was still in the acrobatic stage. He had not yet disguised himself in silken hose and doublet.

Chaplin, supported by the divine Edna Purviance, was achieving in short films like "The Floorwalker" the concentrated essence of slapstick comedy. He wasn't trying to be great then—perhaps he wasn't great—but don't say he wasn't good!

The years began going faster. Came January, 1917, Billie Burke retired from the screen to await birth of her baby girl. We reviewed two versions of "Romeo and Juliet," one with Theda Bara and Harry Hilliard and the other with Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman.

In February, 1917, PHOTOPLAY told of Norma Talmadge's marriage to Joe Schenck, though Norma didn't want the world to know. A little later, after working with Charlie Chaplin in a picture "Tillie's Punctured Romance," Marie Dressler quit Hollywood and said "Never Again!" Chaplin, twenty-eight on his last birthday, had become a millionaire.

August, 1917. The U. S. A. at war, and PHOTOPLAY reported all the stars doing their "bit." Antonio Moreno was hailed as the newest screen idol. Lionel Barrymore was busy directing his famous sister, Ethel, in "The Lifted Veil," and Marion Davies, musical comedy star, made her motion picture debut in "Runaway Romany."

The January, 1918, PHOTOPLAY. John Barrymore was divorced by Katherine Harris, stage star. D. W. Griffith was fresh back from

filming "Hearts of the World" behind the battle lines with the Gishes and Bobby Harron. Richard Barthelmess, twenty-two then, got an article in which it was said he "showed promise."

By spring, Mary Pickford had "adopted" a regiment of field artillery at Camp Kearney. Everybody was busy helping to win the war. Mary Miles Minter was just "sweet sixteen," a newcomer. Paramount likewise introduced Lila Lee, known as "Cuddles." Jack Holt left his mail sled job in Alaska to start with Paramount. Gloria Swanson, after three years in comedy, got her first big chance in "Society for Sale." We told how the whole film industry, rather than face another coalless winter in its haunts at Fort Lee, N. J., and Long Island, N. Y., was moving to Hollywood.

1919 was uneventful; so was 1920 except that on Sunday, March 28th, Doug and Mary



Rosalind Russell and her sister, Mary Jane, who has just arrived in Hollywood to visit her. Will these two be screen rivals? Mary is pretty enough

married, and in October Mildred Harris sued Charles Chaplin for divorce on the grounds of cruelty.

1921 saw many changes in the smooth running of Hollywood ways. The Fatty Arbuckle case aroused such a public expression that Hollywood took steps to squelch the wide gossip that corruption was rife in the film colony. This led, at the end of the year, to the appointing of Postmaster General Will Hays as president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, to look after the interests of the entire industry.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry were married.

IN January, 1922, the first "morality clause" appeared in an actress' contract. Maryon Aye was the signer. Constance Talmadge and John Pialoglou separated.

The next month, above a caption, "Films That Talk and Sing," PHOTOPLAY ran a picture of a group of opera stars before a strange looking contraption. Our comment: "Wonder how it will seem to hear our stars?"

The day after the news of Valentino's divorce decree leaked out to a palpitating world, that was in April, 1922, Famous Players-Lasky stock jumped two points. Lila Lee's name was linked with Chaplin's in romance, and Lillian and Dorothy Gish were entertained at the White House, for luncheon, by President and Mrs. Harding.

In the July, 1922, issue there were beautiful pictures of Harold Lloyd's palatial home and we commented, "Seems a shame to waste all

this on a mere bachelor." Harold took the hint and got married to Mildred Davis.

In the August, 1922 issue we told of Rudolph Valentino being freed of bigamy charges (remember about his Mexican marriage to Natacha Rambova before his divorce was final?)

September, 1922: Gloria Swanson had just returned from Paris with trunkfuls of amazing new clothes and Rudy's wife, Natacha Rambova, wore pajamas outside a bedroom and a present vogue was started. Came the winter; Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks were acting pleased over brother Jack Pickford's marriage to Marilyn Miller. Bebe Daniels was still considered the most popular girl in Hollywood. Bill Hart was the father of a nine-pound boy. Just before Christmas we printed what was the first magazine interview with Ernst Lubitsch and called him "The Master of Tragedy." We worried about Jackie Coogan, who was growing too fast.

In 1923 things speeded up. Valentino struck for higher wages. Pickford's "Tess of the Storm Country" packed 'em in. Constance Bennett, starting her film career, stated frankly she was in pictures to make money. Another newcomer was Ramon Novarro, just out with his first smash hit, "Where the Pavement Ends." "The Covered Wagon" came out at this time and Ruth Roland was busy putting her money into Hollywood real estate. Another arrival, Colleen Moore, was signed to a long-term contract by First National.

DOUG, JR., came to Hollywood in August, 1923 to make his picture debut. Papa didn't like the idea at all.

October, 1923, saw the arrival of Mary Astor, new-talent beauty contest winner, and Billie Dove, late of the "Follies," one of Tom Mix's leading ladies. "Little Old New York" was the Marion Davies offering.

By 1924 so many "super specials" had been produced that the theaters couldn't absorb them; so studios shut down, salaries were cut and all Hollywood said it was "broke." Lovely Gloria Swanson was suffering from "kleig lights." Valentino returned to work after his year-long feud with Famous Players-Lasky. "The radio is going to put theaters out of business again," was the talk.

Ben Lyon was Hollywood's new heart breaker in 1925. Josef Von Sternberg's new "art" pictures were considered knockouts by the critics. The crossword puzzle craze was on. Among the best pictures were Betty Bronson's "Peter Pan" and the Colleen Moore, Wally Beery and Ben Lyon "So Big."

In April, 1925, Elinor Glyn was in Hollywood supervising the filming of her story "Man and the Maid." In the fall came the Charleston rage and "The Merry Widow" with John Gilbert and Mae Murray.

John Gilbert was reported in love with Garbo in 1927. Lois Wilson bobbed her hair and said she was sick of being a sweet thing on the screen. Joan Crawford, as a small player, began to be noticed.

In May, 1927, Norma Shearer told PHOTOPLAY emphatically "I'm not going to marry! I don't think a woman in my position has a right to marry anybody. What has a girl, in my job, got to give to marriage?"

Garbo and Metro had declared a truce and Garbo signed a new contract. Clara Bow was riding the crest of the popularity wave. "Seventh Heaven" was one of the summer's best pictures.

The big bosses in September, 1927, were cutting all the salaries in the industry ten per cent. The Greta Garbo-John Gilbert romance was once more in full swing.

Came October and Norma Shearer announced that she would marry Irving Thalberg. Under a lovely photograph of Claudette Colbert we made the prophecy that the public was going to see a lot of the girl.

Buddy Rogers was playing opposite Clara Bow in "Get Your Man," in 1928. Joan Crawford threatened never to marry as long as she could support herself. Clara Bow became engaged in succession, to Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming and Gary Cooper. Mack Sennett tore down his famous old studio. The Ronald Colman-Vilma Banky team was going strong but was proving too expensive; so Goldwyn imported Lili Damita for Ronald and Walter Byron for Vilma.

In August, 1928, the greatest upheaval that ever struck the movies loomed into view—pictures with sound effects. The first "all talkie" was a Fox one-reeler "The Family Picnic." Emil Jannings could not learn English fast enough to make the switch with sound. Gilbert was having contract trouble. Ruth Chatterton led the contingent of stage actors being drawn into the talkies. Helen Twelvetrees, Lupe Velez and Madge Bellamy were among the lucky ones doing well before the microphone.

By January, 1929, talkies were really in and with them new actors. Fox worried about what to call a new character actor it had acquired. His name was Muni Weisenfreund. They decided on Paul Muni.

In February came the wedding of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello.

Theodore Roberts, Marc MacDermott and Fred Thomson had passed on, and received a farewell tribute in our March, 1929, number.

The business was too much in a turmoil for much news about its personalities during that time. By 1930 Garbo had passed her voice test. The Harry Bannisters were called the "ideal" Hollywood married couple. In April, 1930, Marie Dressler took acting honors from Garbo in "Anna Christie." Jean Harlow made her appearance in "Hell's Angels."

Ginger Rogers was a new find at Paramount. David Belasco said, as Hollywood was then in the throes of the talkie panic: "Talking pictures are a great mistake!" Chatterton and Barrymore were the most popular stars.

Some of the new faces on the screen, beginning the year 1931, were: Spencer Tracy, Genevieve Tobin, James Cagney and Claire Luce. The Garbo-Dietrich feud was on. Will Rogers in Henry King's production "Lightnin'," with Louise Dresser, was big news. "All Quiet on the Western Front" startled the movie world with its grim realism.

One of the big fan questions of 1933 was: Will Josef Von Sternberg's retirement mean the end of Dietrich? Clara Bow told why she and Rex Bell would be happy in married life.

Myrna Loy gave up Chinese rôles for some real acting. One reason Helen Hayes would return to the stage, she said, was for love of old friends and the theater. Fred Astaire had danced his way into the audiences' hearts. Wally Beery and Marie Dressler had made their unforgettable "Min and Bill" and "Tugboat Annie."

So the industry developed and Hollywood grew up. Jimmy Quirk died and a little later Bernarr Macfadden purchased the publication and Ruth Waterbury became Editor.


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They Aren't All Actresses in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

relative, living in Los Angeles, asked her to come west for a visit.

Well, a whole year managed to slip by, during which time Maybelle became thoroughly familiar with the dimensions of every studio information desk in town. When her savings began to run low, she blithely opened a little beauty shop in Culver City because it is near the M-G-M, Pathe and Roach studios. She planned to lure studio secretaries and bit players into her white-curtained booths. Through such customers she hoped to hear, some day, of a studio opening.

Well, another two years managed to skip away before Maybelle actually heard of an opening (and, mind you, her shop was one block from M-G-M). Her first job (temporary, of course) found her in charge of two hundred wigs that had to be dressed in fantastic Biblical styles every morning before the great C. B. deMille went to work on his picture "The King of Kings." And some of her fluttering excitement was tempered when she was ordered to report for work every morning at four-thirty because all the wigs had to be shipshape by nine o'clock sharp.

But Maybelle had closed her shop and there was nothing left to do but set her alarm clock for three A. M.

"The salary for a beginner is forty dollars a week," Maybelle told me, "but beginners only get temporary work **WHEN THEY GET THAT**. Even the expert outside hairdressers are not worth their salt in a studio. The work has no relation to the usual beauty parlor demands. I had to learn an entire new trade, how to do wigs in every known historical period, how to make transformations undetectable, how to put in a water wave, very loose and natural looking, and re-do it three or four times a day with an almost cold iron."

"Yes, things are better now. I get around sixty dollars a week, and my job is permanent, but remember it took almost eight years to get where I am. And there's another fly in the honey—the hours. I never arrive at the studio later than seven o'clock in the morning, and six is the location call.

"It is true that I have met some wonderful stars, Mae West and Gloria Swanson and Marlene Dietrich among them, but sometimes, when I am rushing through a cheerless dawn of a winter morning toward the almost deserted studio, I think about Blue Earth."

IF YOU ARE A COSTUME DESIGNER: Edith Head's impressive job as assistant gown designer for Paramount studios (a position that carries with it a splendid salary and screen credit) is the happy ending to a practical joke. But don't start waving the flag of victory yet. Read on.

To this day, Edith chuckles over the trick she turned on Howard Greer (he was head of Paramount's designing in 1924) when she connived with fifteen students in her art class, borrowed two sketches from each of them and presented the hodgepodge collection as an example of her versatility. It seems that the other students had tried to get studio jobs but all had been turned down because, in the opinion of the big shots, their work lacked the precious ingredient of variety.

Well, Edith's potpourri of sketches practically stunned Greer, for he actually hired her (to the dismay of those student pranksters)

and she's been on the job for a round dozen years. But, just in case all this encourages you to hop the next westbound train, let's touch lightly on Edith's training for this exalted job of hers.

In high school she took up art and kept at it even during four years at the University of California and throughout the year she "boned" for her master's degree at Leland Standord University. Then for three years she taught art, French and Spanish at an exclusive Hollywood girls' school, and it was during this schoolmarm period that the movie virus bit her. The fact that C. B. deMille's daughters, Katherine and Cecilia, were among her pupils probably had something to do with it.

Anyway she resigned, returned to art school, and plugged away at all the tiresome fundamentals, as well as the history of costumes. It was during this session of study that the famous joke was perpetrated.

But when the showdown came, Edith was prepared for it. There was a morning when Greer told her to whip out some snappy original sketches for a couple of Hittite debutantes (4000 to 3000 B.C.) and she didn't even blink an eye. She actually **KNEW** what a Hittite hot number wore for a heavy date.

Just the other day Edith showed me an enormous new filing cabinet in her office.

"We had to get it," she told me, "to take care of the fifty monthly applications that roll in here, every one of them asking for my job."

IF YOU ARE A WAITRESS: There isn't much about "slinging hash" for the movie stars that Alvina Bryan doesn't know. She's been at her post in the Paramount commissary for eight years, and she can rattle off, by heart, every dish that Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie and Fred MacMurray like for lunch. These stars never so much as glance at a menu. Alvina just brings their victuals in from the kitchen when she sees them coming through the door.

But if Alvina had it all to do over again, well, she's not as sure about Hollywood as she used to be when she was back in Bristol, Alabama, where she managed eight waitresses in her mother's restaurant.

"You see," Alvina explained, "working in a busy studio restaurant doesn't mean you're going to be serving generous tipping stars every noon. Sometimes weeks go by when there isn't a big star at one of my five tables. Production schedules are like that, you know. But we have to work hard just the same, because from eleven until two every day, it's a madhouse in any studio commissary, with every extra, assistant director, stenographer and clerk raring to get back to work on time. And these employees can't tip big and we girls don't expect it from them.

"Then there are the mornings we are on the job at three o'clock to pack the box lunches for early location calls."

Now Alvina averages two dollars per day, including tips, for six days a week. She's married and uses her money for clothes and permanent waves, but she admits it's tough sledding for some of the girls with kids to support. Most of them pull difficult ends together by taking on outside night jobs.

According to Alvina there are approximately

fifty experienced girls on Paramount's commissary waiting list. But eighteen of the twenty-five waitresses there have been on the job five years or longer.

Figure it out for yourselves, girls.

IF YOU ARE A WRITER: Even the old timers around Hollywood, who ought to know better, call Virginia Van Upp a "lucky Cinderella," or the girl who had enough "pull" to get her job writing originals and continuities for such stars as Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and Sylvia Sidney.

Well, it's true, and Virginia for one doesn't deny the fact that she had loads of "pull." To begin with she was a child actress in pictures. Later she was one of the directors in the casting offices of the old Brunton studios. She came to know every important producer and director in town.

And so, five years ago when she made up her mind that she was going to write for pictures or bust, she tried to make her "pull" pull, if you know what I mean. She was received in the industry's most illustrious offices with smiles of welcome and was told firmly to stick to her casting job and forget it.

"You know nothing about the mechanics of writing, my dear child, and it takes years to learn the tricks," was the unanimous advice flung at her.

So Virginia set out to correct her ignorance of mechanical tricks. First, she had to forfeit her very remunerative casting job. She went to work as a typist in a scenario department, for practically nothing a week. She was married and her husband objected to her obsession to make good, but Virginia had her plans well laid and nothing could divert her. Finally she worked up to a secretarial spot with a couple of work-crazy writers. After a nerve shattering eighteen months with them, she edged her way into the cutting and editing department of a big studio. Somewhere in this melee of work she toiled as script girl on the set for nine months.

She was on the job an average of sixteen hours a day for the full five years, and her marriage dissolved during the ensuing hurricane of labor. But Virginia went on lapping up "mechanics." When, at last, she felt that she was a really skilled maker of plots and scenarios, she made the studio rounds once more, and after a fruitless six months she finally landed a "scribbling" job.

"And at a starting salary," she said, "that would make the average stenographer laugh."

IF YOU ARE AN INTERIOR DECORATOR: "You caught me on a bad day," Eli Benneche informed me when I entered her offices in the M-G-M set dressing building. "I've been at the studio since four o'clock this morning. A set for Joan Crawford's 'The Gorgeous Hussy' had to be rushed for nine o'clock shooting. Then I spent hours ransacking twenty-five different shops for a trick desk set, and in a few minutes I'm due at a glass blowing shop to supervise the making of some goblets for a scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

And then Eli told me that at the present time there are but three women, including herself, working as set-dressers, in Hollywood's ten studios. The reason? Women simply seem to crack up and go to pieces under the strain of this particular work.

Eli, however, equipped with a steady set of nerves and frequent trips to Europe for rest and study, has managed to stave off this danger. But the last time she went gallivanting through the museums of the Conti-

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ment, she found her job nicely filled when she returned (she was working at Paramount then). And with most of her money left in Europe, she faced eight workless months before she managed to edge herself into a job at Fox.

Now Eli's background contains much more than a pretty knack for arranging chintz curtains.

It includes four years at the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco, where she specialized in the history of furniture and the sketching of all her ideas (whole roomful of them) in color.

Then she worked for two years with Hollywood's leading interior decorator, Harold Grieve. All this, added to her early experience at Paramount and Fox, resulted in her finally obtaining her enviable current position with M-G-M.

About twenty monthly letters come to Eli's department from women asking the same old questions: "Is there a job for me in your studio?" "And most of them," Eli observed, "are from women with fine records in important decorating shops throughout the east and middle west."

IF YOU ARE A DRESSMAKER: You'd think Sally Paige would have been satisfied with her fifty steady customers in San Francisco.

But, no, she yearned to turn her tucks, seams and gussets for the worthier and lovely figures of her favorite movie stars, Colleen Moore and Pola Negri (they were the top-notchers in 1926).

So Sally came to Hollywood and discovered that the studios didn't give a tinker's dam about her reputation for clever little frocks. She was turned down, without ceremony, wherever she applied and she couldn't figure out why. When she finally got inside of a wardrobe workroom she found out why during the first twenty-four hours.

"Beginners in this work are too costly to the studios," Sally declared. "Why when I was working in one of the small studios, I saw hundreds of dollars of materials ruined by a seamstress, inexperienced in studio work, when she cut a pattern just one fourth of an inch off."

"I've seen a newcomer get a thirty-eight gored skirt caught in her machine while the star, who was to wear it, waited and waited and waited, and the company with one hundred extras waited with her."

"I have seen gold lamé scorched and beaded gowns twisted beyond repair in the hands of excellent dressmakers, but ones new to studio technique."

"Why, with all my years of experience, I had to learn how to sew hems with split threads, press seams and hems so that not the faintest line showed through, work by hand with tiny spangles and practically invisible beads. Then there were the chorus girl shorts and fringe work, specialized art in themselves."

"I was lucky, I guess. After a year without work, I got into one of the small independent studios, one day, when five girls were down with the flu. But I had plenty to learn and even more to unlearn."

"I've worked steadily now for five years here at M-G-M, but that means there are from two to three months of layoff periods every year to be reckoned with. A good dressmaker makes from twenty-two to twenty-nine dollars a week, and then there is overtime pay too."

"A girl in this work has to be willing to sacrifice a social life, and believe me it's hard

to keep a boy friend when you must break three out of every five dates you make during the rush season."

Like Sally, the other twenty women in the M-G-M workroom have averaged five years of steady work in that studio.

Just one girl a year drops out to make way for the two hundred applicants whose names are kept in alphabetical order in the wardrobe files.

IF YOU ARE A SINGER: The music departments of Hollywood's four major studios carry a list of one thousand women singers all carefully selected by auditions and all on call for orchestration recordings any hour of the day or night.

Near the very top of that list is the name of Sally Pierce. And that's exactly where her name belongs.

Not so long ago she was studying in Paris with grand opera in view. Before that there were years of work at the University of Washington in harmony, piano and more voice lessons with the best instructors the west coast had to offer.

In 1933, when the depression got in its most painful licks, Sally's independent income vanished and she was faced with the problem of supporting two young children. She decided to face reality in Hollywood, the land of "milk and honey," sometimes.

She arrived here armed with a single letter addressed to a minor studio executive, who was a friend of a friend's friend. It took her exactly six months to contact him. In the meantime she tried to get auditions at the studios, but there were so many approved singers already waiting for calls that her frantic attempts were sterile.

Finally, through the illusive minor executive, she received the coveted audition and it was a tremendous success. She was immediately put on the list of singers "to be called" when and if there is any work for them.

There was no full time contract as she had dreamed, merely the opportunity to compete with one thousand other women with well trained voices.

Well, all this happened three years ago, and because Sally's voice is really beautiful, she has worked in every big musical picture both operatic and jazz, as well as all the important cartoons and shorts.

She averages about ten days of work every month (a high average because she's tops) and she receives ten dollars a day when rehearsing and fifteen dollars a day for actual recording.

Out of these earnings she supports herself and two children and pays for weekly singing lessons.

"When you do recording you must preserve your voice from ruin with constant lessons," Sally revealed.

"We singers are required to vocalize very low with absolutely no volume, and then there are the days of fatigue and overstrain, when a picture is behind releasing date and we must sing for eighteen hours straight."

"The overtime is good for our purse, but deadly for our voices."

"And you see, when our vocal cords are not up to standard there are always a dozen willing newcomers ready to step into our place."

This, then, is the answer from eight Hollywood working girls, to the fifty thousand women who yearly mail their letters to the studios, asking:

"What are my chances in Hollywood?"

Stars Are Human After All

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

I NEVER knew the John Gilbert who passed away recently, any more than I know the Jean Harlow that the movie press agents and chatter columnists have stamped with a Hollywood pattern—that is, with all eyes directly on the box office.

I never knew the John Gilbert they said was a lonely hermit in a great house high on a hill. Despite our long friendship, I could not get to know that Jack Gilbert. None of us could, although many of the "old gang" tried to break through the fence he built around himself. We couldn't very often get inside. The fence was nebulous, but most of the time, during the last two years, we couldn't find any gate.

But I did know the merry and marvelous Jack Gilbert with whom I once lived in that house on the hill; the Jack of "Jack and Paul and Carey" who lived together ten years ago in a bungalow that was alternately a mad-house and a haven.

To know that Jack was to identify him by an incoherent flood of unrelated incidents—the things Jack did or said that were so completely Jack. For instance, the Jack Gilbert to whom the late Paul Bern went to ask a favor. Not for himself, of course, for when Paul requested a favor it was always for someone else, and seldom did he tell you whom he wanted to help.

Few ever heard of this particular case. It appears that one who had been high in the favor of the cinema gods, rich, famous, and generous, had fallen into evil times. He was in New York and needed a thousand dollars. So he promptly telegraphed Paul Bern.

Everybody always telegraphed or telephoned Paul when they needed money. Now, at the moment—or rather for the week—Paul's finances were temporarily shattered by another heavy demand on his ever generous check-book.

So Paul hied himself to Jack, concocted a hair-raising story of disaster that would happen to himself, Paul Bern, if he did not secure a thousand dollars within the hour.

Jack did not hesitate a second. He walked to his desk, wrote out a check and stuffed it into Paul's hand. "Get yourself out of the jam, old kid," he said.

A week later Paul's own liberal salary provided the wherewithal to pay back the thousand dollars. But, in the meantime, someone had told Jack of Paul's charitable deception. So Jack accepted Paul's check and immediately tore it up. "When he pays you, Paul," he said, "then you pay me."

That was the Jack I knew.

I'VE heard—and I've read—of a vague, mysterious, almost legendary figure. Garbo, the myth of myths in a thoroughly mythical kingdom. The famed female whose prestige is so anchored in the granite bedrock of tradition that she alone is identified completely by the two simple syllables of her surname.

Garbo, the elusive! Garbo, the shy! Garbo, whose most popularly credited phrase would seem to be: "I tank I go home now."

I never knew that Garbo. I did know—and do know—a fascinatingly young and primitive creature whose pet nickname used to be, and probably still is, a broad American pronuncia-



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tion of the words that in their literal Scandinavian mean "Swedish Girl," but which when tossed off slightly, sound like "Svenskafleeka"—or, still more colloquially, "Fleek."

I was first introduced to her when she was standing on her head. Not that standing on her head was one of her pet indulgences, but she was standing on her head on that particular occasion because on that particular occasion she felt like standing on her head! And that's Garbo, or the "Fleek." She usually does whatever she feels like doing at the moment.

She had started playing tennis that day as I found out later to my sorrow. And after that exercise, plus an hour's vigorous swimming in the pool, plus another hour's brisk hike, she still contained so much physical exuberance that standing on her head, on a sofa pillow, seemed to be the simple and desirable thing to do. So Garbo stood on her head!

At that time, I rather fancied myself as a promising tennis player. In fact, I thought I was pretty good. But with the "Fleek," it was something else again. The "Fleek" played the most unorthodox tennis you can possibly imagine. Grasping the racket well up toward the throat, she would smack the ball so heartily that there wasn't much to be done about it in the event it happened to land in the court.

But, regardless of the quality of our games, we played singles for seventeen consecutive days. For sixteen days I beat her soundly. On the seventeenth she caught up to me. She just naturally wore me out and beat me on sheer vitality. Since that day we have never played singles again. Secretly I know she has my number and can beat me whenever she wants to, and the "Fleek" doesn't want another match because she maintains she accomplished an objective in beating me seventeen days after she walked on a tennis court for the first time.

NEVER knew the Dolores Del Rio, who upon her entrance into Hollywood, was so widely advertised as a Mexican furore. A "colossal" build-up as a sinuous, svelte, seductive, sophisticated siren was the premise of her debut. I resented that build-up.

Then I met her. An olive-and-roses-skinned little figure. Very small, very naïve and very anxious to be liked—a lovely child who was hardly aware of her press-agentry.

That was the Dolores I first met and the Dolores it is my privilege to know today. She is a charming girl who is doing two jobs equally well—starring in pictures and personally supervising her household for the comfort of her husband, Cedric Gibbons.

In her home there is nothing that Dolores does not plan and execute. It is her delight to oversee the most minute details even when she is engaged in a picture. She is an impeccable hostess. With an ample number of servants in the household it is her pleasure to wait on you when you have a buffet dinner at the Gibbons home. After a long day of tennis and parliamentary debate between athletes, Dolores rushes hither and yon to bring you a fresh bucket of spaghetti, a filled wineglass or more cigarettes.

Speaking of tennis—she herself, plays badly but whimsically. She swims like a dolphin. No sorry! I've seen dolphins swim. They haven't the Del Rio "dese, dem and doze!" She is an intense and intelligent student of music.

After her first press agent blast I watched her career and waited somewhat dubiously. Then I saw her as *Charmain* in "What Price Glory." Followed in rapid succession a series

of rôles that consolidated her standing as a great screen personality.

I said to her one night, "Dolores, you're flawless! You're the —"

My wife entered the room suddenly. I must admit her manner was one of curiosity rather than jealousy. "Who is flawless?" she demanded—and then looked up. "Oh, Dolores!" she said. "Of course! Excuse me!"

That's praise from Sir Hubert. And *that's* the Dolores I know

NEVER knew the Charlie Chaplin of the little black moustache and the baggy trousers, except, of course, on the screen. I've known another Chaplin for ten years. Then he was a shy, intense and mercurial person subject to periods of loneliness which could only be loneliness of the soul, for he had many friends who would naturally glow with joy on any personal association with him.

There was one night when a knock at the door, just about dinner time, turned out to be Charlie rather plaintively asking if he could have dinner with us. We three talked far into the night. Nor was there a moment when the conversation was not somber discussion of mankind and its problems.

That night Charlie brought something he'd promised me for weeks. I never really believed he had any intention of keeping his promise, because the thing I wanted was an autographed photo of him. I've seen very few autographed photos of Charlie Chaplin. I realized his agreement to give me one had been prompted by an unwillingness to seem boorish by saying, "no." It hangs in my study before me now and its inscription reflects the mood of that Chaplin on that night and many other such nights. It reads: "To dear friend Carey Wilson, from the little waif, Charlie Chaplin."

Often another Chaplin appeared in an astonishing interruption of the plaintive mood. This gay, released and relaxed Charlie appeared on the screen for the first time in his latest picture, "Modern Times." That song in improvised gibberish, convincingly telling its story in a fictitious foreign language, is from the same Charlie who used to deliver an extemporaneous speech in any language you'd select—languages of which he knew not a single word. But your guests at the dinner table could accept the simulated Arabic, Chinese, or Russian, as if it had been spoken by a native—that is, if they weren't laughing too hard.

He was at his best in a game he invented, called, "Chamber of Commerce." Each of the six or eight in the party would be arbitrarily designated as the leading representative of some industry, called together in a session to present his or her industrial views on some present economic crisis.

One night Bebe Daniels allotted Charlie a rôle as the lone motion picture theater proprietor of an imaginary small town. In a dialect revealing vividly that the said theater magnet was inevitably from Poland, Charlie gave a screamingly funny analysis of what was wrong with the movies.

He managed to place all the important evils affecting the business on the shoulders of those more or less prominent motion picture figures seated around our festive board, amid howls of laughter as every shrewd barb of satire struck home. Then he paid off the situation magnificently by proving that the alleged comic, Charlie Chaplin, would never draw any business in "his" theater.

Until then few of us had realized that the elusive Charles Spencer Chaplin, seemingly detached and remote from any part of the cinema

industry save his own artistic creation, could be so intimately and authoritatively informed on the whole broad canvas of the picture industry.

Those were the days when the legend of the Hollywood "wild party" was burgeoning at the masthead of every newspaper and magazine. It was a little difficult to convince an amorously ambitious visitor from the East that the social highlight of one's last fortnight had been Charlie Chaplin enacting the rôle of a small-town hyphenated American citizen who owned the village water works and was about to go into bankruptcy because the villagers drank only beer and never took baths except on Saturday. This produced financial disaster for the water works, which couldn't sell *any* water during the week and couldn't provide *enough* on Saturday night!

It's a far different Charlie Chaplin whom I know today. Without losing one iota of his wistful charm, he has become a much larger person—but of that later—for there are many who think that a young lady named Paulette Goddard has had something to do with the molding, or at least the polishing, of the brilliant new facets which Charlie now reveals.

I CAN'T honestly say I know the Paulette Goddard who is such a complete gamin in "Modern Times." No one was more surprised than I—and I don't think I was alone—on first learning the nature of the rôle she was to play in her first important screen appearance as leading lady to the unique Chaplin. For Paulette, in real life, is a creature deserving the term exquisite in its finest sense.

Therefore I had imagined that her first appearance on the screen with Charlie would find her cast as some glamorous aristocrat far above the reach of the little fellow in the baggy trousers, derby and cane. But Charlie must have seen a different celluloid Paulette from the one to whom all the men in the party instantly gravitate every time she comes into a room.

Perhaps I should have seen the gamin side when she "crashed" a little party we had at our house.

My wife, Carmelita Geraghty, has several young brothers and sisters, and hence brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law. A couple of times a year we throw a party for "the Geraghty Kids." On the last occasion we had a "scavenger hunt." Just as the couples were about to start on a mad search for various insane objects specified on their lists, the door opened and Paulette stalked impudently in.

So we were having a scavenger hunt! Then she intended to scavenge with the others! Charlie was out on the yacht thinking up music or scenes or something for "Modern Times," and Paulette wanted to have fun with the kids. We immediately handed her a list and a partner and dispatched the whole gang off on the merry competitive chase.

Well within the time limit Paulette returned, looking like a very beautiful young lady who had just inherited a junk yard and had had her inheritance bestowed on her person.

You could hardly see her lovely frock, draped as she was with old-fashioned automobile horns, water wings, a stepladder, a union suit of red flannels, and a few more trifles. (Next day we found she had practically raided the Trocadero, had burst into three bridge games, and had vamped a second-hand auto part attendant!) She was having the time of her life, and entered into a vociferous argument when a rule disqualified one of her treasures. For that one hectic juvenile evening at least

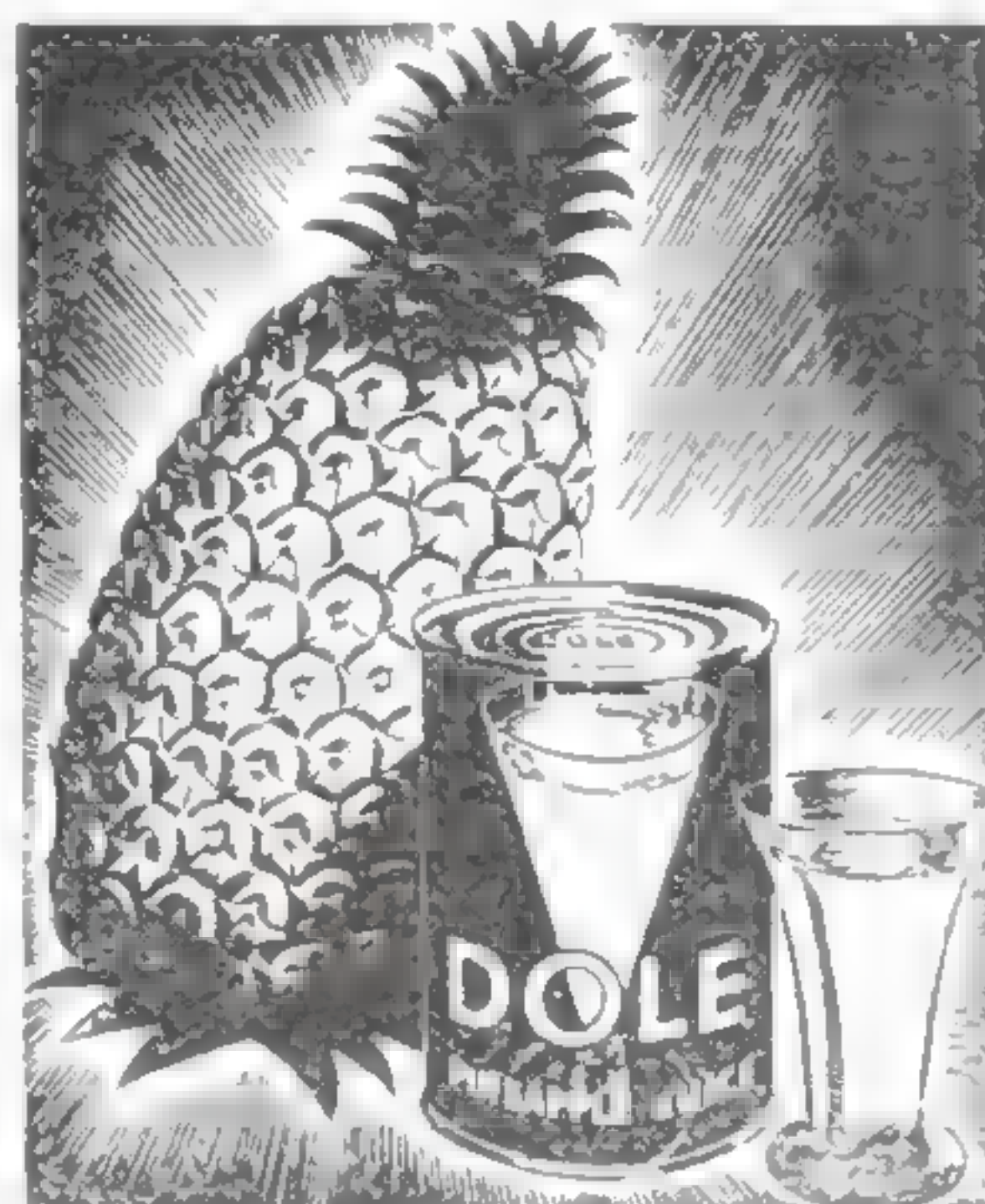


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Paulette was thoroughly a kid having a good time.

Are Paulette and Charlie married? Don't ask me. I don't know. I doubt if very many people do know. I know what I *think*. But what you think—and what you can prove—are rather dissimilar. I know that when I've been with them, Paulette and Charlie have always appeared thoroughly happy, seeming to enjoy themselves and life, with a very definite appreciation.

That's the Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard I know.

WHO now? I know Carole Lombard, the girl who gamely fought her way up from extradom to her present heights—and who is

probably the most "regular feller" in the whole movie field.

And the adorable pixie Arline Judge. And the inimitable and limitless Norma Shearer, who came to our funny little "Wop dinner" party on her very first excursion into Hollywood night life.

And, to harken back for a moment, the Jack Gilbert whose keen wit and eccentricities made him one of the most amazing of Hollywood figures. And the time that Fleek stood in line to buy three tickets to a movie theater—and how she got the last laugh—

And—And—And—

I'm awfully lucky. I know a lot of grand people! They're all "picture people," too! You ought to know them. Perhaps you will—

Filming the World's Greatest Love Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

slipping into the tomb to find his *Juliet* against a sound background of air-transport motors?

At the carved metal doors Leslie Howard stood patiently waiting. Ralph Morgan, in green velvet, stood flexing his rapier. Photographers stood yawning behind their waiting cameras. Time and a small fortune passed by.

"Try it again now," Cukor called finally. *Romeo*, muttering immortal lines, forced the seal of the tomb; he was accosted, swords flashed . . .

"There was a train whistle in that," shouted someone from a sound booth.

THEY got the scene at last, about fifty-three. In the meantime Cukor gave me, in essence, the story of a motion picture—the greatest, most fabulously expensive production of all time—from the viewpoint of his own directorial chair.

"I've learned more about my work," he told me, biting into the polished red apple I'd brought as a gag, "and about Hollywood and its stars than I ever thought it possible to know. And I'm so pleased with the result.

"Shakespeare wrote his masterpieces for the screen, you understand. That sounds insane, but it's quite true. He didn't think about the limitations of the early English stage when he picked up his quill to scratch on paper deathless love scenes, bitter hate and the innermost dramas of human lives. He wrote '*Juliet*' in twenty-four scenes—more than any tiny theater could have thought of staging in his day.

"He wrote continuity, envisioned close-ups, flash-backs and all the other magic the movies have. He imagined feasts with 'twenty cunning cooks' without remembering that they would have to look like small luncheons or buffet suppers on any stage. Everyone knows the limitations of the Seventeenth Century theater."

The nuisance of noise on the set, the many delays, were obviously forgotten. He hurried on: "They had no grand setup at all then—no space, no paraphernalia, no props. You imagined everything or you didn't understand anything. People walked back and forth in front of a backdrop, which the audience was asked to see as a garden one minute and as a ballroom the next. Shakespeare with his vivid imagination, ignored all this.

"Every scene he wrote for '*Romeo and Juliet*' is shown in the picture version. When

the wealthy and noble Capulets invite their powerful friends to a banquet, it's a *banquet*—with all the trimmings. When there's a street fight you know somebody's irked at somebody else in a big way. And all the hitherto unexplained lapses in the play, which had to be ignored because stage scenery could not be changed every other minute, are detailed on the screen—so that now—for the first time—the full meaning of the story is clear.

THERE was a short interlude while he took the tomb scene again, was informed that three passing trucks had betrayed the mood, and came back again to the stool beside me. I asked, "Making '*Juliet*' must have made a big impression on Hollywood, didn't it?" and he replied, "No one really knows how much it has done for us. It has taught us an infinite number of facts about the business of movie making. It has taught the stars who have played in it the final compromise between overacting and too much restraint, between the nasal inflection in speech and the broad 'a.'

"And its success with the public opens to the studios the opportunity for combined art and costume pictures—which is the third and final step the industry had to take.

"You see, in the beginning we had to be contented with modern stories about contemporary modern people—we had to present them in Twentieth Century houses, dressed in Twentieth Century clothes. That was our little world with a fence around it."

He started in on the jar of candy I had brought with the apple. "When some producer finally dared give the public a picture about people who lived a couple of hundred years ago, that was the second milestone. But there was still a fence—the scripts had to be written by modern writers and the treatment had to be thoroughly contemporary. No one dared touch the magnificent things created by the masters of the past.

"Too much art for the lame-brained public," said producers and directors. What they really meant was that they were afraid to try. And what they overlooked was the point that genuine art has a universal appeal if it's presented unpretentiously, as it was intended to be.

"When that preview audience the other night suddenly came out of its collective shell and appreciated Shakespeare, delighted in

Shakespeare, adored Shakespeare—then our year and a half of hard work and one of the biggest gambles in picture history were justified. Now we can go into production on the innumerable masterpieces that time has handed down to us, and at the same time know that at last our industry is on a plane with the finest in the world."

AT this point my watch and my stomach remarked simultaneously that it was getting late, with the sun nearly gone. "More tomorrow," Cukor said, and slid off his stool.

Next day, however, he suddenly decided to make the dreaded nine-minute and fifty-three seconds long "balcony scene," now of cinema fame. So the set was closed as tightly as a leper colony. Wherefore, when you see that sequence at your theater, if you will watch closely you may discern this reporter's nose sticking cautiously through the vines that cover a tiny window in the garden wall.

It was the only place of concealment on the stage, and I had to be there. It would be impossible to describe the tremendous tension, the almost tangible nervousness of everyone present before the cameras started. Finally, when Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard stepped on the set, waited for the signal, and proceeded to live the entire scene through without a single hesitancy, a single flaw—relief flooded down and expressed itself in the congratulations, in laughter a little too high-pitched to be real.

Afterward Cukor, Miss Shearer, the inimitable, acid-tongued Edna Mae Oliver and I sat at a little table while technicians prepared the final shot of the picture—a simple matter of three people walking down a Verona square.

And Cukor talked on . . .

I said, "What about the story of how you did it all—details and things?" He looked a little harassed.

"Well, it wasn't any sort of an easy job. When Thalberg announced that his dream of ten years—the production of 'Juliet'—was to become a reality, and I was assigned to direct it, I realized I was facing the challenge of my life. So was everyone connected with the picture.

"The first problem was of course, research. We decided to choose the most charming period of the Renaissance, with all of its gorgeous reaction of the dreary, straight-laced era that preceded. We sent camera crews to Verona to photograph the city. Adrian designed gowns and coiffures from paintings of the masters: Botticelli, Benozzo Gozzoli, Fra Angelico, Bellini, Signorelli. And of course there were the usual studio preparations, with those staggering statistics that you can put in your story if you want to."

(Ninety thousand flagstones, two hundred tons of cement, seventy-five thousand feet of lumber, three hundred barrels of paint, eighty books of gold leaf, five hundred yards of carpets, six hundred feet of garden hose, thirty crates of grapes, one hundred gallons of kerosene for torches, three pounds of ginger roots for the parakeets, twelve milliners, twenty-five knitting machine operators, twelve bootmakers, two hundred and fifty seamstresses, thirty embroiderers, one hundred tailors, twenty-five dyers, five hundred painters, one hundred paving workers, one hundred and fifty millworkers, thirty thousand miles of film, ad infinitum and until death do part me from my typewriter.)

"And then came the script," continued Cukor. "That was the biggest worry, and proved the least troublesome. We didn't want

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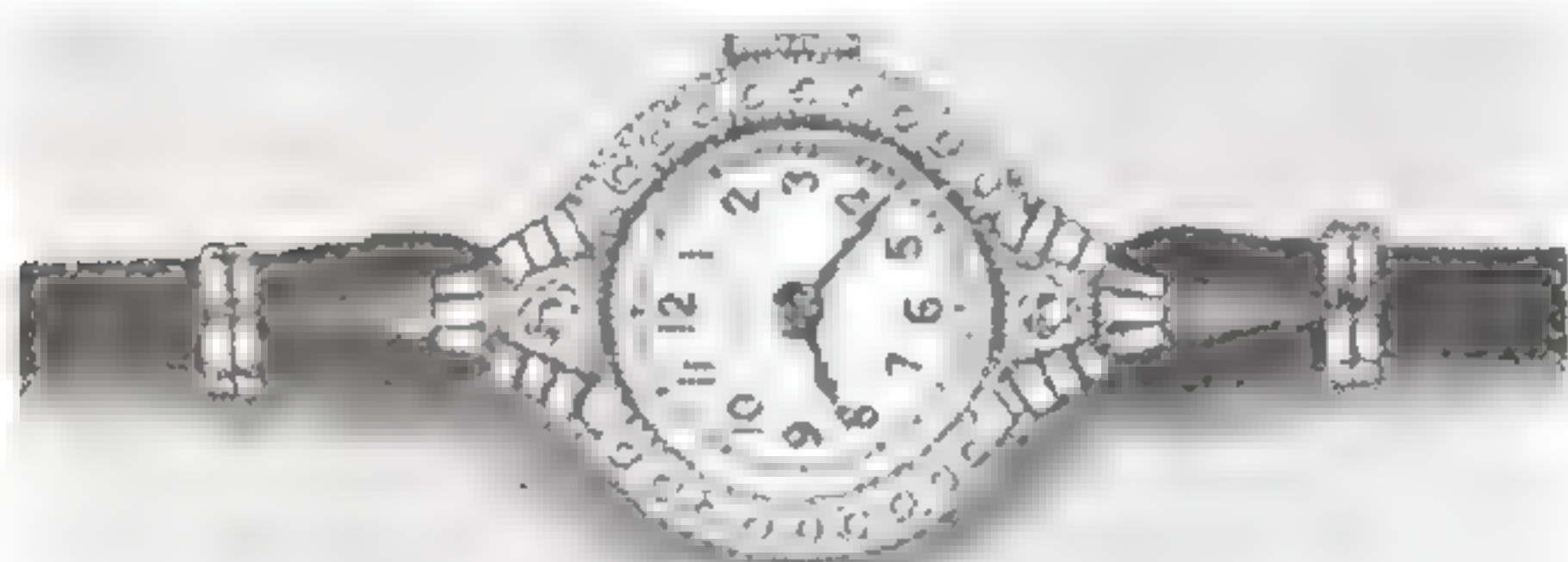
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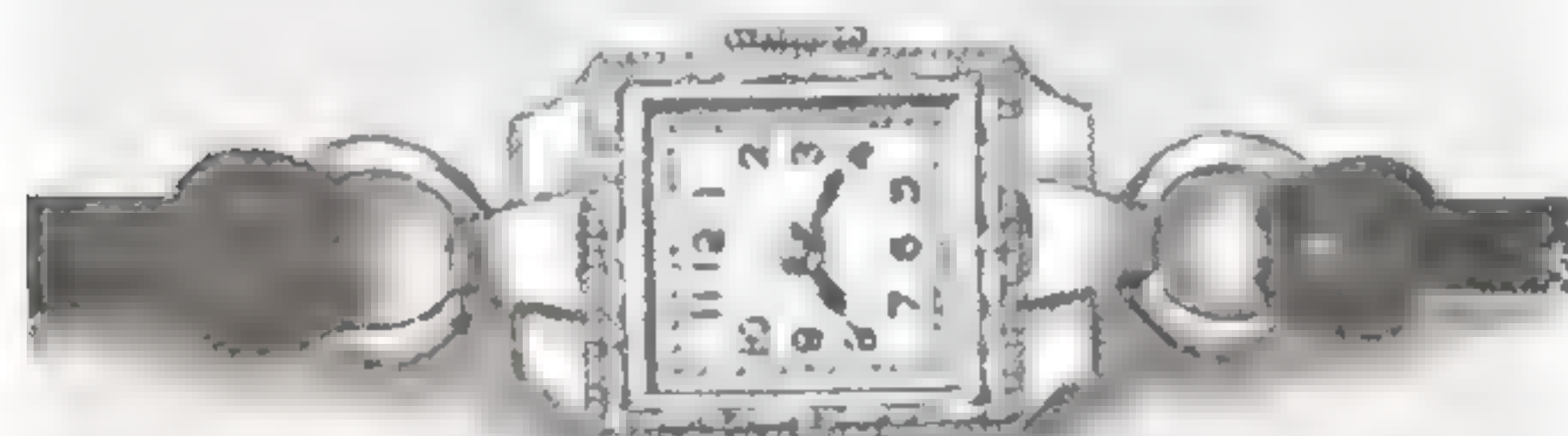


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a single line changed, but quite naturally some of the original text had to be cut for the screen. Our revision of Shakespeare is no Hollywood sacrilege—you understand 'Juliet' has been tampered with on the best of stages. One version even gave it a happy ending.

"So we called in Professor John Tucker Murray of Harvard, and Professor William Strunk, Jr. of Cornell—both accepted international authorities on Shakespeare. Together we read every version of 'Juliet' ever printed, took the best passages from each, and built our script out of that.

"We didn't worry about the censors. Since Shakespeare himself had had his characters make rollicking, bawdy remarks, we weren't going to ruin his immortal poetry by priggish interpolations and substitutions.

"In the incredible 1460's men and women didn't always call a spade 'a utensil of special nature.'"

MISS OLIVER snorted. Miss Shearer grinned. Cukor paused for breath.

"But 'Juliet' as a story," he resumed, "takes place in four days, in the course of which the headstrong young man forgets an erstwhile sweetheart and discovers *Juliet*, daughter of an enemy house.

"They fall desperately in love and are married. He kills her cousin, *Tybalt*, is banished to Mantua, learns that *Juliet* has died, kills *Paris* in her tomb and then dies beside the bier. That's a lot to happen in such a short space of time.

"And to meet the demands of the public for reality, for events that seem possible and credible, we had to prepare a good many explanatory scenes.

"We, finally, hit upon the idea of ignoring all precedent and pretending that the ink was hardly dry on the manuscript; that this was the first time the play had ever been produced. That took away whatever inhibitions we might have had.

"So far as casting was concerned; remember that *Juliet* has never been played by a girl lovely enough or young enough to give the impression of being sixteen.

"At first the heroine was played by young boys because there were no actresses in that day. Later middle-aged plumpish women and heavy men with fallen arches simpered through the passionate, tender lines of the balcony scene.

"I'm speaking from the popular angle, of course, and intend no criticism of the magnificent stage performances given by Katherine Cornell and others of her kind. Generally speaking, however, the stage casting was unfortunate.

"Miss Shearer, here, is the first really beautiful *Juliet*.

"Leslie Howard isn't a slip of a boy by any means, but I think the public would have howled if we had given them authentically adolescent players who had neither the maturity nor the understanding of life to read the lines as they should be read."

STEPPED on my tenth cigarette and lit another. Miss Shearer sipped at a bowl of soup. Miss Oliver sat listening rigidly.

"Anyway, we had this problem; that America would not under any circumstances swallow the accepted melodramatic portrayal and the usual presentation of the play. Offering the story so that its effect might be one of reality meant a careful segregation of the prose from the poetry—too many actors have stood and singsonged the bits that Shakespeare meant only as explanatory matter.

There's no ham acting in this production. As a result scenes that have had only a suggestion of power heretofore, now stand out in startling relief.

"Thanks," said Miss Oliver, drily.

Cukor ignored this. "The reason 'Juliet' is the one love story of the world that represents the very symbol of love is that it is completely genuine.

"There was no coquetry in *Juliet*; she played no games and used no wiles. She saw *Romeo*, loved him, and didn't try to hide the fact. Yet the entire play gives the lovers only three scenes together—the rest of the story is told in terms of separation and anticipation.

"I think from an educational standpoint this picture may teach the youth of the nation how to really love. They've watched the sordid games of gangsters' molls and of gaudy, glamorous ladies on the screen for so long that now the junior high school miss is almost incapable of anything but infatuation. She loses any real love she might feel in the artificial business of beating out the girl next door.

"If pictures have caused that reaction in youth, then pictures can change that reaction. The love of *Romeo* and *Juliet* is so simple and yet so all-encompassing that it makes the typical 1936 affair of coy deceit and jealousy entirely cheap.

"Anyway—the picture has taught me a lot, not necessarily about love, you understand" (the Oliver lips, parted for pointed comment, closed sharply) "but about my profession. I'm a thrice better director than I was a year ago, and the players are better actors. For one thing, they know how to speak English, now."

I said, "Think so?" to Norma Shearer.

SHE looked up. "Too right," she said. "When we first came into pictures we spoke carelessly, nasally, with slurred consonants and loose inflections.

"Then, after hearing ourselves talk on the screen, we leaned over backwards in an attempt to correct our faults. We took elocution and diction lessons. We broadened our 'a's'.

We were so precise as to be stilted, and immediately lost all the value of what we were saying.

"But you can't read Shakespeare in either of these ways. You can't be careless and nasal or the result is ludicrous, and you can't be pompously precise or the dramatic quality of the lines is gone. You have to speak the language in its true, perfect form.

"And having learned to do that, you can give great power to the simplest sentence, whether it be in a classic picture or a simple modern story."

Someone came up, then, to tell Cukor the "Square" set was ready.

We drove out and watched them take, casually and in three minutes, the scene that ended the greatest job of his long and brilliant career. When it was over the extras and bit players lined up in the afternoon sun for their checks—wealthy nobles swathed in ermine and priceless jewels, jostling Nubian slaves and bishops.

And when finally they had their money, one by one they came and offered their hands to Cukor. "Thank you so much, and goodbye," they said.

I'd never seen that happen at the end of any picture before. It tells you more about this particular director than I could explain in a dozen articles.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

All of us, Mary Astor, Merle Oberon, David Niven and five or six others—sit eyeing the food and waiting, like little gentlemen and ladies, for the Consul and the rest of the late arrivers. It is a battle of nature and etiquette. On one side is international relationship, loyalty to the king's emissary, playing cricket, and—pip-pip—all that sort of rot. On the other side, staring us right in the face, is the cold turkey, salad and sherry.

Finally Niven pipes up. "Sherry! It wouldn't hurt if we took a little of the sherry before they come, would it?"

It wouldn't.

Mary Astor thinks out loud: "The salad looks nice."

It is nice.

"These rolls," somebody says, "Think they need more butter?"

They are tasted. They don't

"Maybe if we put a little spaghetti on our plates to go with the rolls."

The spaghetti does go well with rolls.

And the polite little ladies and gentlemen of ten minutes ago are sneaking a preview meal.

Plates only half cleared, the guilty diners hear footsteps down the padded hall. "Good heavens, the British are coming!" whispers a later-day Paul Revere. There is wild confusion. Drinks are gulped, plates are hidden in the kitchen. Niven, in a stroke of pure genius, rearranges the table so that the food looks as though it had never been touched—at least, not much.

The Consul, Miss Chatterton and Walter Huston will never know what deceitful friends they have. Because everyone ate another meal—with straight faces. It's acts like these—with loyal subjects going native in tropical Hollywood—that are undermining the far flung British Empire.

BACK to a more simple and rugged phase of life, we visit "Come and Get It." Here Edward Arnold, swathed in wintry garments, is leading a battalion of lumbermen in a great payday celebration. Arnold, as the hero of Edna Ferber's story, has just made himself a thousand dollars by chopping down trees and now he is going to blow it—the money not the trees—on a big spree.

Frances Farmer is the lead in this film. She just walked into pictures. No trouble. No struggle. No hanging around casting offices. A tall, rather big-boned blonde beauty, Miss Farmer let pictures "come and get" her. She won a popularity contest in Seattle, her home town. The prize was a trip to Europe. And while she was seeing the world, Paramount saw her. She was signed immediately and put into Bing Crosby's "Rhythm on the Range." And now Goldwyn is borrowing her.

ANOTHER player who has had an easy time in Hollywood is the excessively handsome Bob Taylor who has that gleam in his eye because he is now co-starring with Barbara Stanwyck in "His Brother's Wife."

We arrive at the M-G-M glamour factory just in time to see a big scene. Here are Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck and Jean Hersholt stuck out far in the fastness of the jungle. And Miss Stanwyck is dying of studio fever. There is only one chance to save her. It is the serum which the medical Mr. Taylor has discovered. But Bob isn't really confident of

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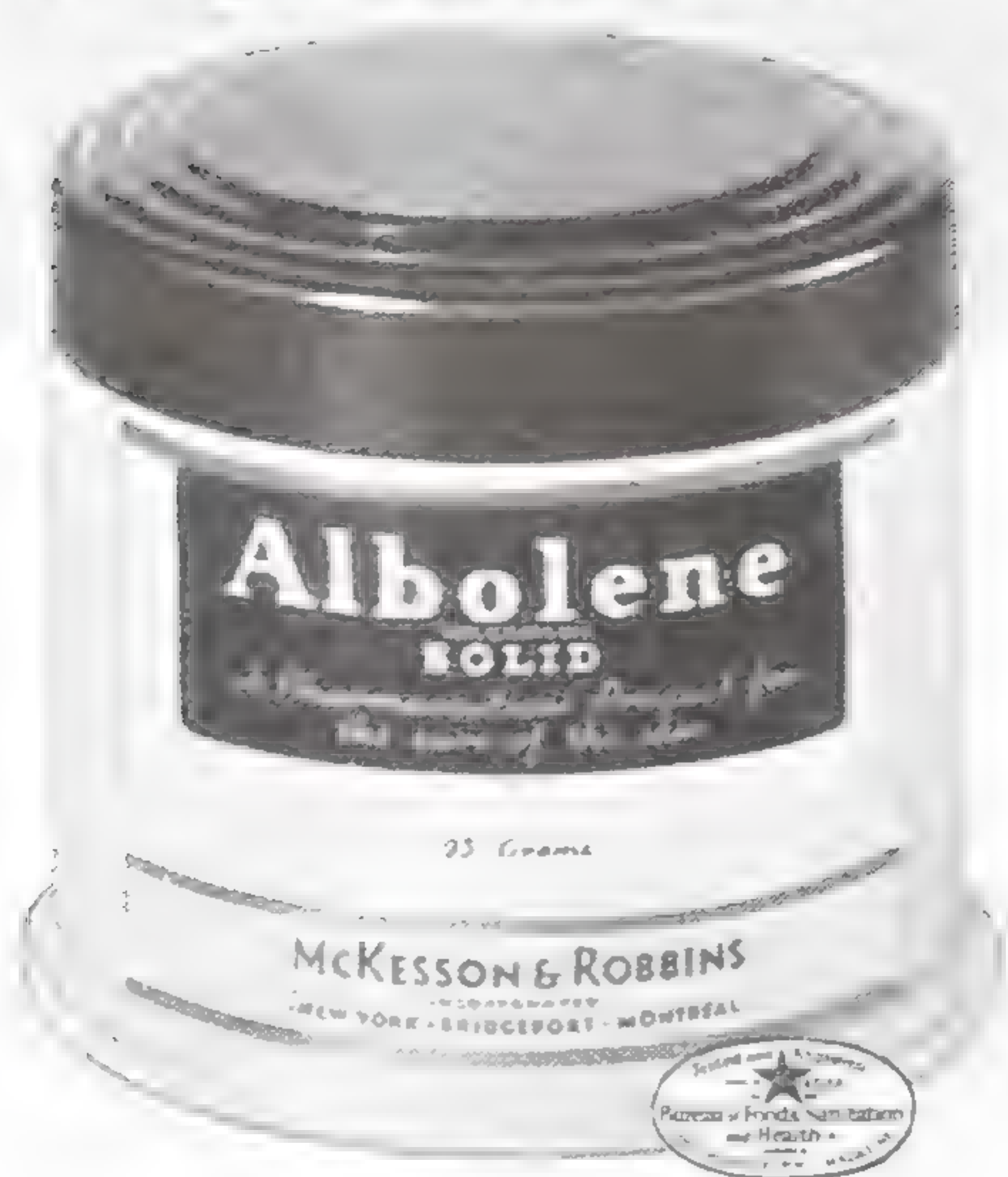
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his discovery and is afraid to try it on the lovely patient. You see, Bob is supposed to be in love with Barbara—that part is very easy for him to portray—and he's afraid to risk her life.

The players' faces are daubed with vaseline and glisten as if with perspiration. This is a tight, emotional moment. Finally, Bob breaks down. Then Hersholt accents a pep-talk. And Bob, trembling, tries out the new serum. You'll have to look in the papers to see if Miss Stanwyck lives.

A little farther down the M-G-M lot, you come across an artist studio. This is for a scene in "The Devil Is a Sissy." Just as 20th Century-Fox, with Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, has a corner on the little girl market, M-G-M has all the little boys. Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper (quite tall now) and that miniature Cagney, Mickey Rooney, have the leads in this.

ONE of the silliest scenes of the month is the one that Joe E. Brown does for his final picture at Warners before he leaves for RKO. In "Polo Joe," Brown has developed an amazing trick. We can see him practice it between every take. He places a spoon on a table. Then he slaps the edge of the spoon, sending it twirling through the air to any target he names. He was flipping it into cups when we arrived.

We saw him do this in a scene with a gambler who wants to bet fifty dollars against Joe's accuracy. Joe does the trick and wins. Then the gambler wants Joe to flip the spoon over his shoulder into a cup five feet away. The gambler bets five hundred dollars of prop money on this. Five hundred sounds like a lot of dollars. But it will really cost the studio more than that in retakes if Joe misses too often.

WHILE we are on financial subjects, you probably never could guess which actor makes the most money. Well, it's Jack Benny.

He is just about the busiest personality in the entertainment world. And the weeks when he is combining radio, personal appearances and movie work, as he often does, he cleans up about four times as much as Clark Gable.

Right now, the smart-cracking Mr. Benny is at Paramount where he is starring in "The Big Broadcast of 1937." In this, he plays the boss of a big radio chain and we see him in one of his more harassed moments.

He is riding an elevator. Studio elevators don't move. A curtain unrolls before a light and it seems as though you are moving. It's just as good as a real elevator, except that if you want to get to the second floor, you'll have to wait for a miracle. Jack has evidently had a swift ride, for when the door opens, he says to the elevator boy, "Say, bring my stomach up on the next trip, will you?"

AT Paramount's next door lot, RKO, marriage—before and after the wedding ceremony—is being studied in two films. The pre-marriage conflict is portrayed in "Count Pete," which stars the decorative Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond. In this sprightly comedy, Ann Sothorn, as regular as she is attractive, is seen as a spoiled daughter of the idle rich. In fact, Ann is so spoiled that when she just mentioned that she would like to have a certain man for her husband, her family went out and rounded up the lucky guy and hid him in the parlor as a surprise.

The second of the marital life studies undergoing treatment at RKO is "The Second Wife,"

in which Gertrude Michael and Walter Abel learn the bitter facts about wedded bliss.

THE slam-bang scene of this studio visit is at Columbia. Here Jimmy Dunn, who got his face flattened in "Bad Girl," is once more in the squared ring. In this picture, called logically enough, "The Fighter," Jimmy is seen as a free-wheeling pugilist who likes fighting so much he can't wait until he gets a match.

The scene is a fight manager's office, and for reasons known best to himself and the scenarists, Jimmy and an acrobatic partner start one of the wildest studio scraps I've ever seen. They knock over tables, tear pictures from the wall, fall over desks, break windows and vases, land on their heads, get kicked in the teeth and do everything but turn themselves inside out. Elocution school must have been a great preparation for this scene. The whole routine is done without cuts, and when it is over, Dunn lies flat on the floor.

We can still stand, though, so we go next door to watch that rising star, Jean Arthur, do a scene with Joel McCrea and Reginald Owen. This is for the mystery film, "Adventures in Manhattan." The scene is a rather ornate New York apartment and the three players are eating pie as they discuss a recent series of robberies.

It is so hot on the stage that McCrea and Owen take off their coats as soon as the cameras stop. They are fanned between each take. But since it is supposed to be brisk New York weather outside, they are dressed to the necks. A prop boy holds a dampened cloth to their faces until just before the take.

Some day Hollywood is going to discover the Draculan creature who schedules all snow scenes for the summer, all tropical scenes in the cold of an early morning fog. But at present, this creature is still at large, probably writing some beach scenes to be shot next winter.

Even Universal, which has been making pictures since 1915 and should know better by now, can't get together with the weather. We walked in out of the bright sunlight to find Director Arthur Lubin shooting a rain scene. This is for the murder mystery, "Yellowstone Park." Ten years ago Lubin starred in the Universal film, "His People" and now he is celebrating the decade by directing his first Universal picture, which is also the first picture about Yellowstone Park.

If you think that you'd like to win the Academy Award for acting, then don't think about it any more. It isn't worth it. Vic McLaglen won the award last year and all he gets for it is potatoes. And he hates potatoes. This is for a long scene in "A Fool for Blondes" which is just as good a thing to be a fool for as anything else.

In this bit, Billie Burrud, Henry Armetta, McLaglen and a guest are seated around a table while the blonde Jean Dixon, serves heaps of potatoes. McLaglen gulps them in every scene. Between times, he groans and raises his eyes to heaven. He estimates he has eaten close to a peck since the picture began.

To get away from spuds to more intellectual interests, McLaglen asks the guest why he has a book. To read, the guest answers.

"Books are no good," Vic says. "They only fill your head with nonsense. Isn't that right, Tony?" he asks Armetta.

"Sure," Armetta gestures. "I had a book once and there was nothing in it but writing."

That's just like the movies. There's nothing in them but acting.

Script Girls Prefer Husbands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

director, with frosty eyes, interviewed her and asked many questions. Her soft, gray eyes opened wide as the interview terminated.

The casting director had smiled, faintly, appraising her virginal beauty. "Maybe your face and figure will carry you," he shrugged. "You certainly have no background or experience. What kind of legs have you?"

Sue was startled. She said she had regular human legs.

"We'll see," he said. He opened a door and called: "Oh, Benny! Take this girl to Mrs. Weaver. Get her into shorts and a sweater and see if you can work her into the routines. I want to see how her curves stack up."

In one of the dance choruses of "Follow the Navy," she found a job. That was where Bill Lederer had seen her one day, quite by accident, as he passed the set. He said, to Jackson:

"Who is that girl on the end? Do they still make 'em like that? Ziegfeld would have loved her!"

"Cute," admitted Jackson without enthusiasm.

"She's no hoofer," concluded Lederer. "Give her a test, Tim, and see how she screens. Looks intelligent, too."

"Probably a former show girl, from New Yawk, on her uppers," said Jackson. "The burnt toast of Broadway."

"Give her a test and let me see it. I think I'll save that baby for one of those sweet, wistful parts. You know—spiritual? First, we'll teach her to act."

Jackson eyed Lederer quizzically. He said: "I didn't know *you* were subject to petticoat fever, Chief."

"Shut up!" ordered Lederer. "You bother me, Tim."

SUE never knew just how it came about, but just after that she found herself Bill Lederer's script girl. As the weeks went by she realized that he liked her. She liked him, too. And, by this time, her sense of human values had undergone a radical change from the standards she had brought along from Tremont.

Still, it was so easy to let herself remember.

That night, for instance, before she left Tremont. She saw again her cheaply-furnished living room. Her father's salary, as a Pullman conductor, didn't command anything better.

Her own salary, as a teacher in the Tremont grade school, wasn't anything to brag about. Between them they managed to get along respectably. All her life, however, she had treasured the secret ambition that some day she would go on the stage. As the years went by this ambition became more and more nebulous.

Then had come the newspaper beauty contest. It was Tommy who had encouraged her to enter it. A month later, when her election by the judges was confirmed and she was to leave for Hollywood the next day, Tommy had looked at her with strangely veiled eyes.

"You'll make them all look silly," he had prophesied. "You'll show 'em, Sue!"

She was perilously close to tears then. "Tommy," she had said, "if you say so—I won't go."

"Won't go?" he echoed in amazement. "Of course, you'll go! It's your big chance, Sue—and you've got what it takes."

He didn't say what she wanted him to say.

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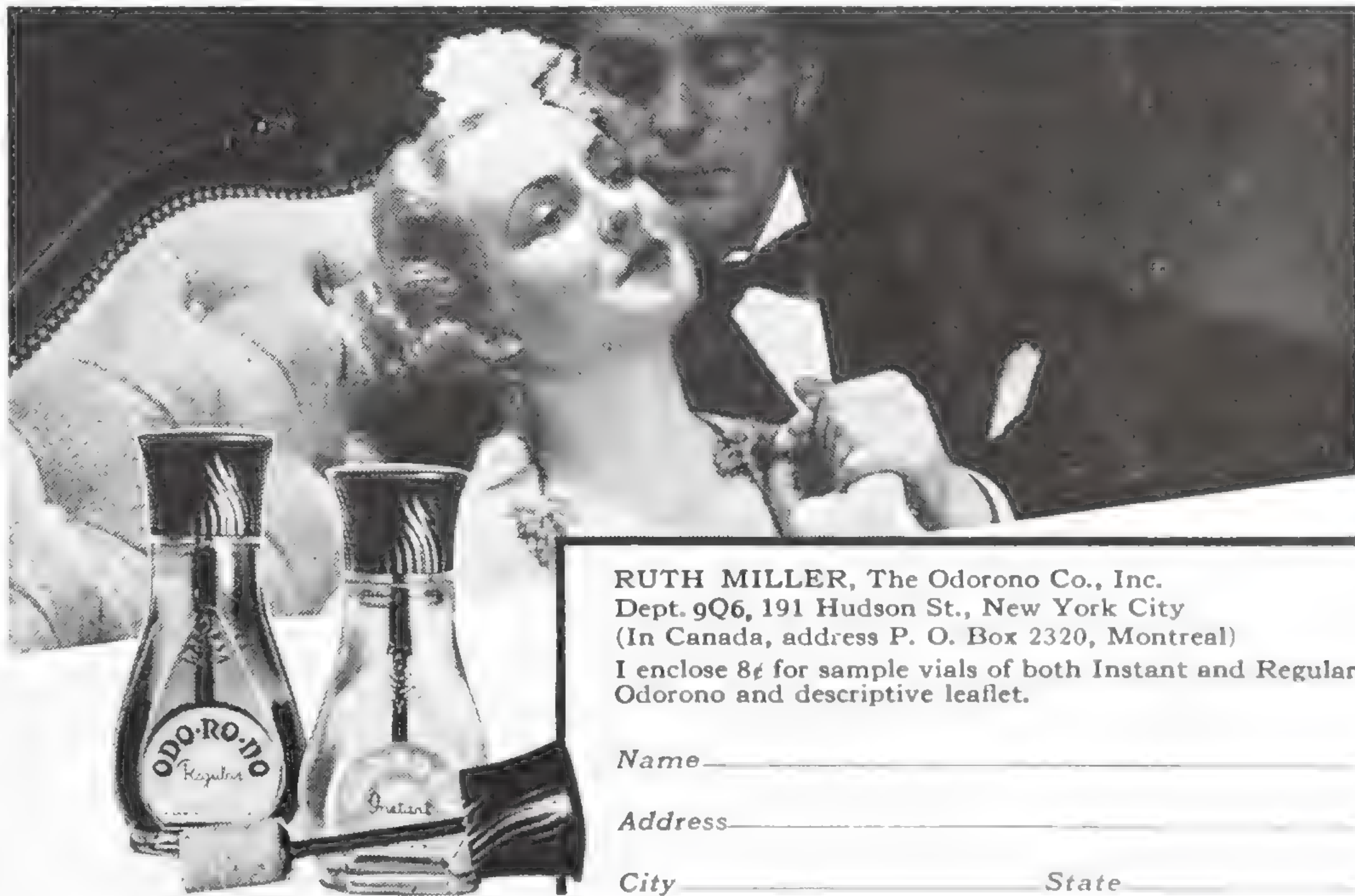
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He looked at her with a distressed diffidence. Then, his face became troubled. "I suppose," he said, "you're wondering why I don't ask you to marry me, Sue?"

She nodded, wordless.

He went on vehemently, for he was unaware of the hidden crisis within her: "I've got nothing to offer you, Sue. Why, damn it, I don't earn as much as you do! What future is there for a small-town reporter? None!"

"Tommy!" she whispered; and if he had unbent the least little bit, she would have surrendered then and cancelled all the future. But he was young and stiff and clear-headed enough to see the truth in what he said.

"I'm not going to be a stumbling block to you," he told her, soberly. "I'll always love you, Sue. That is—in my own quaint way—which is not your impetuous way, I'm afraid."

She hadn't answered that. Emotion silenced her.

He smiled then, his young eyes serious with some private jest. "Maybe we don't understand love the same way, Sue," he said. "I want you to make good—to be famous. I'm willing to make the sacrifice. Take your big chance and we'll see what happens. One thing's certain—I'll never marry you unless I make a lot of money—more than you do. People need money—in this world."

HIS letters had been strangely impersonal. She had written little. Her crushing fiasco, after all the brave hopes, humbled her; and when she had had to appear before Mammoth's casting director, practically stripped, something deep within her rebelled. It meant sixty-six dollars a week, however, and it was that—or starve.

She was grateful for her rescue at Bill Lederer's hands; and she loved her job as script girl. "Keep your eyes open," Bill had advised her in the beginning. "This is one way to learn how to act in pictures. Study the technique of all the actresses. It may come in handy—later."

AS the luminous California night fell, she arose from her reveries and began to dress. It was time to get her dinner together. And then the phone rang.

"Hello—Duchess?" said a thick voice. "Say—come over to Victor Hugo's, an' we'll kill a fresh bottle."

She recognized the nickname. It was Bill Lederer, and he was drunk. "Bill," she said, "why don't you go home? I—"

"Go any place but home," he objected. "Gettin' gloriously plastered, Duchess. Wish you'd come over—too damn' lonesome, all b' m'self. Gonna drive over t' th' Vendome. Come along?"

"I'll come," she decided suddenly. If Bill drove a car in his present condition, he'd kill himself.

Recklessly she hailed a taxi, for it was beginning to rain, and directed the driver to the cafe.

She found Bill sitting in his open roadster, his head nodding. He was drenched with rain.

"Bill!" she said sternly. "You're drunk!"

"Wouldn't be surprised," he gravely informed her. "If I'm not—I been cheated. Let's celebrate, Duchess. There's a place on th' Coast Highway, near Ventura, where they have swell drinks—"

She stopped him. She had never seen Bill away from the studio before. Viewing him now it struck her, suddenly, that Bill was very good-looking. It seemed a surprising discovery somehow.

"Come on," he insisted vacantly. "Let's celebrate."

"Celebrate what?" she snapped.

"My nom—nom'nation t' th' doghouse," he told her.

"Wouldn't it be better if you went home?" asked Sue. "You're in no condition to be out. Bill—we're both getting soaking wet! I'll help you put the top up."

HE climbed out of the car groggily and came to her side. The rain had increased to a down-pour. In no time at all Sue was drenched to the skin and her dress was a wreck. Bill, too, looked like a scarecrow.

"I'm quitting," he told her. "T'hell with Hollywood. Goin' back east, t' Broadway." He was so deadly white as to look ill. Sue said: "Bill, you'll have to go home. You're ill and drenched to the skin. You'll have to get into dry clothes."

Without answering, he obediently climbed back into the car and seated himself at the wheel. It was plain murder, Sue saw, to let him attempt driving. On impulse she said: "Move over, Bill. I'll drive you home. Where do you live?"

He slid away from the driver's seat and sat, his chin on his chest. "Beverly Hills," he muttered sleepily, giving her the address.

Sue started the car. There was no use in trying to get the top up by herself, so she drove in the blinding rain. By the time she turned

into the driveway of Bill's house, they were both in the last stages of utter bedragglement.

A Japanese valet came to the door, stared at them and clucked in fragmentary English. The breath of outdoors had revived Bill somewhat, but still it took the combined strength of Sue and the Jap to guide him into the house. Bill was big—and inert.

Sue found herself in the sort of living room she had admired many times when she saw them in the movies. It was a large, cool, beautiful room, where the fine arts of comfort and pleasure had been scientifically studied and perfected.

Bill recovered sufficiently to recognize his surroundings and make for the buffet. He seemed nearly sober now.

"Hi, Duchess!" he said, recognizing her. "How'd we get here?"

"I drove you home," she told him.

"My—my!" he marveled, owlishly, and picked up a bottle. "We'll tune up and sing Sweet Adeline. Here—have one—good tonsil varnish."

"Better not," she cautioned, breaking in. "You're half-seas over now, Bill. Please—no more tonight. You're ill."

"I'm not!" he stated, stubbornly. "Look at you! Soaked through. Wet. Shivering. You need a drink, Duchess."

A DELICIOUS aroma came from the glass he held out to her. Her mouth watered. She was famished. Recklessly, she took the glass and Bill filled another. After all, why not? All her life she had been a Victorian prude, she realized, in an era of easy camaraderie between the sexes.

The liquor coursed through her in a tingling flood. Chemically, as the minutes passed, there seemed to be some metamorphosis taking place within her. The colors in the room brightened; and suddenly she wanted to laugh, and did. So did Bill. Something was awfully funny. Their wilted bedragglement became comical, now.

Bill poured himself another drink. "Ruined your clothes," he deplored, "dragging you out in the rain. Have to make amends, Duchess. Say—did you have any dinner?"

"No. But don't think that ham and eggs can mend my outraged dignity. Still—I am hungry, Bill."

"Toto'll fix something for us. I let all the other servants go tonight. We'll have our last supper in this shack—before I shake the dust of this cockeyed town off my feet. Tomorrow," he declaimed, "we may be with yesterday's seven thousand years. Wise crack, Duchess—by Omar Khayyam. But tonight—is ours!"

"Tonight," she told him evenly, "I'm going back to my little furnished room, mister."

"Fooy!" he protested. "Don't read between the lines, Duchess. You got me wrong."

"I'm glad of that," she heard herself say. The liquor made her feel curiously buoyant and excited. "Just as long as we understand each other. Did you mention food?"

He grinned and pulled a tasselled cord. When Toto came, Bill said: "Get us something to eat, Toto—anything—lots of it." Toto bobbed his head knowingly and vanished.

"Sufficient unto the day," continued Bill, grimly. "Drink the rest of that glue, Duchess. Look—you're soaked through. How'd you like to clean up? Better come upstairs and take a bath while dinner's being put together. Toto'll dry out your dress enough so you can go home."

Sue nodded. All at once, the idea of a warm, cleansing bath appealed to her strongly



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Bill showed her the bathroom and meeting her eyes, he said: "Do you good and give you an appetite. I'll do likewise—there's another bath across the hall. Bathrobes in that closet. Too big for you, but okay if you must wear something."

"It's quite all right," she said. "I'll use one of your bathrobes, thank you."

"Dinner'll be ready when you come out. If you're wired for sound, you can sing in the tub. This place is soundproof." He closed the door and she heard him walking away.

Sue undressed slowly. She tossed her drenched dress outside. Her other garments she would hang up to dry. She filled the marble tub and relaxed in the warm water with a sigh of satisfaction. Her head was clearing of the liquor fumes and the sharp edge of her hunger was dulled.

She thought of Tommy. Tommy hadn't written in weeks. Pride, she thought, because Tommy thought that she was becoming a star. And she was too proud to write him the truth!

PRESENTLY, she heard Bill whistling, outside. Bill was nice, too. She would have dinner with him, and then, what? What, if anything, did Bill expect? Would he suggest a night club, a movie, an evening of quiet talk, followed by . . . what?

She looked down at her slim white body. She had kept soul and body sweet for the sanctuary of marriage, denying herself the experiments of her indiscreet, madcap generation. She recalled, during her college days, some of her schoolmates' experimental courses in necking and petting, supplemented by cheap gin. Had she been foolish for abstaining from a full expression of the joy of life? Were her resistances false guide posts, leading only to

some tepid backwater of life? She wondered.

She heard Bill outside. She dressed in his silk pajamas and threw a bathrobe over them; then she found some huge slippers.

"Hi!" he called, through the door. "Hurry up! Cross the Channel. Toto says the beans are getting cold."

"Coming," she called. "I'm famished!"

THEY ate their dinner from a tea wagon, in the living room, while Toto tried to repair the damage done to Sue's dress.

Full fed, there came a period of relaxation in the splendid room. Bill, also in pajamas and a gown, sat and smoked in silence, occasionally looking at her. A symphony orchestra whispered richly from the radio; and Sue looked through the windows at the fantastic lights of Hollywood, bemused by crowding thoughts.

"This is nice," said Bill, presently, with his wry grin, breaking the tacit silence.

Sue nodded, dreamily. "However," she said, "I wish you'd tell Toto to hurry up—" The words froze on her lips.

There was the scrape of gravel on the driveway, the slam of an automobile door and several eager voices. Then, the bell rang, imperatively.

She cast one glance at herself—at Bill—and her eyes went to his in a mute question.

"Sit tight," he said. "I don't know who it can be, and I don't care. The truth can't hurt."

"But, Bill!" she said. "This is awful! They'll think—"

The bell shrilled again, insistently. A girl's voice called: "There's Bill! I can see Bill through the window! He's — he's — got company!"

(End of First Installment)

When a Girl Falls in Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

ents of ours? They weigh and judge things from an experience culled forty or fifty years ago, when the world was kind. But this new day is different; it is an era of steel, cold and incredibly hard. We must be hard too."

She jumped up, walked over to a window, stood looking out. "I am sincere about this," she said, her voice low. "My youth was lost to me, the very time when I should have been learning to fight, to face life, to learn how to live. So that when I stepped out of the convent into living I was horribly hurt. Fate said, 'Take that—and that—and that!'"

She turned quickly and faced me. "I wouldn't wish that on any youngster. If I have a child it will be taught early the priceless quality of self-sufficiency. I will teach it to think for itself, act for itself. If it asks me questions, I will say, 'What's *your* opinion? Mine is worth little.' And thereby I shall have created a strong individual, not a weakling."

"You are hardly a weakling," I grinned.

She caught me up: "Not any more. But I went through a corner of hell to be what I am—emancipated. Now I am no longer afraid, of the world or of myself. I work out my own business troubles, make my own contracts, follow the path of my own choosing. When things go badly, I feel no modicum of self-pity such as people have when they know that others have mangled their affairs for them. I can take the consequences of a mistake with courage, if I know that I made it myself."

I nodded. "And your second marriage?"

She settled herself once more in her chair, relaxed now. "There has been no mistake this time. I am absurdly happy."

Hollywood knows that this is true. With charming, Irish Cedric Gibbons, in a modern house built on foundations of tolerance and trust, she has found the contentment so long withheld. She has concocted a brew of happiness out of freedom bought and paid for; she has found respect and beauty in the face of petty gossips and loose tongues; she has wrenched away from tight-fisted Hollywood her share of the good life, using valiant defiance as her crowbar.

And without advice, she stands solidly on her own shapely feet.

○BSERVE, now, a case for the defense, stoutly argued by red haired Anglo-Saxon Jeanette MacDonald. While she presented it I was judge and jury and enthralled spectator; we sat over muffins and eggplant and steaming mushrooms in the cheerful dining room of her house until the muffins cooled and the mushrooms ceased to steam, so busy were we with the story.

"I assert unequivocally that youth—especially feminine youth—should listen to its parents' advice on all things. And that includes love," she stated, holding her soup spoon high. "Why? because they never suggest anything one way or the other unless they have thought

it all out very carefully; because they know you well, having watched the subtle intricacies of your nature develop since birth; and because, somehow, they're usually right."

I allowed my left eyebrow to quiver my reaction. "Usually?"

"Yes!" She stabbed at the butter. "I have, with one—no, two—exceptions followed implicitly the route directed by my mother and father. The couple of times I did not, I was sorry; I was wrong and found it out later. For the rest, I obeyed—and I was never disappointed."

"I am not married today, because of a promise I made to them when I was very young. And I am precisely where I am today because of that promise, and because of their guidance."

"Against such testimony I have nothing to say," I smiled.

With her fork she chased a mushroom around the plate. "My whole life story bears out this brief of mine," she said. "It all began when my oldest sister—I have two—decided to run away and be married. She was tremendously in love at the time, and couldn't understand why Dad didn't like the boy."

SHE paused, remembering. "My family was heartbroken. That night Mother took my other sister and me upstairs, put her arms around us, and asked us to promise that we'd never be married so long as she or Dad lived, without first asking their judgment in the matter—without at least telling them about it."

"I made that promise, very solemnly; and I have never broken it."

There was a silence. "And your oldest sister?" I asked then.

"What do you think?" Jeanette said. "She had a child, the marriage turned out badly, there was all the sordid business of a divorce. I saw my family dragged through the courts, publicized in the papers. And in a few years the same sister fell in love again, eloped again, and again had a beastly time. There was another divorce. I began—" she paused—"I began to be afraid of this thing called love."

"But—"

"Oh, I didn't let that stop me," she laughed. "When I was seventeen I had my first experience in adoration. The boy was still in school, and I was just beginning my career on the stage. It obviously would never have done at all, you see. It wasn't just infatuation; sincerely and with all my heart I loved that boy."

"One night he asked me to run away with him, to marry him. I wanted to do that, but you understand I had promised."

Jeanette's eyes looked past me at nothing. "Of course, my family set down an emphatic refusal. I left the next week on a tour which kept me away for over a year. When I returned, Thorn was at the station to meet me; and looking at him, I realized suddenly that I was no longer in love. If we had been married it would never have lasted. I know that."

"You said," I reminded her, "that twice you had disregarded your family's advice. What was the motive, if you trusted them so?"

"Well, the first time was when I couldn't agree with them about a certain boy. They couldn't or wouldn't give me any reason for their attitude; they just knew somehow that he wasn't the real thing."

"But I didn't. I thought he was charming, liked him immensely, and in a spirit of devil-may-care let him meet me secretly at the stage door and escort me home. This went on for some time, and my parents never found out about it—until finally I learned for myself how right they were."

She tapped a glass with thoughtful, reminis-

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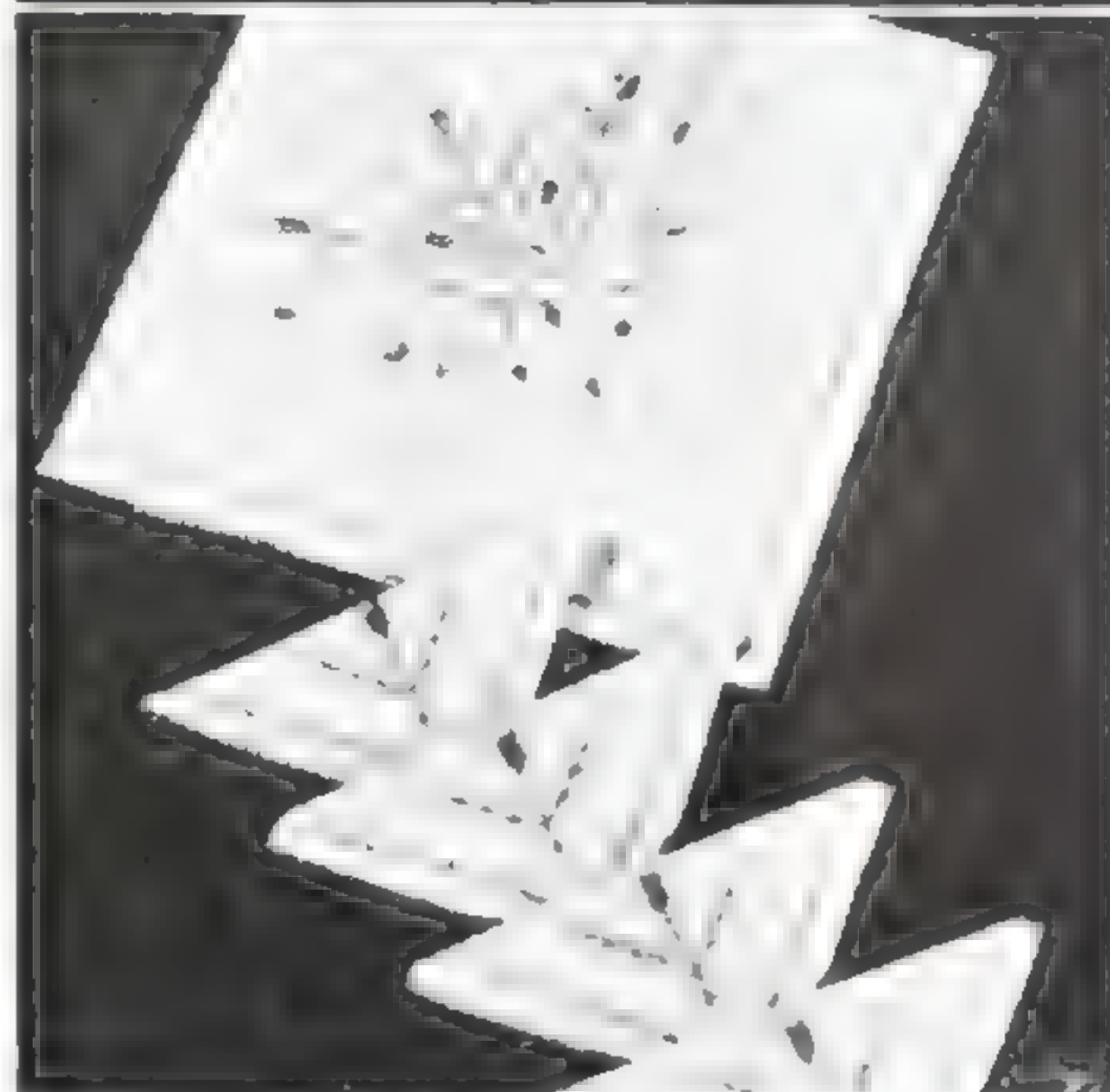


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with pads. Use Amolin with pads.

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Banishes odors and keeps the arm-pits
soft and lovely. Non-staining. Vanishing.

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DEODORANT POWDER

By the makers of Unguentine



cent fingers. "And how!" she added suddenly.

The second episode is comic, trivial; but to Jeanette's mind it is another proof that mamma and papa know best.

Mr. MacDonald, being representative of his time and, it can be guessed, of his nationality, did not approve of women smoking. He was hardly rabid on the subject, since to the ladies visiting at his home he would offer an occasional cigarette; but, "I don't want to see any daughter of mine with one of those things in her mouth," he stated in family council. And this was his last word.

Only a year or two after this, however, Jeanette began to go about in smart society, to smart hotels and smarter supper clubs. She was at that understandable age when sophistication is a prime essential, *savoir faire*—and *vivre*—the most important thing in all the world.

So that season she began to smoke. Climax came one evening when she had a date with a brand new man: a suave, good looking, superior and utterly desirable sort of fellow. In a crowded lounge before dinner Jeanette went to the trouble of showing this man that she knew a thing or two by smoking four cigarettes on an empty stomach.

She was escorted to her table. She ordered. She nibbled a canapé. She sipped in despair at her water. And then she became so wretchedly ill that she had to be carried from the dining room!

"Of course, it was all because of the cigarettes," she chuckled. "A little farfetched, maybe; but at any rate I have never smoked

once in the years since that awful evening. Dad, as usual, was right."

THUS the creed of the MacDonald. She lives with her mother today near the Palisades just off Beverly Boulevard, and together they work out Jeanette's career, together welcome success and fight against failure. They are pals in the exact sense of the word because, as my hostess told me over the coffee, "Mother trusts me, and I believe in her. Naturally, I handle my own business affairs now that I'm grown up, but I consult her almost always, confide in her. My career has always been the most important thing for me, and her keen judgment and complete confidence have helped make it possible. Do you see?"

So far as her love at present is concerned, there is nothing about it as yet applicable to this story. From my typewriter I suppose I may tap out the personal opinion that one day she will marry, with smiling approval from all sides. But I think it will be only after the flame of ambition has burned a little lower for Jeanette.

VALUING my skin, as I do I herewith publicly refuse to take sides in the above debate. Each of these gorgeous stars is completely sincere in the case she holds; each bases her philosophy on the unquestioned soundness of personal experience; each is immovable on her own standard.

If there must be a refutation period let it be reserved for the reader.

Bing Crosby Inc. Unlimited

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

over and decided selling crooners, even the boo boo type, couldn't be a whole lot worse than selling trucks. So Everett gave up the truck business and took on Bing.

After Bing's success at the local Cocoanut Grove as one of the Three Rhythm Boys (and whatever became of the other two do you suppose?) Everett decided to take his little product to New York. The seed for more Crosbys was laid then and there. For Bing and his nightly yelling for "Just One More Chance doo doo boo boo to do do" by way of radio, was sensational. Hollywood couldn't stand all that "do dum e days" and not get in on it. So back to Hollywood and movies and more broadcasts and fan mail came Bing. And just when things became too involved for any use, who should come galloping into town but Larry. Good old brother Larry.

"Thank heavens," sighed Bing, shoving him behind a desk. "Get busy with the publicity and fan mail." And wiping his relieved brow he went out and played golf.

A single stuffy office housed the two Crosby boys. Everett, who continued as manager, and Larry, who took care of publicity. Bing went right on making records by the gallon while movies and broadcasts went merrily on. Figures, money, expenses, fan mail literally swamped the Crosbys.

"What will we do now?" Larry and Everett wailed. "Someone should be checking up on the books."

Just then the outer door opened softly and Dad Crosby, of all people, came tripping in. Like a wild man Bing was at him and Dad, who had been a swell accountant up in Spokane, found himself an amazed one in Hollywood. While Bing bought a horse.

"Let's get organized," the Crosbys cried as bigger and bigger business closed in. And so grew the Bing Crosby Inc. Ltd. They moved to bigger offices. Stenographers, a secretary and a mailing girl were hired. Six huge oak desks, chairs, a piano, davenports, filing cases, telephones and a storeroom were added. Letters begging for shares of stock in little Bing and his boo boos poured in by droves. Not a nickel's worth could be had. The Crosby Corporation, as long as the relatives held out, was limited to the Crosbys alone.

Songs, good ones, hundreds of them poured in from all over the country. "Some of these songs are too good to turn down," Larry and Everett and dad groaned to Bing. "They should be used."

The next train brought in brother Bob. "Let Bob sing 'em," Bing sighed and went out and bought a ranch. So to Bob went all the surplus numbers and the business grew and flourished and expanded. The Crosby corporation became known far and wide. And it should, for heavens knows there has never been another organization like it and probably never will. Business, the likes of which no one ever heard of, goes on daily within that suite of offices called Bing Crosby Inc. Ltd. One day it might be Bing's weight that is brought up as immediate business. The corporation decides, to a man, Bing needs to reduce. Everett has an idea it ought to be vegetables. Larry thinks no, it ought to be exercise. Pros and cons are gone over while all the time the vital, the real head of the Crosby corporation has it quietly and perfectly solved.

Ma Crosby! It's Ma who keeps an eagle eye on the entire Crosby clan. Bing included, and settles matters as they should be settled.

The slightest adverse publicity brings forth a storm of protests from Ma that can be heard around the block—while Bing goes out and takes a swim.

For a short time the song business had the corporation licked. They could see music profits slowly slipping through their fingers.

They soon fixed that. Larry simply became Select Music Company, and now nice plump royalties flow freely and fluently into the Crosby coffers. Only no browbeating Bing into singing one of Larry's little song numbers if Bing doesn't like it. And nine times out of ten, he doesn't.

Fan mail, handled entirely by the corporation, reaches at times, ten thousand letters monthly. The begging ones are carefully hidden from Bing lest he, in the well-known softness of his heart, orders a few hundred dollars sent off immediately. Every conceivable type of letter, from a girl in Scotland begging Bing to finance her baby's education (Bing has never been in Scotland in his life) to old Mrs. McMurphy wanting a new washing machine, pour into the offices.

"If they ask for a picture, send it; if they don't, don't send it," are Bing's orders. It costs exactly \$1500 a month to satisfy the requests for Bing's photographs. A mailing girl flips them out daily, hundreds and hundreds at a time.

THE boys act as a go-between for Bing and his radio programs. The finished script is carried to Bing, on the set, by Larry or Everett while Bing makes changes and then it's carried back. At two, on the afternoon of the broadcast, Bing is excused from the set. He walks the one block to the broadcasting station, rehearses a few scant hours in a sweater that Ma Crosby has vowed she'll burn or know why, and in that same sweater, he broadcasts.

"Home, Home on the Range," Bing warbles looking not unlike one of the prowling buffalo himself.

For all the informality, lack of heart-breaking rehearsing and free and easy methods, the Crosby programs have stepped from twentieth to third place—in one season.

The amazing thing about the growth and success of Bing Crosby is the fact that he has made no concessions, whatsoever, to Hollywood. He has dressed the way he wanted to, done the things he has wanted to do, lived and played where he has wanted to. He has remained a normal, average young man in everything he has done or stood for, and it has only made him a fortune, that's all.

The corporation protects him from giving away practically all he makes. "You ought to have a home," he'll say to some young actor on the lot. "Everyone should have a home."

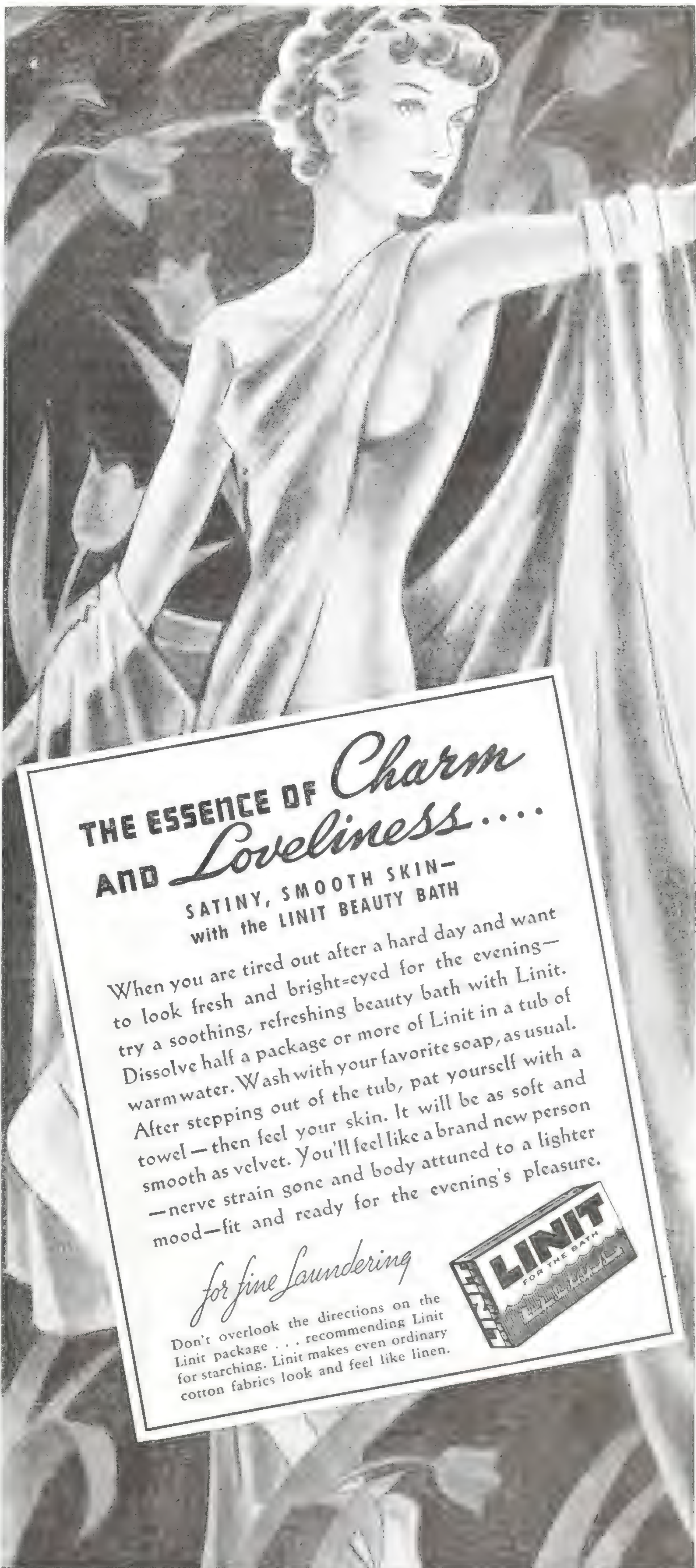
"But I have no money for a home," the actor will say. "Can't even make a down payment."

"Go in and see my brothers, my father, and telephone Ma," Bing orders. "Tell them I said to finance that home for you."

"But Bing hasn't the ready money," the corporation cries. "He never knows whether he has a penny or not. Look, he just finished that new home of his and here are figures to prove he just dumped two hundred thousand dollars of his own in his new picture for Columbia, 'Pennies From Heaven.'"

"Bing financed it himself. He hasn't it, I tell you."

The next day Bing himself will storm into the office. "A fine corporation," he'll say. "A fine piece of business. Borrow the money for the boy if we don't have it. Borrow it. He's gotta have a home, hasn't he?" And just for that he'll go out and buy two new horses for




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with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH**

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CURTAIN

AN ACTOR, when he gets his grease-paint off, next attends to his hunger. And, usually, his meal is a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and cream.

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DANDRUFF

Glover's keeps your scalp as clean as a whistle!

No Dandruff, no Itching Scalp. Amazing, too, how it checks excessive Falling or Thinning Hair; promotes new hair growth. Use Glover's Mange Medicine regularly; shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. Sold by druggists. Hairdressers feature Glover's Treatment. For FREE LEAF, LET write to Glover's, 462 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.



GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

the corporation to worry over. While they sit and wonder why they ever left good old cozy Spokane.

As if movies, records, broadcasts, new homes, a string of ponies aren't enough to drive the Crosby clan goofy, he's just as liable to go out and finance a girls' soft ball team because the girls need the money. And if they don't watch him like a hawk, he'll even call them "Croonerettes." He'll head a new golf club or race track or popcorn stand just to finance the thing to safety. He'll poke into gold mines and oil wells, while the corporation goes to pieces behind closed doors.

Gee, it's more fun. Wires are sent daily from the Crosbys here, to the relatives at home, to stay where they are for the love of Mike, if they know what's good for them.

Each morning the corporation meets in Larry's office to discuss the business of the day. And business matters vary widely indeed. One day, it may be a question of Bing dropping a small fortune into a picture. The next it will be a gathering of the group to rescue Dad from the doghouse.

"What's he done?" Bing will ask, gazing over at Pa.

"Dad goes off to the ball game every Sunday afternoon and Ma says we gotta do something

about it. She has to go to the movies alone."

Pa merely looks up over his glasses and says nothing.

It's finally agreed by the Bing Crosby Corporation Ltd. that Dad will have to forget ball games and take Ma to the movies.

Next Sunday Pa Crosby goes to the ball game.

Sometimes it's up to the corporation to see (a committee is usually appointed) that Bing puts on his white pants to receive that trophy for golf playing. The next day they may go into the gold mine situation, or sign radio contracts. But whatever it is, it's big business for the Crosbys.

Phones ring, off in one of the offices a piano bangs out a new melody, a good-looking stenographer beats away on the typewriter, the traffic, in and out, never abates and Bing goes right along, happy in the thought that if things get beyond control there is always brother Ted, safe and happy up in Spokane.

Yes, we repeat, nothing Bing Crosby has ever done on the screen can equal this amazing performance off. For far better than any comedy or musical riot is the one entitled: Bing Crosby Corporation, Ltd.

Only it would, perhaps, be more accurate to change the "Limited" to "Unlimited."

Facts of Hollywood Life

I DO

Le Roy Prinz, Paramount dance director, and *Betty Bryson*, actress, in Yuma elopement.

Henry Wilcoxon, the English actor, and actress *Sheila Browing* in the home of the Ralph Forbes.

Corinne Griffith, glamour girl of other days, to *George Marshall*, wealthy Washington, D. C., laundry owner.

Myrna Loy and *Arthur Hornblow, Jr.*, in Ensenada, Mexico, elopement.

Edward Blondell, studio technician and brother of Joan Blondell, to actress *Constance Ray* in Wilshire Crest Presbyterian Church.

Frank Orsatti, agent, to *Jean Chaburn*, actress.

LOVE OPTIONS

Marian Marsh on *Al Scott*; *Isabel Jewell* on *Owen Crump*, radio writer.

SPARKING

Honolulu naval lieutenant *Monty MacCauley* is the big thrill for *Rochelle Hudson*; *Brian Donlevy* and *Marjorie Lane*; *Glenda Farrell* and *Craig Reynolds* tell people they care.

MARITAL WOE

Avonne Taylor Blackwell, former "Follies" actress, from *Carlyle Blackwell*.

Marjorie Reid, Beverly Hills socialite actress, divorces *Douglas V. Fowley*.

AS IT MUST TO ALL

Mrs. Alice Davenport, Hollywood pioneer actress and mother of *Dorothy Davenport* (*Mrs. Wallace Reid*) died at her home, age 72.

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE

In a \$25,627 suit brought against *Jeanette MacDonald*, secretary *Gladys S. Searles* claims Miss MacDonald's sheep dog bit her.

Dr. Joel Pressman, *Claudette Colbert's* hus-

band, ordered to pay \$5,000 to *Dr. Walter Koebig* as result of auto accident.

Max Reinhardt awarded \$1514 damages against the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company for asserted false attachment of his salary.

The long court battles waged over the guardianship of little *Freddie Bartholomew* were settled amicably and approved by a Superior Court Judge.

ON THE HEIRWAYS

Mason Alan Dinehart III to *Mrs. and Mrs. Alan Dinehart*.

A son to producer *Joseph Mankiewicz* and wife, *Elizabeth Young*, at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

HITHER AND YON

Bing Crosby and wife vacationing in Seattle, Honolulu, Vancouver and other points.

Pat O'Brien and the *Mrs.* to Panama, via United Fruit steamer.

Al Jolson and *Ruby Keeler* East for business and pleasure.

Joe E. Brown and wife off for a European vacation.

Marlene Dietrich with her daughter, accompanied by two burly bodyguards, off to England to make a picture for *Alexandra Korda*.

Constance Collier is taking a two months' vacation abroad.

ODDS AND ENDS

Katherine DeMille is deserting the screen for the stage, "to learn acting," she says.

Garbo discards her old 1925 car for a new limousine.

Germany bans the quints picture, "*The Country Doctor*," because of participation of non-Aryans in its production.

Selznick International merged with Pioneer Pictures and will distribute its products through United Artists.

THOMAS MEIGHAN

DEATH struck the other day and Hollywood lost one of its most popular figures—genial, handsome, lovable Thomas Meighan, who died after an illness of two years.

Six feet tall, with a leonine head and splendid physique, he was Irish to the core. He was born in Pittsburgh on April 9, 1879, and his father sent him to Mount St. Mary's in Maryland, hoping his son would be a doctor. Young Tom's ambitions, however, were toward the footlights. His first experience was in stock, after which he appeared with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm" for three seasons; played the lead in "The College Widow" both here and in London, and starred in "Broadway Jones" in 1914. He entered pictures in 1916, as a juvenile lead. "The Miracle Man" remains his most famous characterization and brought him to the top of his profession. His rôles became increasingly fatherly with the years, but he always retained his popularity, appealing as he did to men as well as women. In private life he was serious and shy and was often quoted as saying the only real happiness in life was in good hard work.

A dynamic, warm-hearted person, he had a host of distinguished friends, and gave freely of his time and his money to many charitable organizations. The fact that he was elected Shepherd of the Lambs Club, the only motion picture actor to attain that distinction, testifies to the high regard in which he was held.

Married to Frances Ring, sister of Blanche Ring in 1910, his beautiful devotion to his wife and her to him was a happy exception to the usual run of modern marriages. Booth Tarkington once observed that "Thomas Meighan was the pleasantest, kindest, friendliest, and most thoughtful of all the young actors." He brought dignity and intelligence to his career and served the public well.



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Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.



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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

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1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

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made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else 25c.

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14 inch LEGGINGS \$3.00 pair
14 " STOCKINGS 6.75 " "
BRASSIERE \$2.25
UPLIFT BRASSIERE 3.25
GIRDLE (laced up back) 4.50
ABDOMINAL REDUCERS for men and women...\$3.50

Send circular measures of part of body to be fitted when ordering. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.

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PULVEX FLEA POWDER

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

★ SAN FRANCISCO—M-G-M

UNLESS you are one of those who are offended by religion bandied about on the screen, you will enjoy this completely. At any rate it's the most magnificent piece of Hollywood showmanship to be offered the public in years. Director W. S. Van Dyke has taken the story of a Barbary Coast tough guy, a beautiful singer and a priest, and out of it has constructed an epic. Clark Gable is superbly cast as *Blackie*, manager of the Paradise, who hires Jeanette MacDonald to sing in his honky-tonk and then releases her to Jack Holt, of the new aristocracy, who puts her in opera. Finally comes the earthquake sequence which literally shakes you out of your seat; it is easily the best climax of its kind ever filmed. Miss MacDonald is allowed full range for her lovely voice, with two arias, two popular songs and two hymns to sing. Spencer Tracy is quietly adept, but embarrassingly moral.

Due to the fact that this picture was previewed in Hollywood the night before it was airmailed to all the principal cities, we were not able to review it in SHADOW STAGE last month. However, we feel it to be such an important one that we did not want to leave our opinion out altogether.

DOWN THE STRETCH—Warners

MICKEY ROONEY steals this unpretentious programmer about a young jockey who carries the stigma of his father's unholy reputation. Under the protection of Patricia Ellis, wealthy stable owner, he becomes famous and then gets into trouble in the usual crook mix-up. William Best as the colored stable-boy furnishes most of the many laughs.

MISTER CINDERELLA—M-G-M

SILLY but amusing, this farce, about an ambitious barber who palms himself off as a rich playboy on some social snobs. Jack Haley, giving his best screen performance, plays the barber who falls in with Betty Furness, a young deb. What little plot there is has been ignored for laughs, but the laughs do win. Author Treacher is Capital in one of his amusing butler rôles. Okay.

THE LAST JOURNEY—Twickenham

PLENTY of excitement in this English thriller of an engineer who goes mad while piloting the London Express. Drama and melodrama reaches surprising climaxes among the passengers while the train races on to certain doom. If you care for old fashioned action pictures with plenty of suspense, here it is. Adequate English cast.

GUNS AND GUITARS—Republic

MORE guns than guitars in this tedious Western. Gene Autrey sings himself into a sheriff's job to help Dorothy Dix's father prevent cattle racketeers from callously driving an infected herd through the county to the railroad. Smiley Burnette helps fill in the gaps with a special brand of humor; Dorothy Dix makes a pretty romance. Don't bother.

PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE—Warners

DUBIOUS entertainment, with Cesar Romero as the jailed Public Enemy who doesn't want Margaret Lindsay, his wife, to re-marry; G-Man Pat O'Brien weds her unintentionally and after that the picture becomes a race and chase. Action is good, but Romero is too sinister and O'Brien is too uninterested. You'll probably pick it up somewhere.

WE WENT TO COLLEGE—M-G-M

WITH plenty of opportunity for nice work, both cast and director have made anything but a humorous comedy out of this old-home-week festival. Only relief is a bit of tongue-in-the-cheek drama by Una Merkel, when she attempts to recapture a lost love and another woman's husband. Butterworth is wasted, and so is your time if you go.

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT—RKO-Radio

THIS is an entertaining bit of froth with Barbara Stanwyck regaining her place in the sun and Robert Young stealing your romantic interest from Gene Raymond. Story is after a familiar pattern, with the ambitious bride walking out on her small-time husband, returning when he is about to sacrifice all. Gags throughout are swell.

THE ABBE CHILDREN HEAD FOR HOLLYWOOD

Patience, Richard and John Abbe, the famous trio whose book, "Around the World in Eleven Years," is a best seller, are Hollywood bound to make a picture. These brilliant children—eleven, ten, and nine years old—have very definite ideas on the film capital, as they have on everything else.

In October PHOTOPLAY—out September 10th—all three of them give their views on stars and stardom in no uncertain terms. Be sure to read their straight from the shoulder comments. They'll give you many a laugh, and pull your heart-strings besides. Watch for their article—

HOW WE FEEL ABOUT BECOMING MOVIE STARS

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

dances! With the carefree abandon of youth—vibrantly, gracefully, yet with steps and routine intricate enough to satisfy the most exacting dance fan. We'll be watching for his next picture.

H. B. STAPPENBECK, San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE NOTHING TO HIDE

Joan Crawford is constantly being ridiculed for her consuming desire to learn, learn, learn. When was the desire for self-advancement an emotion to hide or be ashamed of? I, for one, am getting sick of seeing Miss Crawford ridiculed for attempting something that every one ought to do for their own self-respect.

I do not think Joan Crawford is the "best" actress on the screen, nor the most "anything" superlative, but I do think she rates with our most acceptable stars, and this in the face of great odds, both personal and professional. Certainly sincerity and ambition should be commended rather than criticized. If more people were dissatisfied with themselves, as Joan Crawford is, this would be a better world to live in.

ELIZABETH MORROW, West Hollywood, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE DISCONTENTED

Who's responsible for building up this beautiful illusion of Greta Garbo as the eternal Lady of Dolors? What bright boy had the idea of casting her as the romantically consumptive "Camille?" Hasn't our Greta suffered enough for Art? Isn't she ever going to be allowed to be an average normal woman with a normal woman's problems? Isn't she ever going to be permitted to give full rein to that quiet sense of humor which flashed in spots through her drabest rôles?

We, who think Garbo is the greatest actress on the screen, and have stuck to her through years of the worst parts ever consistently allotted to one of her dramatic stature, are not content to stand by and see her drown in an ocean of tears. We know she can laugh, and we want to see her do it. And if Mae West can always get her man at the end of the picture, it's about time to let Garbo get hers for once.

EDWARD T. McNAMARA, Danbury, Conn.

\$1.00 PRIZE RUBBER DOLLARS?

If "movies" strive for consistency at all times, why do all office workers, stenographers, and secretaries on the screen wear clothes that the ordinary secretary would work weeks to pay for? For instance Joan Crawford has portrayed the "poor working girl" in numerous pictures wherein she wore gowns that shrieked of Fifth Avenue and Hollywood's swanky shops. Loretta Young is another whose "working clothes"—to say nothing of her "stepping out" clothes—fairly takes the \$20.00 a week stenographer's breath away.

Producers, why do you do it? You may kid us stenographers on sophistication and high society doin's, but not on clothes. We know the value of a penny and the limit to which a dollar can be stretched.

MISS L. V. WILLIAMS, Richmond, Va.

\$1.00 PRIZE GRADE A

I have just seen Frank Capra's "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." To the uninitiated, that might not mean so much. But those who have followed Capra films from "Platinum Blonde," up through "Lady for a Day," and "Broadway Bill" to his triumphant Academy Award winner, "It Happened One Night," know the thrill of a discoverer when they enter a theater to see a new Capra film. He has never made a flop and has a peculiar gift of making bad actors look good, and good actors look like geniuses. A toast to Frank Capra, the Grade A entertainment maker of the screen.

PATRICIA SLOAN, Chicago, Ill.

IN A WORD, IT WAS!

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" combines three elements of perfection! Excellent direction, excellent scenario, and excellent acting even to the smallest part. In Seattle, scheduled to run one week, it was held over for ten weeks. In a word, it was a lulu!

EUGENE BRAME, Yakima, Wash.

FUN AND HOW!

Probably you think the silent picture is dead and buried. If you do it should surprise you to learn that for 350,000 American youths in CCC camps it is still considered entertainment de luxe. You ought to get a glimpse of a "silent" sometimes. It will make you realize how far the movies have come in twenty years. The love scenes would bowl you over. The heroine ogles shyly at the gent; bravely our hero answers with a twit of his mustachio. Fun and how!

LEO KELLERMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

KATIE VS. LORETTA

I still can't see what people see in Katherine Hepburn. You can't possibly call that brusqueness, those stiff gestures, that fierceness of her nostrils charming, even if you do call it good acting.

We want feminine girls on the screen, and by feminine I don't mean cute. The modern girl is essentially straightforward, but you can be straightforward without being mannish. For instance, take Loretta Young. There's nothing cute about her, yet she doesn't look as if she were going to throw something at you, or glare at her partner when he is doing his big he-man act. She is independent, yet polished outside, but inside the same old Eve of years ago. Loretta is feminine, which is precisely what Hepburn isn't.

ELVIRA DELEE PIANE, Uruguay, S. A.

DO NOT!

How could one of your recent correspondents make the remark that "nothing stands in the way of Ann Harding's success but her hair." Why, her hair is one of the most individualistic charms about her. Because it doesn't look as if a permanent waving machine had just left it, is no reason to say it lacks beauty. There are plenty of short-waved beauties; let Ann be different.

MRS. FREDERICK SAUTTER, Lansdowne, Penn.

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Hollywood at the Mike

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

big hour program from CBS's new West Coast studio and he had—of all people—Clark Gable as his first guest star. Clark's rapidly winning a reputation as the man who sees that radio shows get off to a good start—like the wives of public officials who always have to be around at the launching of a new ship to crack a bottle of champagne over the prow. Only Clark gets a check instead of fancy wine.

George Burns and Gracie Allen are going to appear in Bing Crosby's next picture, whenever that will be. In the meantime, they finish up their work in "The Big Broadcast of 1937" and "Hotel Haywire" for Paramount, while continuing their Wednesday night broadcasts for Campbell's. Eddie Duchin is the orchestra leader now for their half-hour and George is sooooo glad. It seems that a while back George and the boys gathered at rehearsal to exchange their latest stories. George told such good ones, he had to keep up the practice every Wednesday afternoon. He had just about run out of stories and his reputation stood in grave danger of being per-

manently damaged, when Jacques Renard and his band left for New York. Now Eddie Duchin's in charge and George can begin again from the beginning.

Some times seeming tragedy turns out all for the best. Jack Benny lost his script writer, Harry Conn, for a spell this past spring and had to turn out his Sunday night scripts for Jello, all by himself.

It almost gave him a nervous breakdown, but it taught him an invaluable lesson. He discovered that he could write lines as well as deliver them. So this summer when he took his vacation from radio and went out to the Paramount lot to begin work on "The Big Broadcast of 1937," in which he stars, the first thing he found was that the studio wanted him to sit in on all script conferences—to help supply gags. That's an honor few actors ever are awarded. Jack will be back on the air in the fall, incidentally—probably late in September, right after he finishes another picture, planned now for release around the Christmas season.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ARIZONA RAIDERS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From a novel by Zane Grey. Screen play by Robert Yost and John Krafft. Directed by James Hogan. The cast: Larmie Nelson, Larry Crabbe; Tracks Williams, Raymond Hatton; Harriett Lindsay, Marsha Hunt; Lena Lindsay, Jane Rhodes; Lone Alonzo Mulhall, Johnny Downs; Luke Arledge, Don Rowan; Monroe Adams, Grant Withers; Andy Winthrop, Arthur Aylesworth; Tiny, Petra Silva; Boswell Abernathy, Richard Carle.

"BENGAL TIGER, THE"—WARNERS.—Story and screen play by Roy Chanslor and Earl Felton. Directed by Louis King. The cast: Cliff Ballenger, Barton MacLane; Joe Larson, Warren Hull; Laura, June Travis; Carl Homan, Paul Graetz; Hinsdale, Joseph King; Nick DeLargo, Richard Purcell; Ambulance Driver, Carlyle Moore, Jr.

"BRIDE WALKS OUT, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Howard Emmett Rogers. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and Philip G. Epstein. Directed by Leigh Jason. The cast: Carolyn Martin, Barbara Stanwyck; Michael Martin, Gene Raymond; Hugh McKenzie, Robert Young; Paul Dodson, Ned Sparks; Mattie Dodson, Helen Broderick; Salesladies, Anita Colby and Vivian Oakland; Smokie, Willie Best; Mr. McKenzie, Robert Warwick; Donovan, Billy Gilbert; Milkman, Eddy Dunn; Taxi Driver, Ward Bond; Cop, Edgar Deering; Field Manager, Wade Boteler; Store Detective, James Farley; Secretary, Margaret Morris; Maime, Hattie McDaniels.

"CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From a story by Lou Breslow and Saul Elkins. Screen play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan and Edward T. Lowe. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: Charlie Chan, Warner Oland; Lee Chan, Keye Luke; Alice Fenton, Helen Wood; Bruce Rogers, Thomas Beck; George Chester, Alan Dinehart; Bagley, Gavin Muir; Catherine Chester, Gloria Roy; Warren Fenton, Jonathan Hale; Denny Barton, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; Major Kent, George Irving; Eddie Brill, Frank Coghlan, Jr.; Tip Collins, Frankie Darro; Mooney, John Rogers; Streamline Jones, John H. Allen; Al Meers, Harry Jans.

"CRASH DONOVAN"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Harold Shumate. Screen play by Eugene Solon, Charles Grayson and Karl Detzer. Directed by Edward Laemmle and William Nigh. The cast: Crash Donovan, Jack Holt; Johnnie Allen, John King; Doris Tennyson, Nan Gray; Dopey Thomas, Eddie Acuff; Captain Tennyson, Hugh Buckler; The Drill Master, Ward Bond; Smokey, James Donlan; Harris, Douglas Fowley; Tony, William Tannen; Fizz, Huey White; Mike, Al Hill; Pete, Gardner James; Cafe Owner, Paul Porcasi; The Singing Cop, George Stinson.

"DEVIL-DOLL, THE"—M-G-M.—Story by Tod Browning, based on the novel "Burn Witch Burn!" by Abraham Merritt. Screen play by Garrett Fort, Guy Endore and Eric Von Stroheim. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: Lavond, Lionel Barrymore; Lorraine, Maureen O'Sullivan; Toto, Frank Lawton;

Coulvel, Robert Greig; Mme. Lavond, Lucy Beaumont; Marcel, Henry B. Walthall; Lachna, Grace Ford; Malin, Pedro de Cordoba; Radin, Arthur Hohl; Malita, Rafaela Ottiano; Marguerite, Juanita Quigley; Mme. Coulvel, Claire du Brey; Detective, Rollo Lloyd; Commissioner, E. Allyn Warren.

"DOWN THE STRETCH"—WARNERS.—Story and screen play by William Jacobs. Directed by William Clemens. The cast: Patricia, Patricia Ellis; Cliff Barrington, Dennis Moore; Snapper Sinclair, Mickey Rooney; Aunt Julia, Virginia Brissac; Tex Reardon, Charles Wilson; Col. Carter, Raymond Brown; Robert Bates, Gordon Elliott; Ben the Bookie, Frank Faylen; Arnold Roach, Charles Foy; Sunny, Jimmy Eagles; Nick, Robert Emmett Keane.

"GIVE ME YOUR HEART"—WARNERS.—From the play by Jay Mallory. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: Belinda Warren, Kay Francis; Jim Baker, George Brent; Tubbs Barrow, Roland Young; Robert Melford, Patric Knowles; Rosamond Melford, Frieda Inescort; Esther Warren, Zeffie Tilbury; Lord Farrington, Henry Stephenson; Oliver, Halliwell Hobbes; Alice Dodd, Elspeth Dudgeon; Dr. Cudahy, Helen Flint.

"GUNS AND GUITARS"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play and original story by McGowan Brothers. Directed by Joseph Kane. The cast: Gene, Gene Autry; Marjorie, Dorothy Dix; Frog, Smiley Burnette; Connor, Tom London; Sam, Charles King; Horse, Champion; Morgan, J. P. McGowan; Professor, Earl Hodgins; Shorty, Frankie Marvin; Eightball, Eugene Jackson; Sheriff, Jack Rockwell; Deputy, Ken Cooper; Henchmen, Tracy Layne and Wes Warner; Cowboys, Jack Kirk, Audry Davis, Al Taylor; Henchmen, Jim Corey, Frank Stravenger; Sing Lee, Jack Don.

"LAST JOURNEY, THE"—TWICKENHAM-ATLANTIC.—Original screen story by J. Jefferson Farjeon. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. The cast: The Specialist, Godfrey Tearle; The Man, Hugh Williams; The Girl, Judy Gunn; The Boy, Mickey Brantford; The Driver, Julien Mitchell; The Wife, Olga Lindo; The Fireman, Michael Hogan; The Drunk, Frank Pettingell; The Lightfingered Gentleman, Eliot Makeham; The Lightfingered Lady, Eve Gray; The Crank, Sydney Fairbrother; The Slutterer, Sam Wilkinson; The Chatterer, Viola Compton; The Steward, John Lloyd; The Frenchman, Nelson Keys.

"MISTER CINDERELLA"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—From an original story by Edward Sedgwick. Adapted by Jack Jevne. Screen play by Richard Flournoy and Arthur V. Jones. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Joe Jenkins, Jack Haley; Patricia Randolph, Betty Furness; Watkins, Arthur Treacher; Peter Randolph, Raymond Walburn; Gates, Robert McWade; Mazie, Rosina Lawrence; Aloysius Merryweather, Monroe Owsley; Aunt Penelope, Kathleen Lockhart; Doctor McNutt, Edward Brophy; Martha, Charlotte Wynters; Spike Nolan, Tom Dugan; Lil, Iris Adrian; Lulu, Toby Wing; Mr. Wilberforce, John Hyams; Mrs. Wilberforce, Leila McIntyre.

"M'LISS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Bret Harte. Screen play by Dorothy Yost. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: *M'liss Smith*, Ann Shirley; *Stephen Thorne*, John Beal; *Washoe Smith*, Guy Kibbee; *Lou Ellis*, Douglass Dumbrille; *Jake*, Moroni Olsen; *Alf Edwards*, Frank M. Thomas; *Whitey*, Ray Mayer; *Clytie Morpher*, Barbara Pepper; *Archie Morpher*, William Benedict; *Mayor Morpher*, Arthur Hoyt; *Mrs. Morpher*, Margaret Armstrong; *Jack Farlan*, James Bush; *Rose*, Esther Howard; *Judge Weinner*, Louis Mason; *Clem Larkin*, Arthur Loft; *Mrs. Larkin*, Fern Emmett.

"NINE DAYS A QUEEN"—GB.—Director-Author, Robert Stevenson. The cast: *Earl of Warwick*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Lady Jane Grey*, Nova Pilbeam; *Lord Guildford Dudley*, John Mills; *Edward Seymour*, Felix Aylmer; *Thomas Seymour*, Leslie Perrins; *Henry VIII*, Frank Cellier; *Edward VI*, Desmond Tester; *Mary Tudor*, Gwen Ffranco Davies; *Jane's Parents*, Martita Hunt and Miles Malleson; *Ellen*, Sybil Thorndike.

"OUR RELATIONS"—M-G-M.—Suggested by W. W. Jacobs' short story, "The Money Box." Screen story by Richard Connell and Felix Adler. Adaptation by Charles Rogers and Jack Jevne. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Stan Laurel*, Stan Laurel; *Betty Laurel*, Betty Healy; *Ollie Hardy*, Oliver Hardy; *Daphne Hardy*, Daphne Pollard; *Alf Laurel*, Stan Laurel; *Bert Hardy*, Oliver Hardy; *Capt. Sidney Toler*, Sidney Toler; *Fin*, James Finlayson; *Lily*, Iris Adrian; *Alice*, Lona Andre; *Walter*, Alan Hale; *Drunk*, Arthur Housman; *Gangster*, Ralf Harolde; *Gangster*, Noel Madison.

"PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE" — WARNERS. — Story by P. J. Wolfson. Screen play by Abem Finkel and Harold Buckley. Directed by Nick Grinde. The cast: *Lee Laird*, Pat O'Brien; *Gene Maroc*, Cesar Romero; *Thomas D. McKay*, Dick Foran; *Louie*, Richard Purcell; *Warden Williams*, Addison Richards; *Justice of Peace*, Harry Hayden; *G-Man*, Kenneth Harlan; *Judith Roberts Maroc*, Margaret Lindsay; *Gene Ferguson*, Robert Armstrong; *Wilcox*, Joseph King; *Duffield*, Selmer Jackson; *Daugherty*, Hal K. Dawson; *Swartzman*, Alan Bridges; *Correlli*, William Pawley.

"RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Frederick Irving Anderson. Screen play by Brian Marlow and Patterson McNutt. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Sophie Lang*, Gertrude Michael; *Max Bernard*, Sir Guy Standing; *James Lawson*, Ray Milland; *Araminta Sadley*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Purser*, Colin Tapley; *Inspector Parr*, Paul Harvey; *Nosey Schwartz*, Garry Owen; *"Bullions"* McDermott, Don Rowan; *Mr. Chadwick*, Purnell Pratt; *First Detective*, Ted Oliver; *Second Detective*, James Blaine.

"ROMEO AND JULIET"—M-G-M.—From the play by William Shakespeare. Screen adaptation by Talbot Jennings. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Juliet*, Norma Shearer; *Romeo*, Leslie Howard; *Mercutio*, John Barrymore; *Nurse*, Edna May Oliver; *Tybalt*, Basil Rathbone; *Lord Capulet*, C. Audrey Smith; *Peter*, Andy Devine; *Paris*, Ralph Forbes; *Benvolio*, Reginald Denny; *Balthasar*, Maurice Murphy; *Prince of Verona*, Conway Tearle; *Friar Laurence*, Henry Kolker; *Lord Montague*, Robert Warwick; *Lady Montague*, Virginia Hammond; *Lady Capulet*, Violet Kemble Cooper.

"SAN FRANCISCO" — M-G-M. — Based on original screen story by Robert Hopkins. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Blackie Norton*, Clark Gable; *Mary Blake*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Father*

Mullin, Spencer Tracy; *Jack Burley*, Jack Holt; *Mrs. Burley*, Jessie Ralph; *Mal*, Ted Healy; *Trixie*, Shirley Ross; *Della Bailey*, Margaret Irving; *Babe*, Harold Huber; *Sheriff*, Edgar Kennedy; *Professor*, Al Shean; *Signor Baldini*, William Ricciardi; *Chick*, Kenneth Harlan; *Alaska*, Roger Imhof; *Tony*, Charles Judels; *Red Kelly*, Russell Simpson; *Freddie Duane*, Bert Roach; *Hazeltine*, Warren B. Hymer.

"SEVEN SINNERS"—GB.—Based on the story by Arnold Ridley and Bernard Merivale. Screen play by Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder. Directed by Albert de Courville. The cast: *Harwood*, Edmund Lowe; *Caryl Fenton*, Constance Cummings; *Paul Turbe*, Thomy Bourdelle; *Azel Hoyle*, Henry Oscar; *Sir Charles Webber*, Felix Aylmer; *Elizabeth Wentworth*, Joyce Kennedy; *Registrar*, O. B. Clarence; *Chief Constable*, Mark Lester; *Wagner*, Allan Jeayes; *Reception Clerk*, Anthony Holles; *Hotel Manager*, David Horne; *Guildhall Guide*, Edwin Laurence; *Vicar*, James Harcourt.

"SUZY" —M-G-M.—Based on Herbert Gorman's novel, "Suzy." Screen play by Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, Horace Jackson and Lenore Coffee. The cast: *Suzy*, Jean Harlow; *Terry*, Franchot Tone; *Andre*, Cary Grant; *Baron*, Lewis Stone; *Madame Eyerelle*, Benita Hume; *Captain Barsanges*, Reginald Mason; *Maisie*, Inez Courtney; *Mrs. Schmidt*, Greta Meyer; *Knobby*, David Clyde; *Pop Gaspard*, Christian Rub; *Gaston*, George Spelvin; *Landlady*, Una O'Connor; *Producer*, Charles Judels; *Revue Producer*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Officer*, Stanley Morner.

"SWORN ENEMY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Richard Wormser. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Hank Sherman*, Robert Young; *Margaret*, Florence Rice; *Joe Emerald*, Joseph Calleia; *Dr. Simon Gattle*, Lewis Stone; *Steamer Krupp*, Nat Pendleton; *Paul Scott*, Harvey Stephens; *Decker*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Dulch McTurck*, Edward Pawley; *Lang*, John Wray; *Simmons*, Cy Kendall; *Steve*, Leslie Fenton; *Hinkle*, Robert Gleckler.

"THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the story by George Marion, Jr. Screen play by Barry Trivers. Directed by Ray McCarey. The cast: *Skippy Dormant*, Eleanore Whitney; *Jimmy Tuttle*, Robert Cummings; *Milton Shakespeare*, William Frawley; *Wilma Chester*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Doc Short Circuit Wilson*, Roscoe Karns; *Charles Dormant*, John Halliday; *Eve Bronson*, Grace Bradley; *Consuelo Dormant*, Veda Ann Borg; *Elmer*, Louis Da Pron; *Frenchy*, Olympe Bradna; *Johnny*, Billy Lee.

"WE WENT TO COLLEGE"—M-G-M.—Story by George Oppenheimer and Finley Peter Dunne Junior. Screen play by Richard Maibaum and Maurice Rapt. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Glenn Harvey*, Charles Butterworth; *Phil Talbot*, Walter Abel; *Professor Standish*, Hugh Herbert; *Susan Standish*, Una Merkel; *Nina*, Edith Atwater; *Senator Budger*, Walter Catlett; *President Tomlin*, Charles Trowbridge; *Grandpop*, Tom Ricketts.

"WHITE FANG"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story by Jack London. Screen play by Gene Fowler, Hal Long and S. G. Duncan. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Gordon Scott*, Michael Whalen; *Sylvia Burgess*, Jean Muir; *Slats Magee*, Slim Summerville; *Doc McFane*, Charles Winninger; *Maud Mahoney*, Jane Darwell; *Beauty Smith*, John Carradine; *White Fang*, Lightning; *Hal Burgess*, Thomas Beck; *Kobi*, Joseph Herrick; *Francois*, George Ducount; *Nomi*, Marie Chorre.

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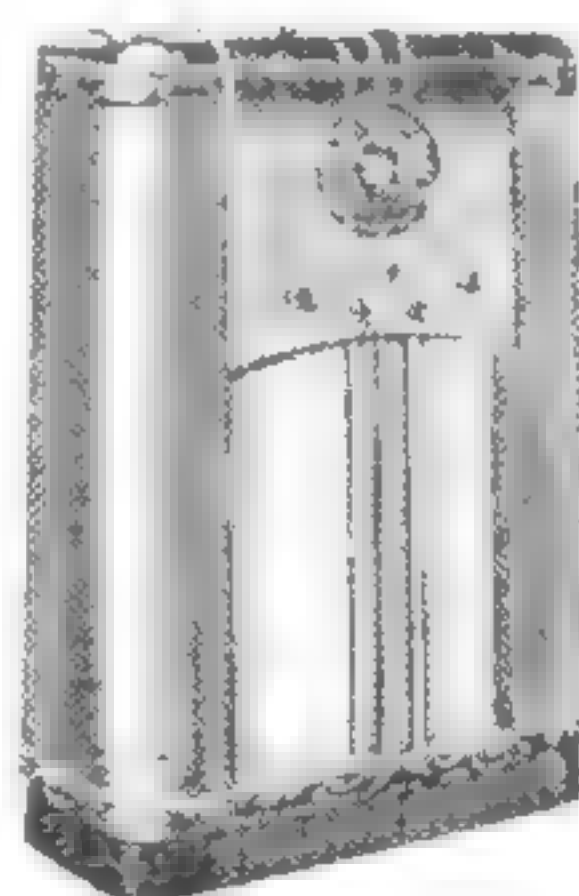
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **IT'S LOVE AGAIN**—GB.—Britain's dancing star, Jessie Mathews, in a charming, breezy, tuneful and witty musicomedy involving an ambitious chorus girl and two gossip columnists who hoax the public and help her to stardom. Robert Young, Sonnie Hale, all the cast is excellent. Don't miss this. (July)

★ **JAILBREAK**—Warners.—Exciting melodrama of escape and murder within the walls of a famous "big house." Craig Reynolds is the reporter who solves everything and Dick Purcell and June Travis supply interest too. (June)

★ **KING OF THE PECOS**—Republic.—A stereotyped Western with the usual honest cattlemen gypped out of their water rights. Law and order triumph with John Wayne's help. Cy Kendall splendid as the head thief. (June)

★ **LAST OUTLAW, THE** — RKO-Radio.—This story of an old time safe-cracker who tracks down a young bandit, Tom Tyler, sets a snappy new high for Westerns. Hoot Gibson, Margaret Callahan, and Henry Walthall bring you romance, fun and drama (Aug.)

★ **LAW IN HER HANDS**—First National.—Concerning two ex-waitresses, Margaret Lindsay and Glenda Farrell who turn lawyers and get themselves tangled up with racketeers. Fairly amusing. (June)

★ **LET'S SING AGAIN**—Sol Lesser-Principal Prod.—George Houston's glorious baritone and the delightful singing of a new child star, Bobby Breen, make this sentimental tale of a father's search for his lost son excellent entertainment. The cast is good and the musical production outstanding. You'll like it. (June)

★ **LITTLE MISS NOBODY**—20th Century-Fox.—Talented Jane Withers at her best sacrificing love and home for her friend, Betty Jane Hainey, and getting in and out of exciting scrapes doing it. (June)

★ **LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY**—First National.—A domestic comedy cut on old-fashioned lines. Hugh Herbert very funny as the henpecked husband who turns on his boss and his wife to help daughter Patricia Ellis marry her choice. Good cast. (Aug.)

★ **MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN**—Columbia.—An interesting and powerful picture combining satire with hilarity. Gary Cooper superb as the small town boy who inherits millions and is tried for insanity when he attempts to give it away. Jean Arthur swell as the smarty reporter, and Douglas Dumbrille and Lionel Stander must not be overlooked. Be sure and see it. (June)

★ **MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT**—Warners.—A confused and heavy story made worse by phony thrills about three murders in a family ruled by Virginia Brissac. Marguerite Churchill real as the sleuthing nurse Lyle Talbot is around (June)

★ **MY MAN GODFREY**—Universal.—A mad and gay picture sparkling with humor depicting the rehabilitation of a "forgotten man" by a dizzy rich girl. Bill Powell and Carole Lombard divide honors in the title rôles ably assisted by Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Gail Patrick. See this by all means. (Aug.)

★ **NAVY BORN** — Republic.—William Gargan, Douglas Fowley and William Newell decide to keep their dead friend's baby from the clutches of scheming Claire Dodd. Clever performances keep up the interest. (Aug.)

★ **NOBODY'S FOOL**—Universal.—Laughs from start to finish with Edward Everett Horton as the innocent lamb in a flock of real estate racketeers. He defeats the schemers and wins flippant Glenda Farrell. Cesar Romero deserves praise too. (Aug.)

★ **ONE RAINY AFTERNOON**—Pickford-Lasky.—Romantic, frivolous, Continental little farce with Francis Lederer kissing the wrong girl and finding out later she is the right girl. Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Donald Meek add to the sparkle. You'll like it. (July)

★ **PALM SPRINGS**—Wanger.—Frances Langford's songs are not enough to lift this poor story and poorer dialogue to entertainment. As the smart daughter of a gambler she spends her time declining proposals. (Aug.)

★ **PAROLE**—Universal.—A vigorous and timely exposé of the parole system. Newcomers Harry Hunter and Ann Preston should catch your interest. (Aug.)

★ **POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple singing and dancing delightfully as a motherless runaway adopted by a dance team. The entire cast, which includes Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen, Alice Faye, Jack Haley, is swell. Not a dull moment. (July)

★ **POPPY**—Paramount.—W. C. Fields as a carnival barker, skips drolly through an ordinary story leaving a trail of chuckles. Rochelle

Hudson scores as his daughter, and Richard Cromwell is an ideal small town beau. Be sure and see it. (Aug.)

★ **PRINCESS COMES ACROSS, THE**—Paramount.—Carole Lombard as a Swedish Princess, and Fred MacMurray, a band leader with a past, get involved in love, murder and detectives in a sprightly and hilarious mystery on an ocean liner. Carole's imitation of Garbo is immense. You'll like it. (July)

★ **PRIVATE NUMBER**—20th Century-Fox.—Just about the nicest romantic sequences ever help this wilted story ("Common Clay" in modern clothes). Robert Taylor and Loretta Young marry secretly as she is a maid in his rich household. Basil Rathbone causes trouble. You'll like it. (Aug.)

★ **RED WAGON**—Alliance-British International.—Charles Bickford is a bareback rider who marries the wrong girl. A nice family picture, suitable for children. (July)

★ **ROAD TO GLORY, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A magnificent war story of tragic fighting, loving, dying, existing on the French front. Fredric March and Warner Baxter have a war within a war for love of June Lang. Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff give superb performances. Beautifully directed and produced, this is unforgettable. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **SECRET AGENT**—GB.—A fast moving and dramatic tale of love and espionage in war torn Europe directed with sophistication and finesse by Alfred Hitchcock (of "39 Steps"). John Gielgud, Madeleine Carroll, Peter Lorre and Robert Young are splendid. Adult entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **SHOWBOAT**—Universal.—The perennially charming Mississippi river story, superlatively produced and studded with stars. Irene Dunne simply enchanting as Magnolia; Paul Robeson magnificent; Alan Jones, Helen Morgan, Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, all contribute their best. On your "must see" list. (July)

★ **SINGING COMEDY, THE**—Republic.—An up to date Western with an extra kick in the way of television. Gene Autry gathers his pals together for a radio program to get money for an operation on his bosses' daughter. Lots of exciting gun play when Lon Chaney, Jr., musses up the works. (July)

★ **SINS OF MAN**—20th Century-Fox.—Sordid and dreary but tremendously dramatic. Jean Hersholt is superb as a modern Job whose faith in Providence is finally justified. Don Amanche, a new-comer, who plays both sons, is a real find. Be sure and see it. (July)

★ **SMALL TOWN GIRL**—M-G-M.—Janet Gaynor magnificent in this beautifully directed story of a small town girl married to a sophisticate who doesn't want her. Robert Taylor takes honors too, and noteworthy acting is contributed by a fine cast. (June)

★ **SONS O' GUNS**—Warners.—A riotous comedy with a flock of laughs. Joe E. Brown at his funny best as a pacifist becoming involved in a spy ring. He has girl trouble with Joan Blondell, Beverly Roberts and Wini Shaw. Mad and amusing. (July)

★ **SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR** — RKO-Radio.—Average entertainment with Richard Dix as a criminal mouth-piece turned G-Man to revenge his murdered brother. He rounds up a gang of gold thieves, gets Margaret Callahan. Erik Rhodes helps. (July)

★ **SPEED**—M-G-M.—Love makes the wheels go 'round in this tale of a youth who seeks to prove his carburetor invention at Indianapolis. James Stewart is warmly human; Wendy Barrie is his heartbeat; Ted Healy is funny. Exciting races. (July)

★ **SPENDTHRIFT** — Wanger-Paramount.—Grand fun with Henry Fonda as a penniless millionaire sportsman who marries conniving Mary Brian, discovers his mistake and Pat Paterson simultaneously. A swell evening for everybody. (Aug.)

★ **SUTTER'S GOLD** — Universal. — Drama, comedy, romance and tragedy combine in this colorful epic of the discovery of gold in California. Edward Arnold as Sutter; Lee Tracy as his friend, are splendid; Binnie Barnes and Katherine Alexander carry romance into Sutter's life admirably. (June)

★ **THE COUNTRY BEYOND**—20th Century-Fox.—Insurpassable pictorial beauty and the dog Buck's cleverness help a weak story in which two Canadian Mounties, Paul Kelly and Robert Kent, solve a murder which entangles Rochelle Hudson and Alan Hale, her fur-trapper father. (June)

★ **THE DESERT PHANTOM**—Supreme.—Above the average sage-brush drama with plenty of mystery revolving around an unnamed sharpshooter who tries to force Sheila Manners to sell her ranch. Johnny Mack Brown, surprisingly good, comes to her assistance. (June)

★ **THE FIRST BABY**—20th Century-Fox.—Life like and appealing story of a young couple who encounter in-law trouble. Johnny Downs as the husband, Majorie Gateson as his selfish mother-in-law, and Jane Darwell as his mother are outstanding in a fine cast. (June)

★ **THE GIRL FROM MANDALAY**—Republic.—Uninteresting and somewhat morbid tale of a British plantation owner's (Conrad Nagel) tiresomely noble efforts to regenerate his faithless wife (Kay Linaker). (June)

★ **THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**—M-G-M.—Completely enthralling picturization of the life of Ziegfeld combining delicious music, lavish spectacle, drama and humor. Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer are only a few of the superb cast. Don't let anything keep you away. (June)

★ **THE KING STEPS OUT**—Columbia.—Grace Moore's unforgettable voice in a charming and witty picture. She plays a country princess who tracks down Emperor Franchot Tone. Walter Connolly is excellent. You'll recapture your illusions. (Aug.)

★ **THE SKY PARADE**—Paramount.—A slow, disappointing film version of the radio serial, "The Adventures of Jimmy Allen." Jimmy Allen plays his original rôle none too well, and William Gargan, Katherine DeMille and Kent Taylor try hard. (June)

★ **THE WHITE ANGEL**—First National.—The beautiful and stirring story of *Florence Nightingale*. Kay Francis warm and human as the English nurse whose humanitarian ideals brought hope and comfort to the war-tortured hospitals of the Crimea and changed the nursing standards of the world. The whole cast is splendid. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **THE WITNESS CHAIR**—RKO-Radio.—There's good entertainment in this tense murder and courtroom drama built around a woman's great love. Ann Harding is emotional with reserve and William Benedict is enjoyable. (June)

★ **THINGS TO COME**—London Films-United Artists.—Perfect technically and interesting from a story standpoint is H. G. Wells' tale of our world over run by war, collapsing into barbarism, redeemed by science and exploring the planets. Well worth while. (June)

★ **THREE ON THE TRAIL**—Sherman-Paramount.—Another Hopalong Cassidy story with better than usual suspense. Bill Boyd, likable as ever in the title rôle, chases Onslow Stevens, perfect as the villain. (June)

★ **THREE WISE GUYS**—M-G-M.—Pleasant little story of playboy Robert Young's attempt to support his wife, Betty Furness, a reformed crook. Bruce Cabot and Raymond Walburn are effective. (July)

★ **TILL WE MEET AGAIN**—Paramount.—Here's the perfect answer to those who like adventure. Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael pit their brains against one another in rival spy organizations and plenty of excitement ensues. Rod La Roque wins honors in a minor rôle. (June)

★ **TROUBLE FOR TWO**—M-G-M.—Despite the fine cast this film based on Stevenson's "Suicide Club" gets nowhere with preposterous situations. Bob Montgomery is a prince who refuses to marry his family's choice (Rosalind Russell); changes his mind. (Aug.)

★ **TWO AGAINST THE WORLD**—Warners.—An acquitted murderess is put on trial twenty years later by a muck raking newspaper. Bad material, poor direction, uninspired dialogue, mediocre performances. We spare the cast. (July)

★ **UNDER TWO FLAGS**—20th Century-Fox.—Breath-taking spectacle of adventure, love and jealousy in the Foreign Legion with Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell. Go to see this positively. (July)

★ **WOMEN ARE TROUBLE**—M-G-M.—Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly and Errol Taggart's direction pulls a neat comedy out of a grey haired story. Kitty McHugh convincing as a gunman's moll; Florence Rice authentically a cub reporter. You'll like it. (Aug.)



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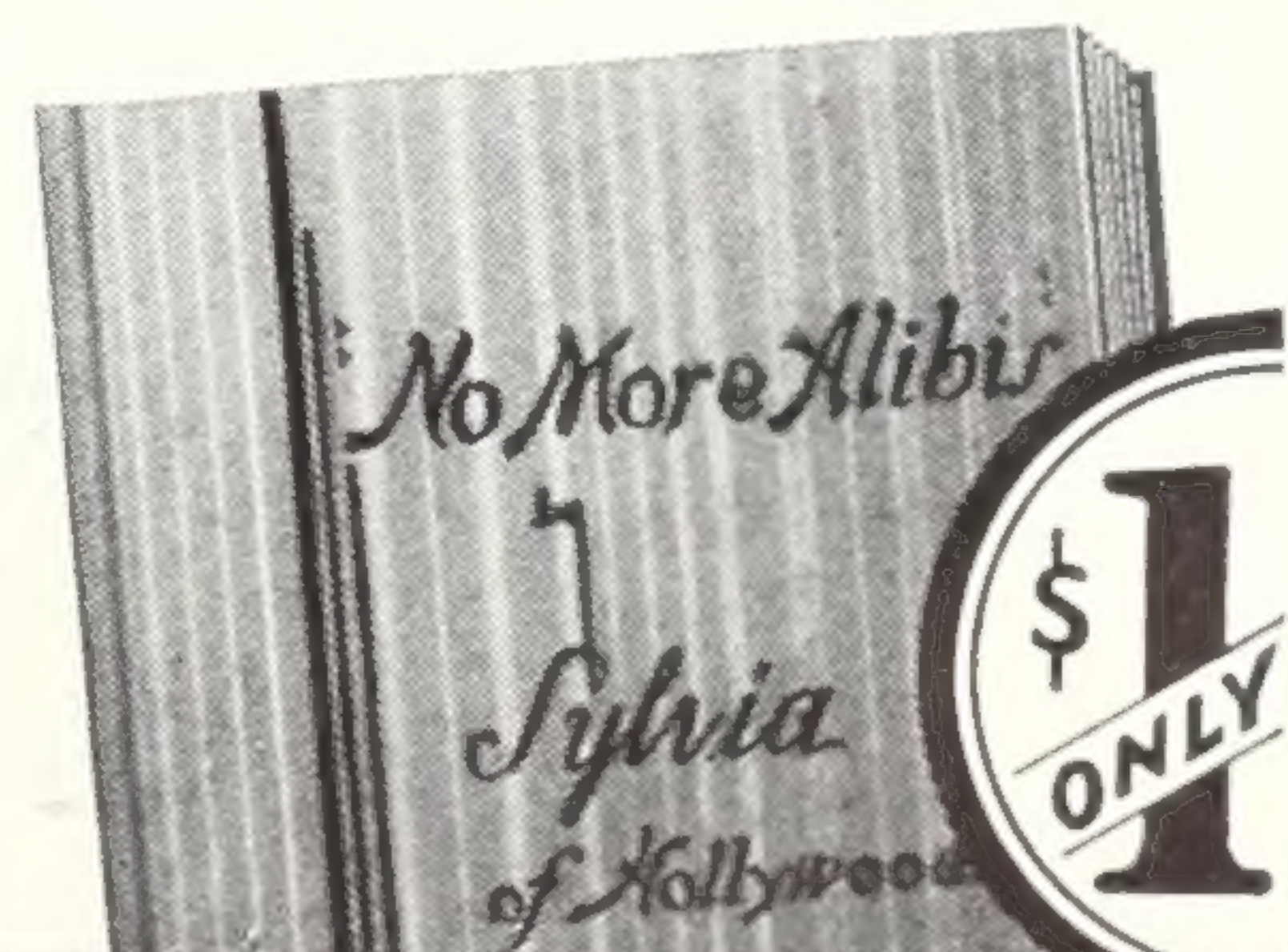
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